

FROM THE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER OF THE HIT TV SERIES **ARROW**
MARC GUGGENHEIM • FREDDIE WILLIAMS II

SIX MIND-BENDING
ADVENTURES!

THE INFINITE ADVENTURES OF
JONAS
QUANTUM
VOLUME 1



LEGENDARY

THE INFINITE ADVENTURES OF
JONAS
QUANTUM
VOLUME

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LEGENDARY



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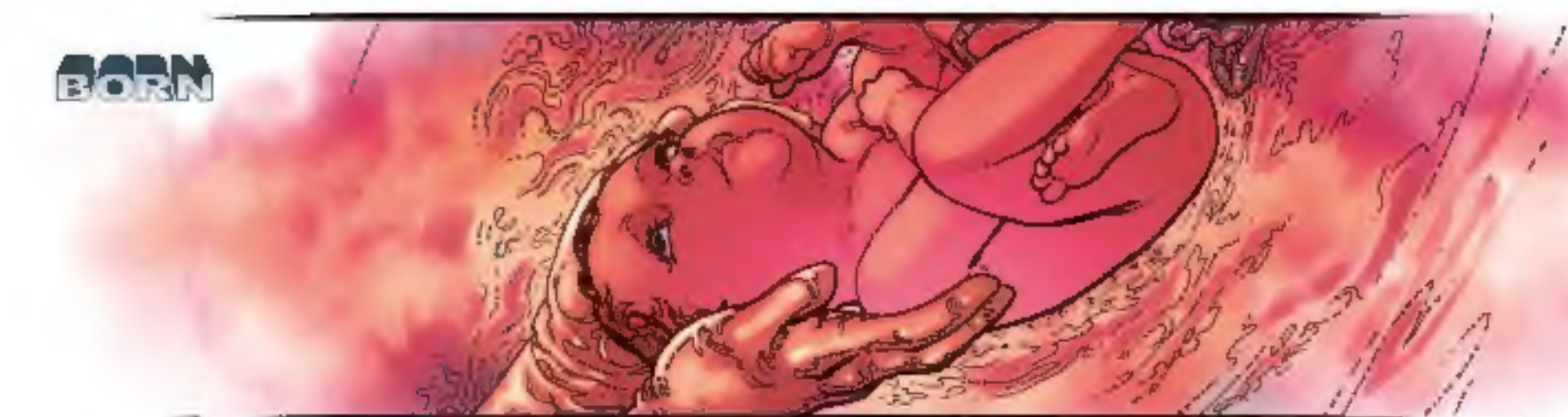
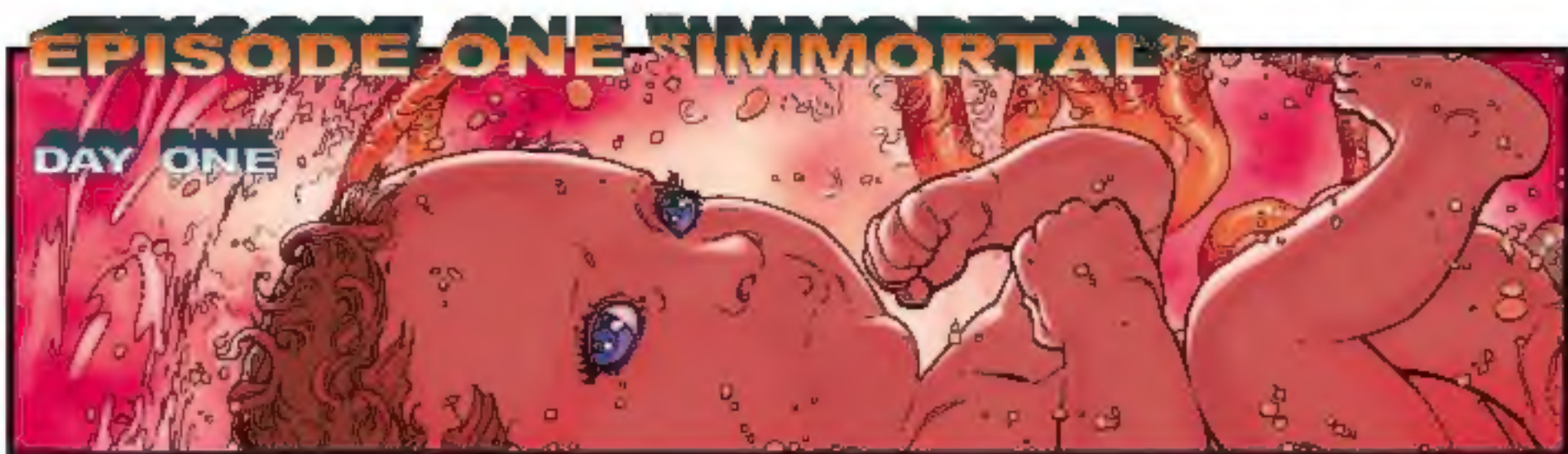
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DAY TWELVE THOUSAND
NINE HUNDRED NINETY
FOUR

LONDON, ENGLAND

What's
happening?
I can't see
anything...

Y'know that
building you
like? The one
shaped like a
bullet?

30 St. Mary Axe.
Commonly referred to as
"the Gherkin," though I
prefer the "Swiss Re
Building."

It was bullet-
shaped and people
call that "post-
modern."

"Structural
expressionism"
and why did you
use the past tense
just then?

Well, you
know how it was
590 feet tall?

That's actually
three times the height
of Niagara Falls and
again, I find your
use of the preterite
disconcerting.

Well, the
building is
considerably
shorter
now.

You have
to get me
in there.

What do
you think I've
been doing?

Talking
to me.

I don't see why
I can't do both at
the same time.

And while we're on
the topic of things I'm
struggling to understand,
wouldn't--oh, I don't
know--a *missile* be a
more effective means of
destroying a rampaging
multiversal breach
creature?

Not
without the risk of
substantial collateral
damage. Get me in
there.

I know you
can't see this from
where you are right
now, but believe me
when I tell you that
there's plenty of
ordinary damage
already.

Get me
in there.

Lining up
the shot.

Do it
faster.

Not
helping.

And don't
miss.

That's only
slightly less
not helping.
Besides, you
know...

I never
miss.

CHOK

You're in.



Any time now
would be lovely,
Jonas.

Two seconds.
I'm working
my way to the
brain stem.

I don't
think that's
necessary—

It increases
the odds of maximum
effectiveness by
63.5%. I don't want
to have to do this
again.

Stand
by...

**RAPID SIZE
MODIFICATION**

Well, *that*
happened.

You
okay?

I have
multiversal
alien remains
all over
me.

But other
than that...?

It has a
maliferous
odor...

But other
than *that*?

I appear to be
unharmed.

Ugh.

Thanks.
That's doing
wonders for
my ego.

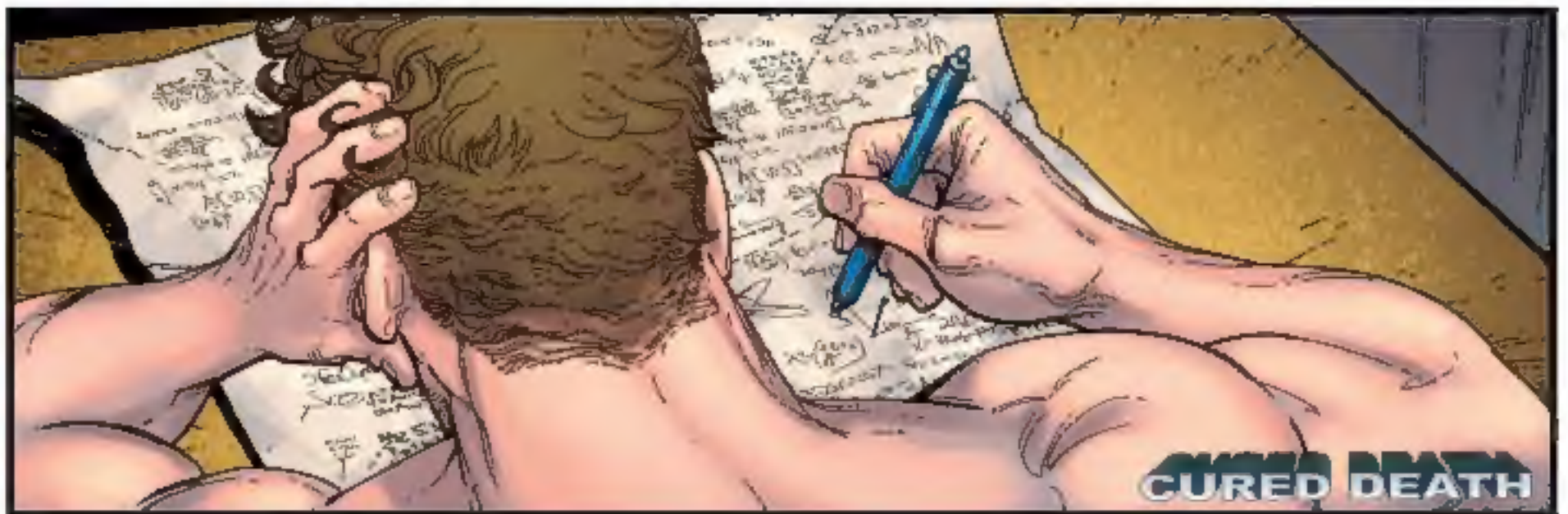
Your ego
is doing more
than fine.

"Ugh"?

You smell of
monster guts.

This is not
untrue.

EPISODE ONE "IMMORTAL"





DAY THIRTEEN THOUSAND TWENTY FIVE

Congratulations. You've won the Nobel Prize.

What did I win it for this time?

Physics.

I know.

I've already won for physics.

Then, I don't--

This is different. You won *again*. You've won *twice*. Do you know *anyone* who's one the Nobel for physics *twice*?

John Bardeen. 1958 and 1972.

It was a rhetorical question.

A pretty *bad* one. Anything else?

You're in a little trouble with the United Nations.

Excuse me?

Did I say a "little"? I was soft-pedaling.

What're you talking about?

You cured death. Turns out, people have a problem.

Sometimes, no matter *what* you do, people are upset.

I think the concern is *overpopulation*--

Which is why I put the formula in the vault. It's in the *Vault*. It's not like I'm *copyrighting* the damn thing.

I'm pretty sure you don't have to worry about anyone ripping you off.

Not to mention the proper intellectual property protection for this kind of invention is a *patent*.

People are *worried*. People are worried that it will get out, that population will grow *exponentially*, that life on Earth will become a living hell--the operative word being "living" because no one can die.

I mentioned putting it in the Vault, right? I didn't *imagine* that?

I'm just passing on the message. Messages. And maybe one threat of criminal prosecution.

I've a fondness for *any* judicial system that can simultaneously prosecute for killing people *and* preventing them from being killed.

Jonas--

If anyone could breach the vault and *steal* the DeathCure...

DeathCure?

I had to call it *something*.

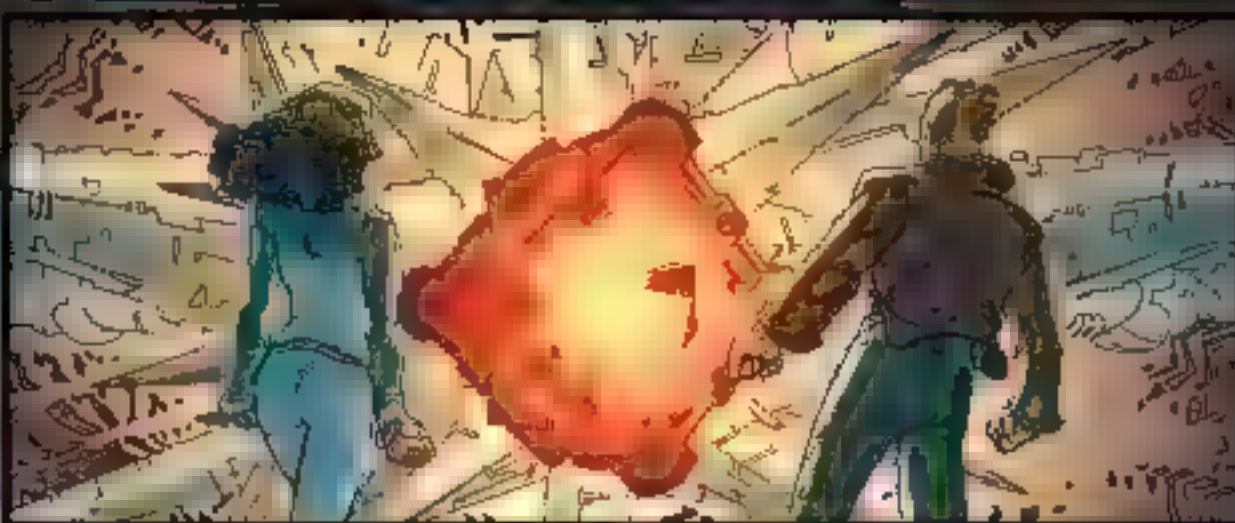
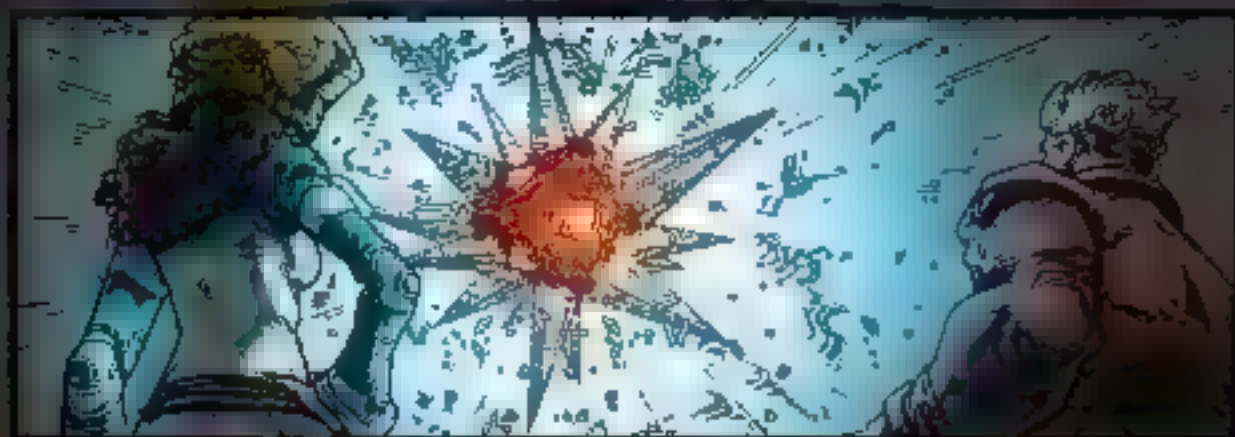
My point is, if anyone could even get in to the vault, then we'd *really* have something to worry about.

DAY THIRTEEN THOUSAND TWENTY SIX

GO ON A DATE

Yes?
Yes.
Alright. ... I'll be right there.

I'm very sorry about this. Something's come up. Rude of me, I know, but I'll arrange to have the check paid for. You should order the *foie gras*, it's delicious.



DAY THIRTEEN
THOUSAND
TWENTY-FOUR
VAULT BREAK-IN
CLUE SEARCH

You need to sleep.

I've been sleeping. Micro-naps. Two seconds every other hour. I'm fine.

Found anything yet?

Yes, but it doesn't make sense, so I'm continuing the search. What about you? The lab's walls are lined with nanocameras. In fact, the entire facility...

—folded space.

Yes. I harvested some from an alternate reality. The thief must have entered through there.

I didn't think that was possible.

Neither did I. If the circumstances were a bit less dire, I'd say I was glad there are still a few things left to learn.

What was it?

Hmm? That it was possible to break in through—

No. The evidence you discarded. That you said didn't make sense.

Oh. Here.

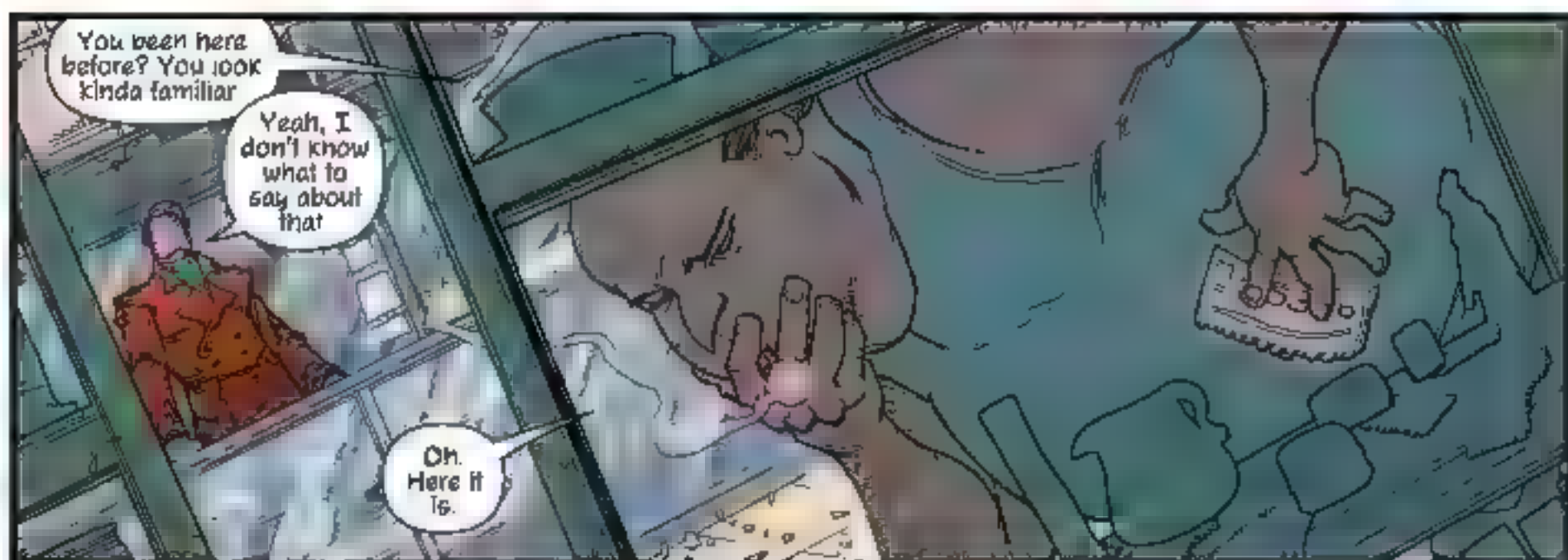
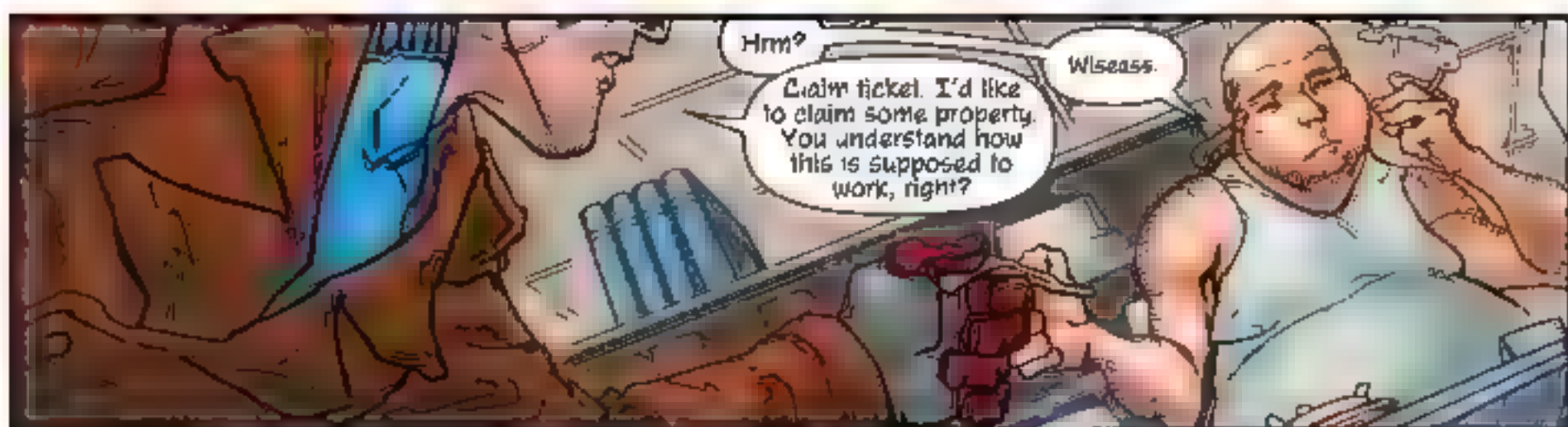
This looks like a pawnshop claim ticket.

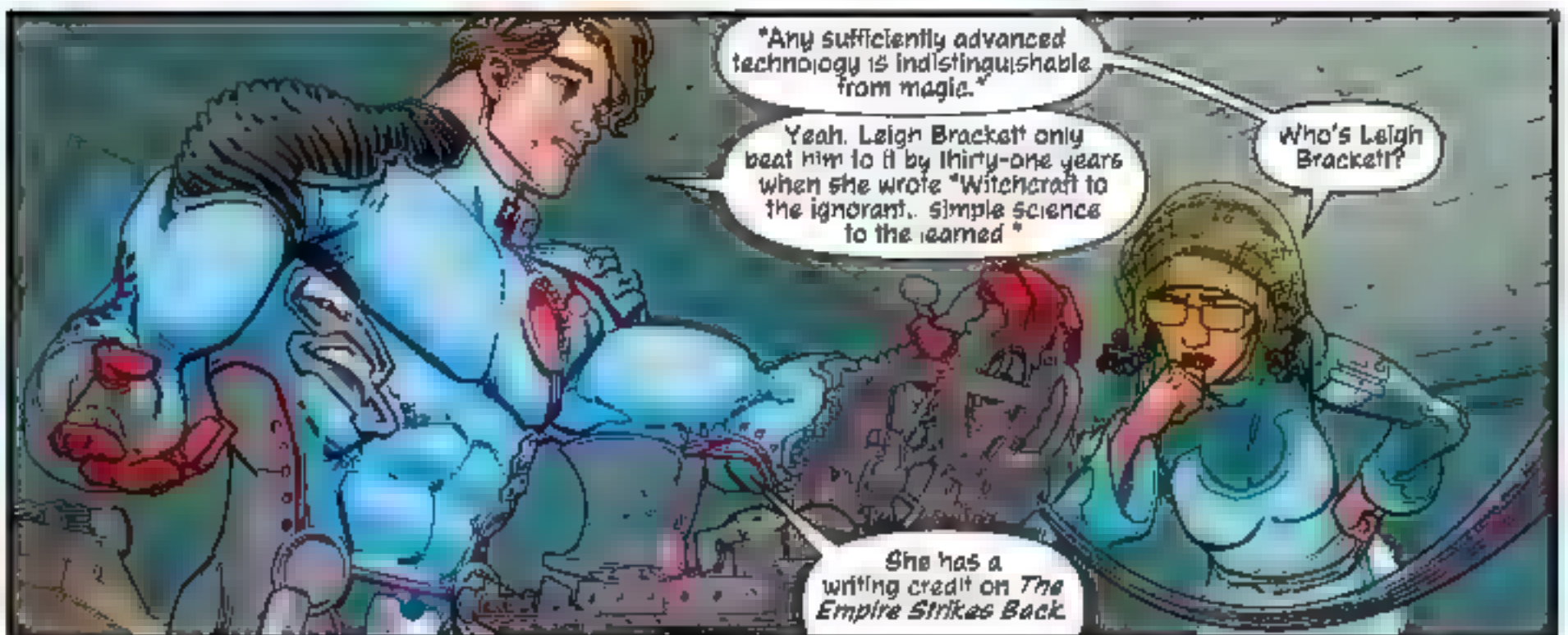
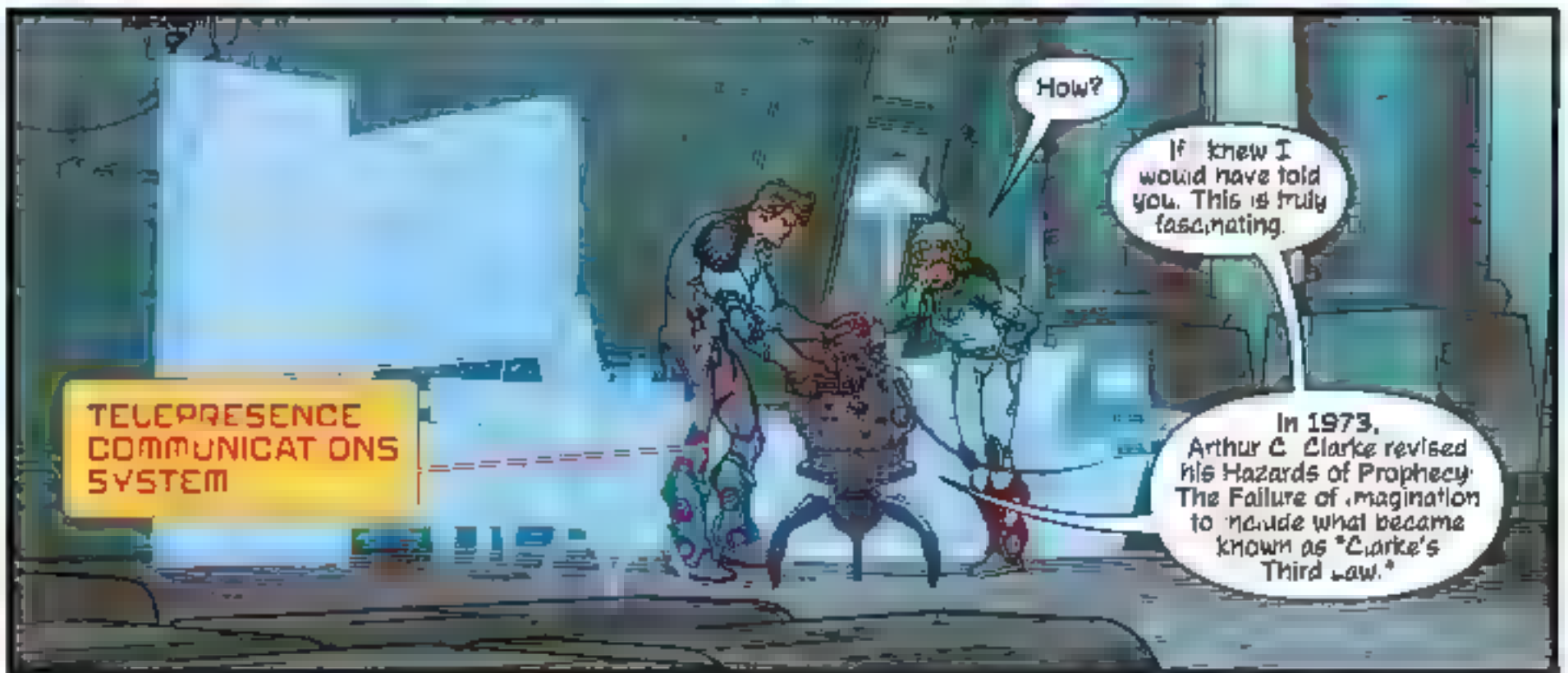
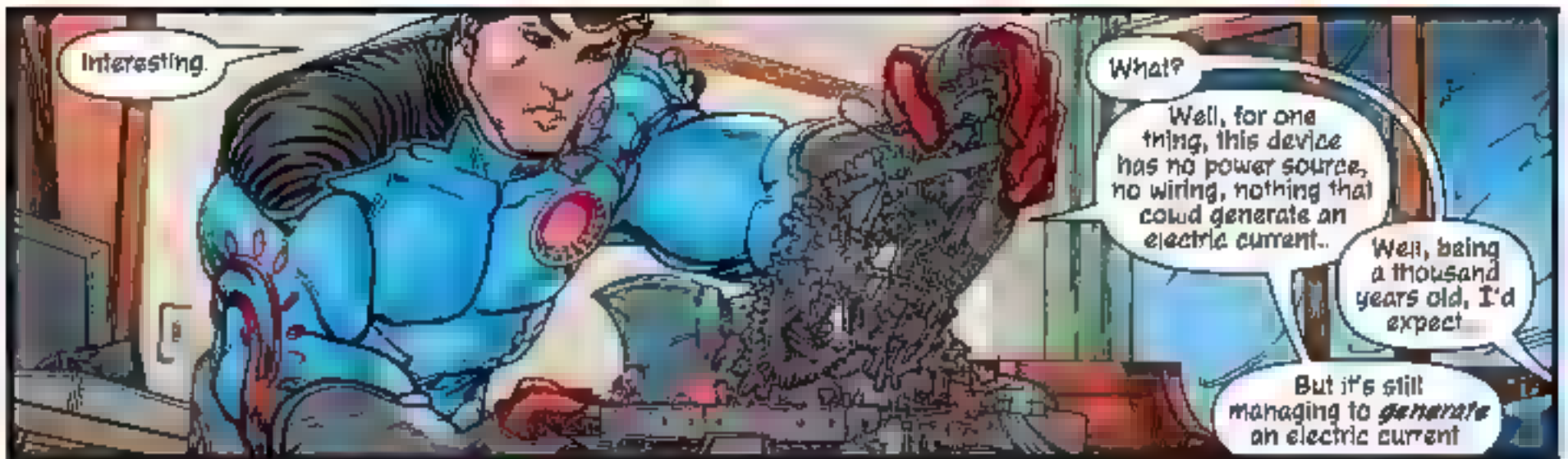
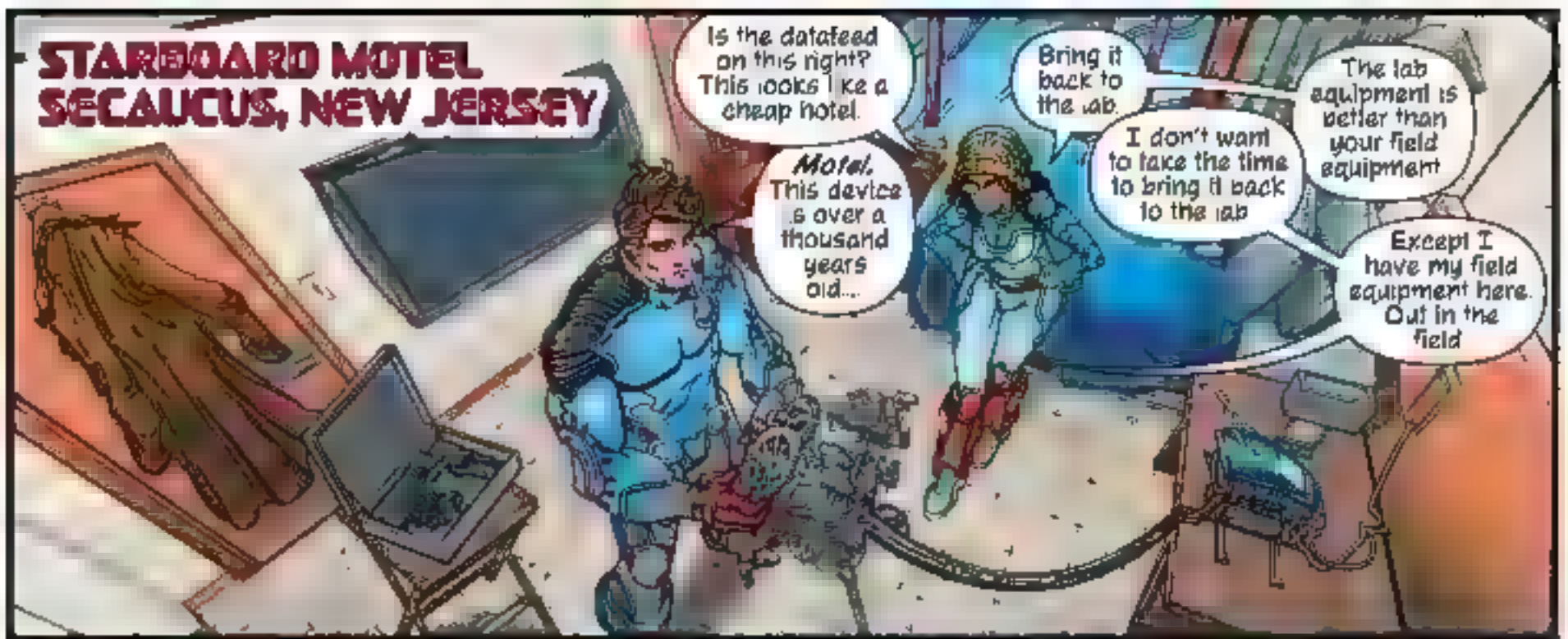
There's a legitimate explanation for that.

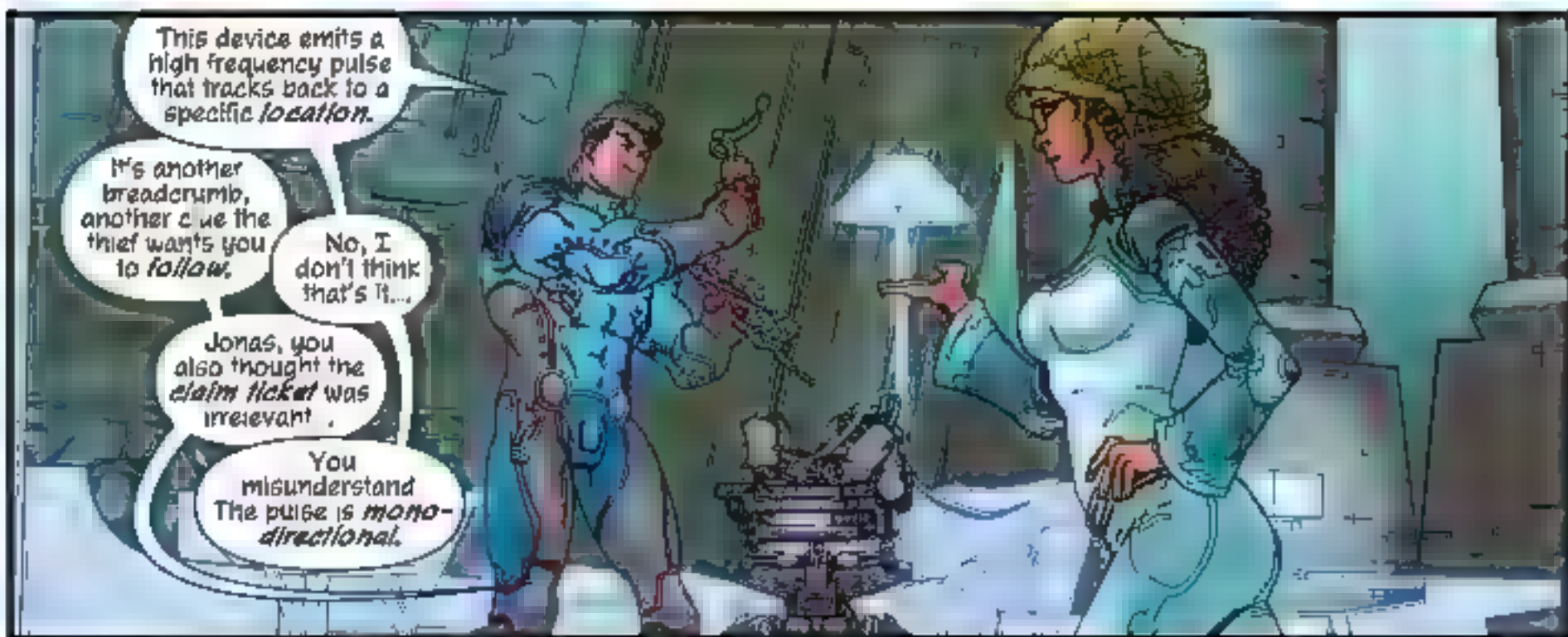
What is it?

It's a pawnshop claim ticket.

**STEVE'S STUFF PAWN SHOP
SECAUCUS, NEW JERSEY**





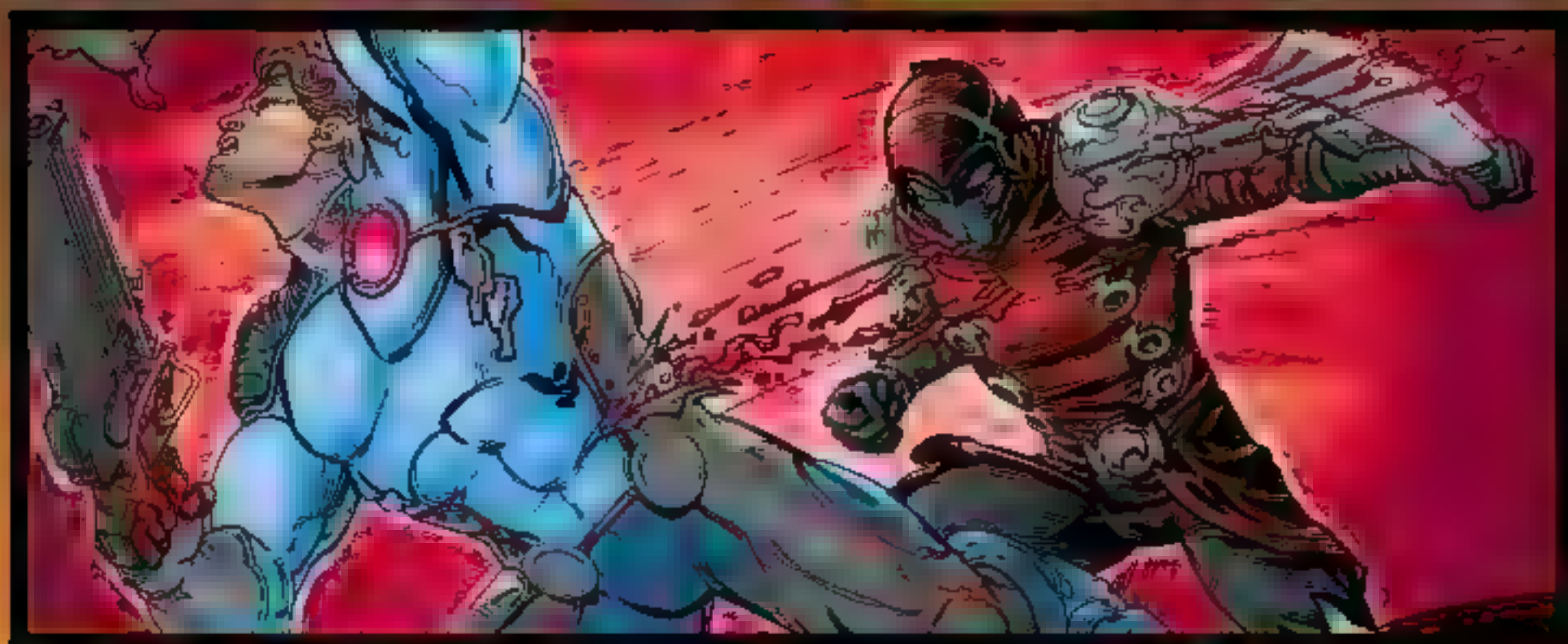




Eve, I'm
gonna have
to eat you
back.



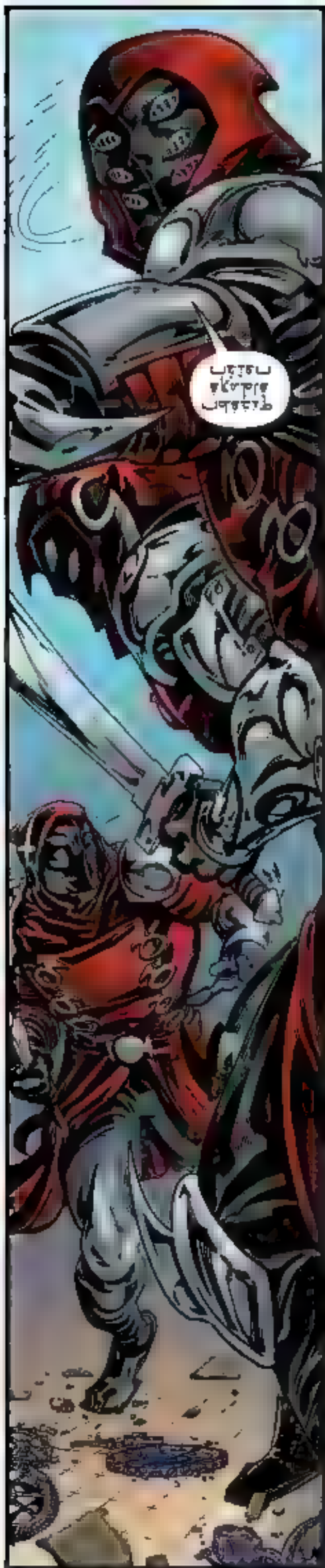
MB M CRORAIL GUN
SEM-AUTOMAT C



What is that dialect? Laua?

What is that dialect? Laua?





לֹא יִשְׁתַּחֲוֶה לְאִשָּׁחַ וְלִבְנוֹתָיִם
וְלִבְנוֹתָיִם וְלִבְנוֹתָיִם

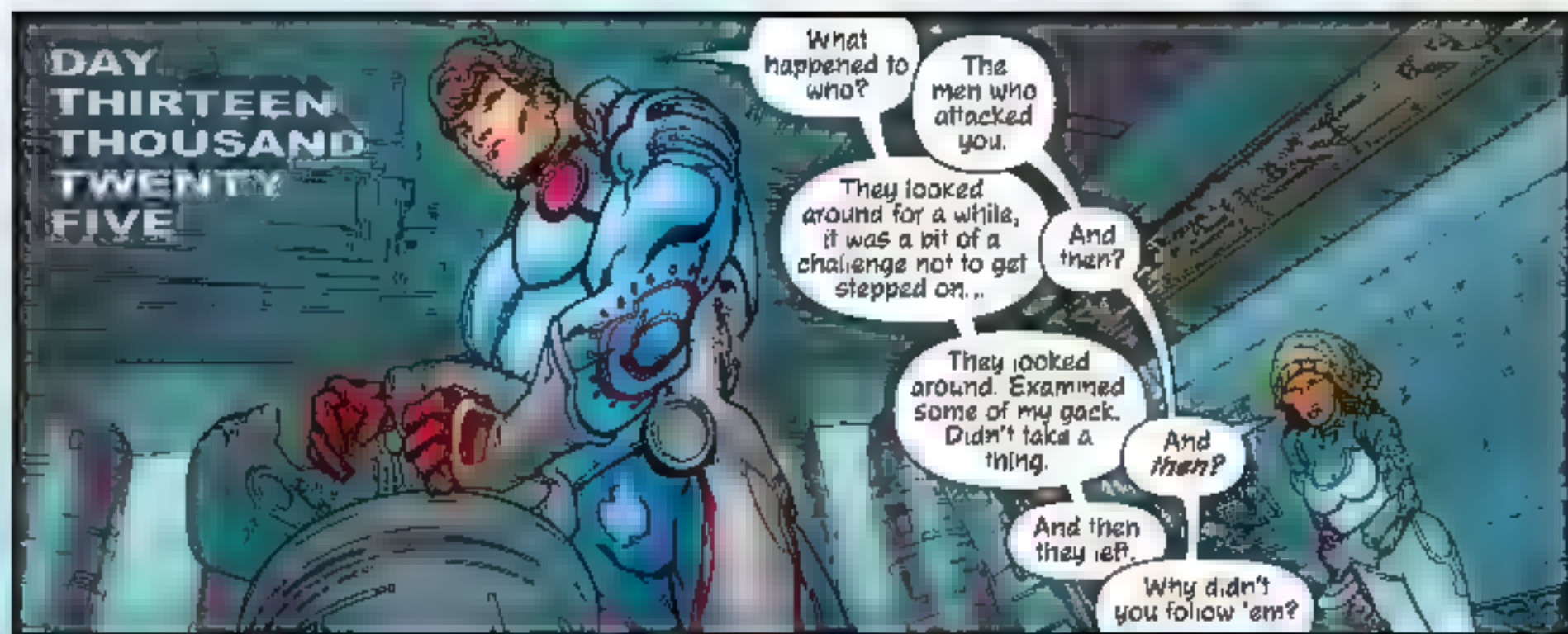


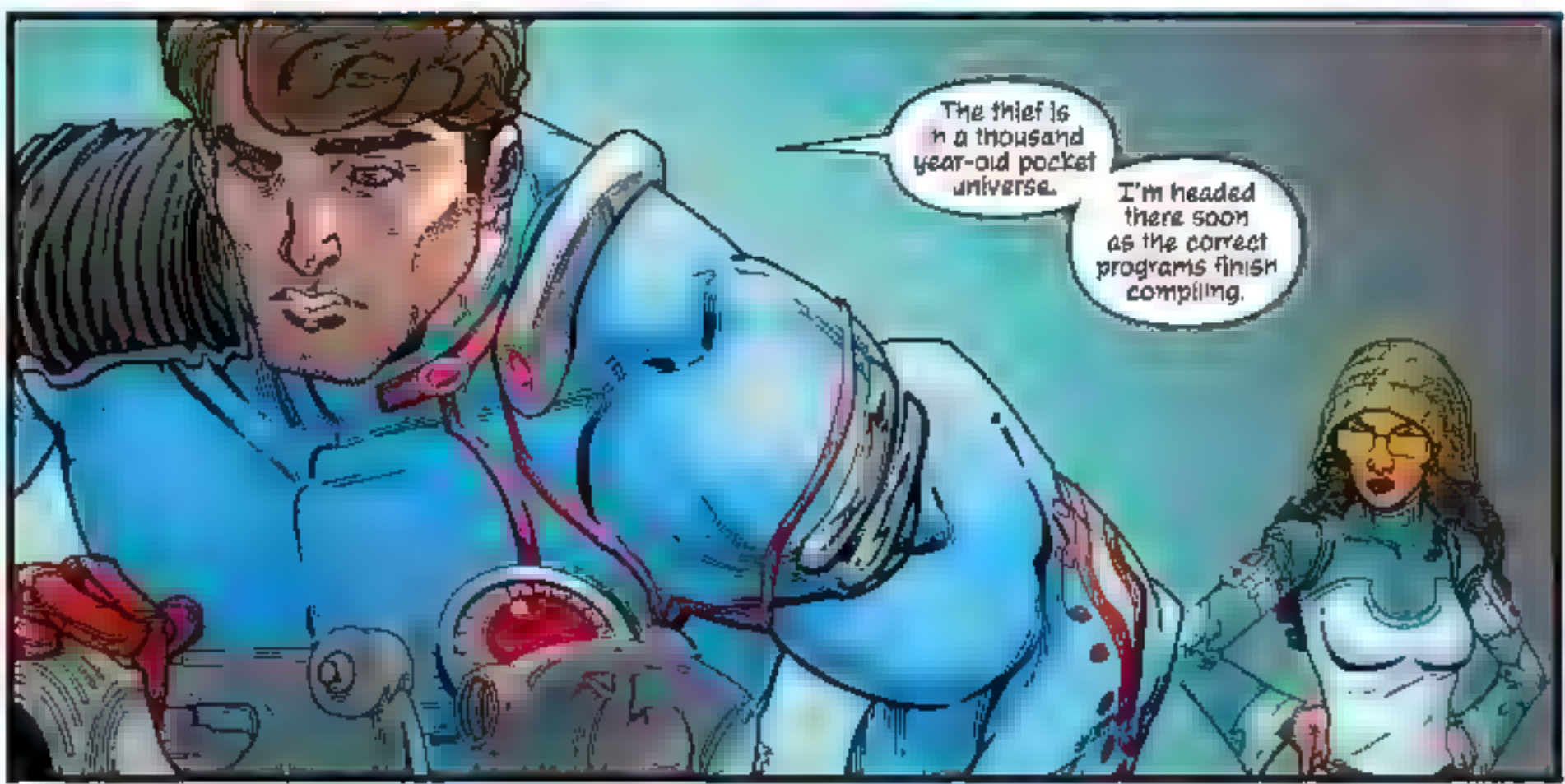
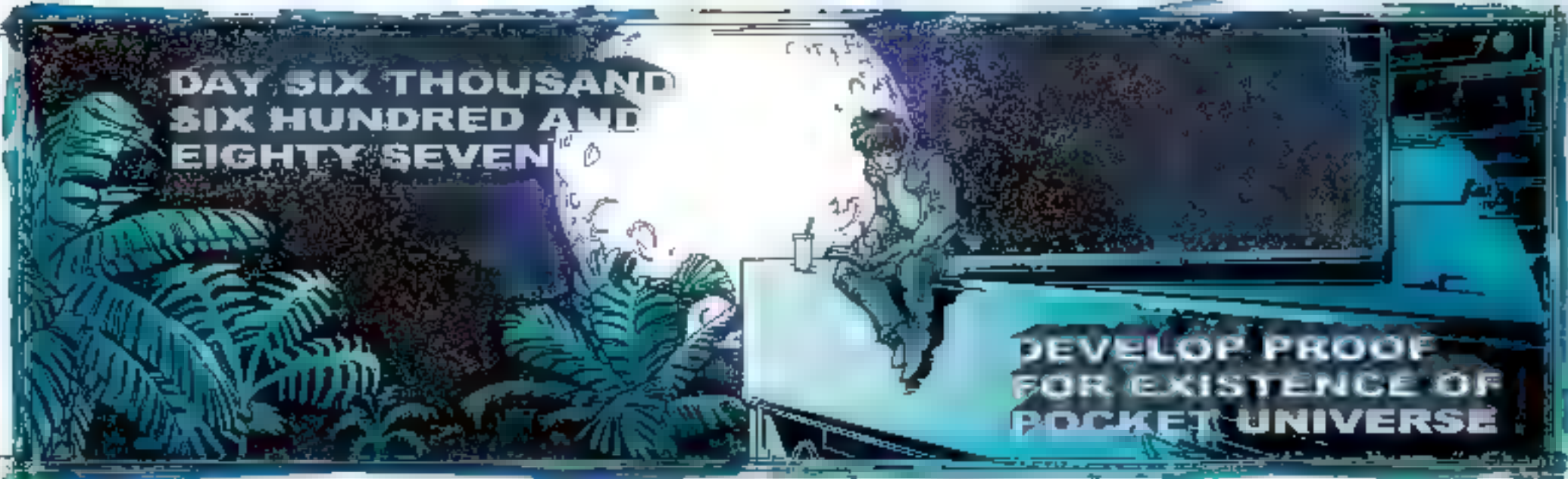
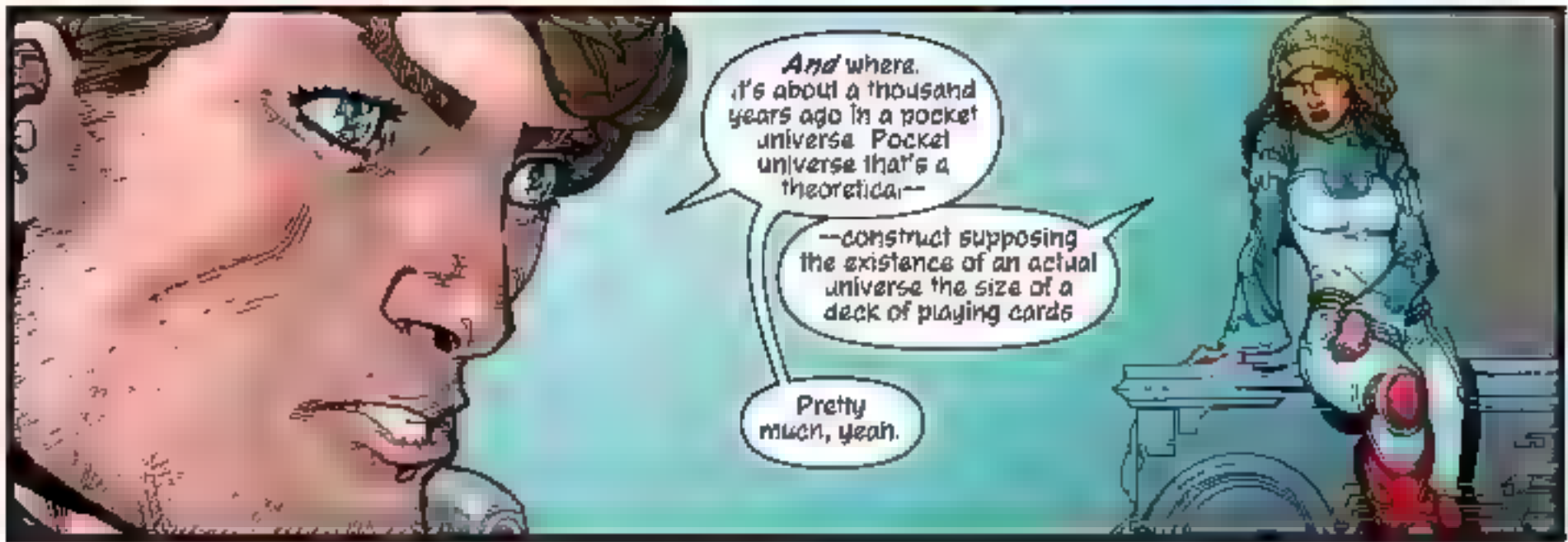
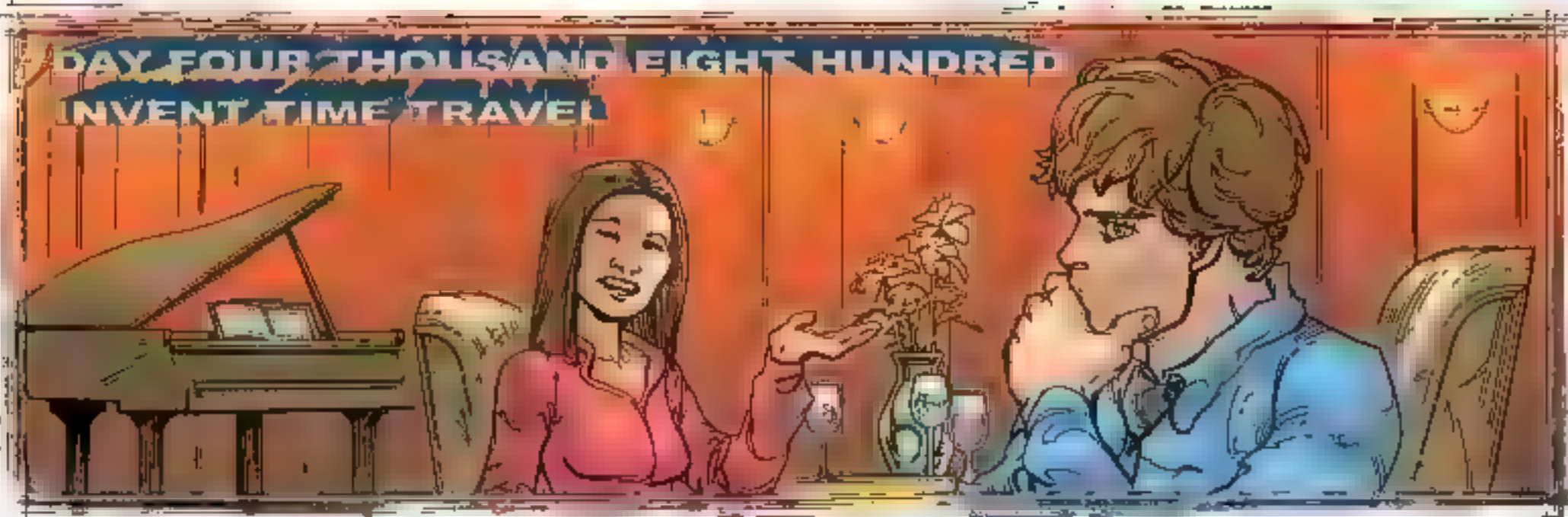
לֹא יִשְׁתַּחֲוֶה לְאִשָּׁחַ וְלִבְנוֹתָיִם
וְלִבְנוֹתָיִם וְלִבְנוֹתָיִם



RAPID SIZE
MODIFICATION

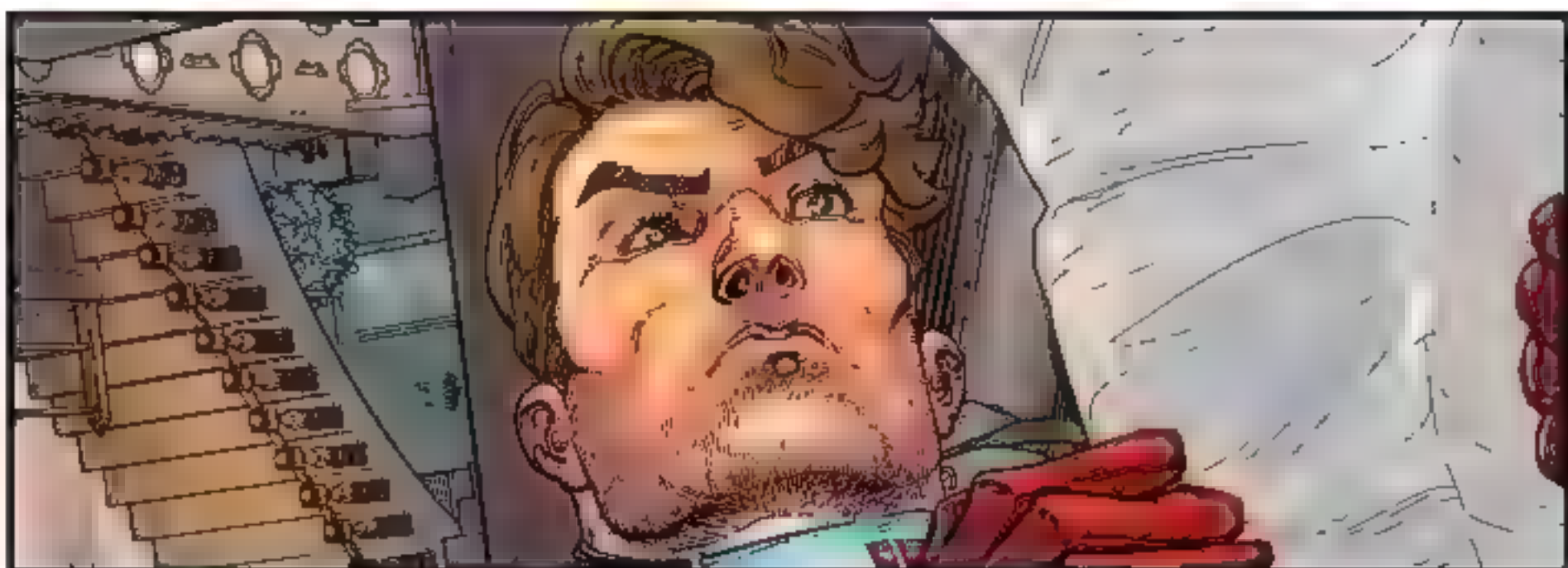
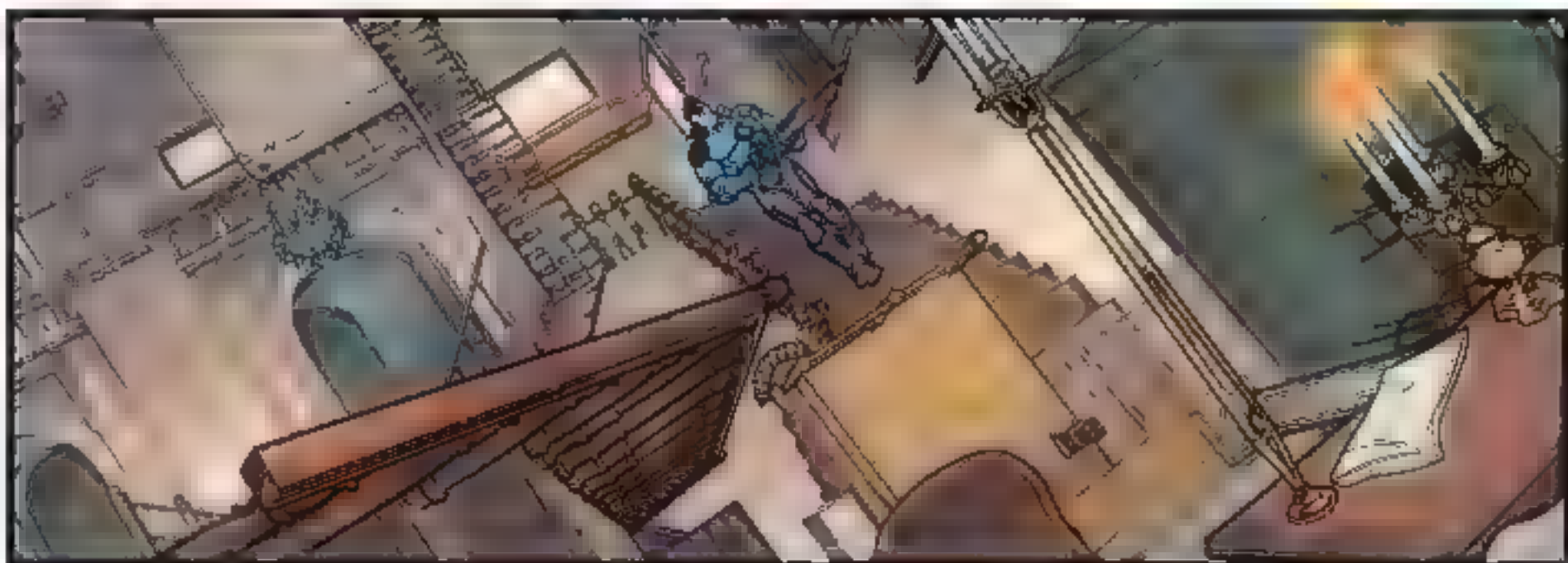
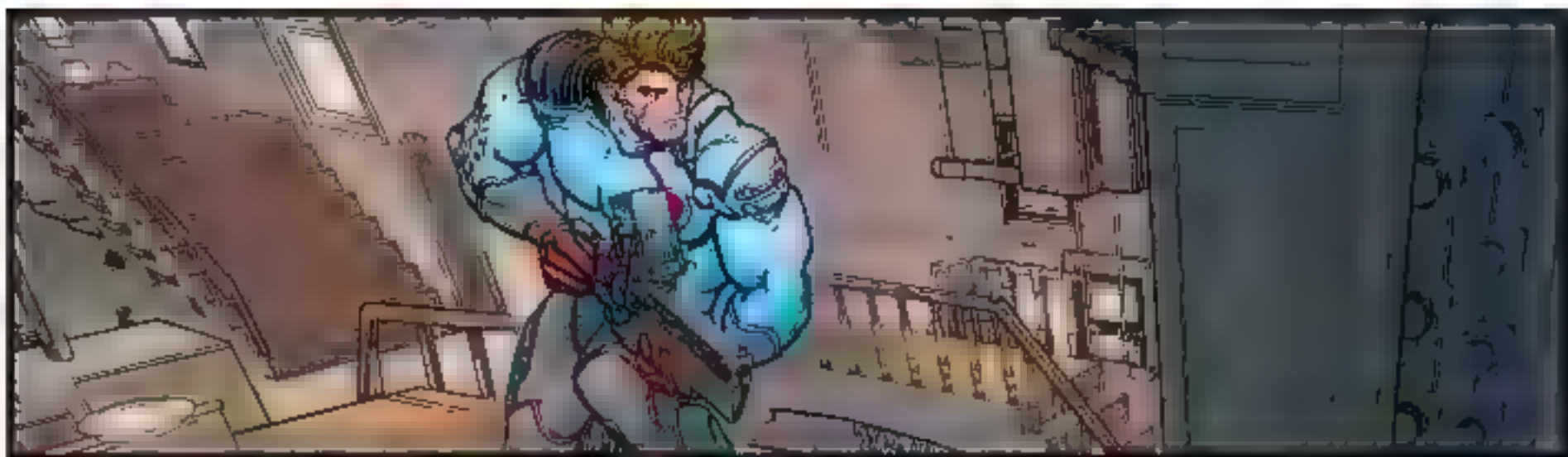
"So what
happened to
them?"

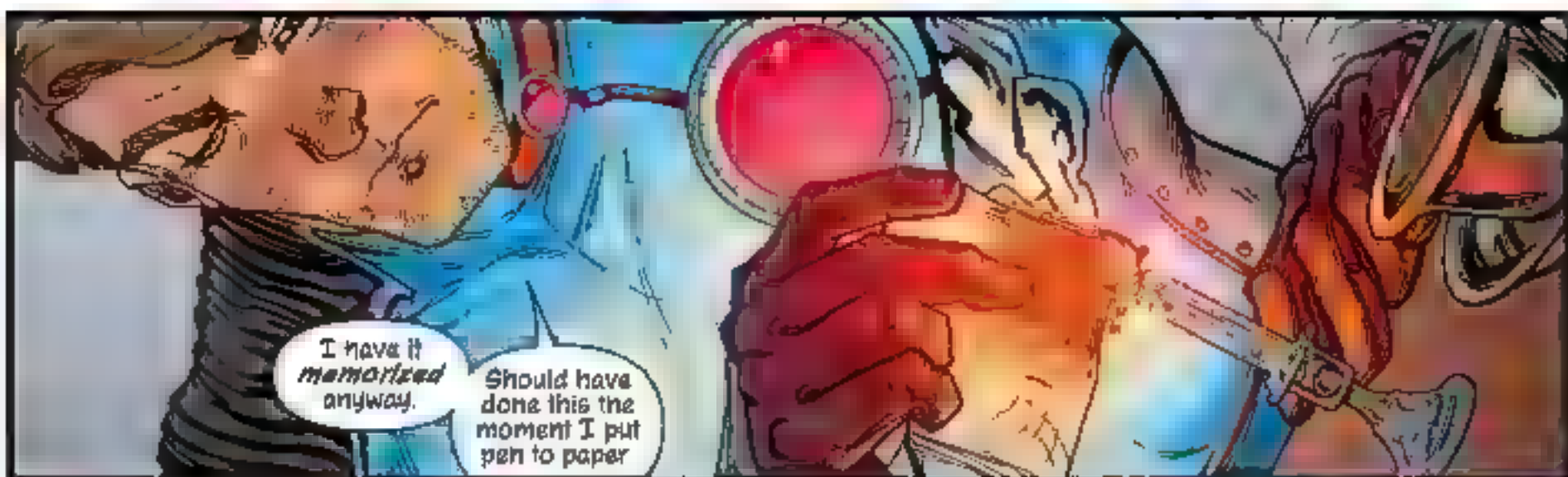
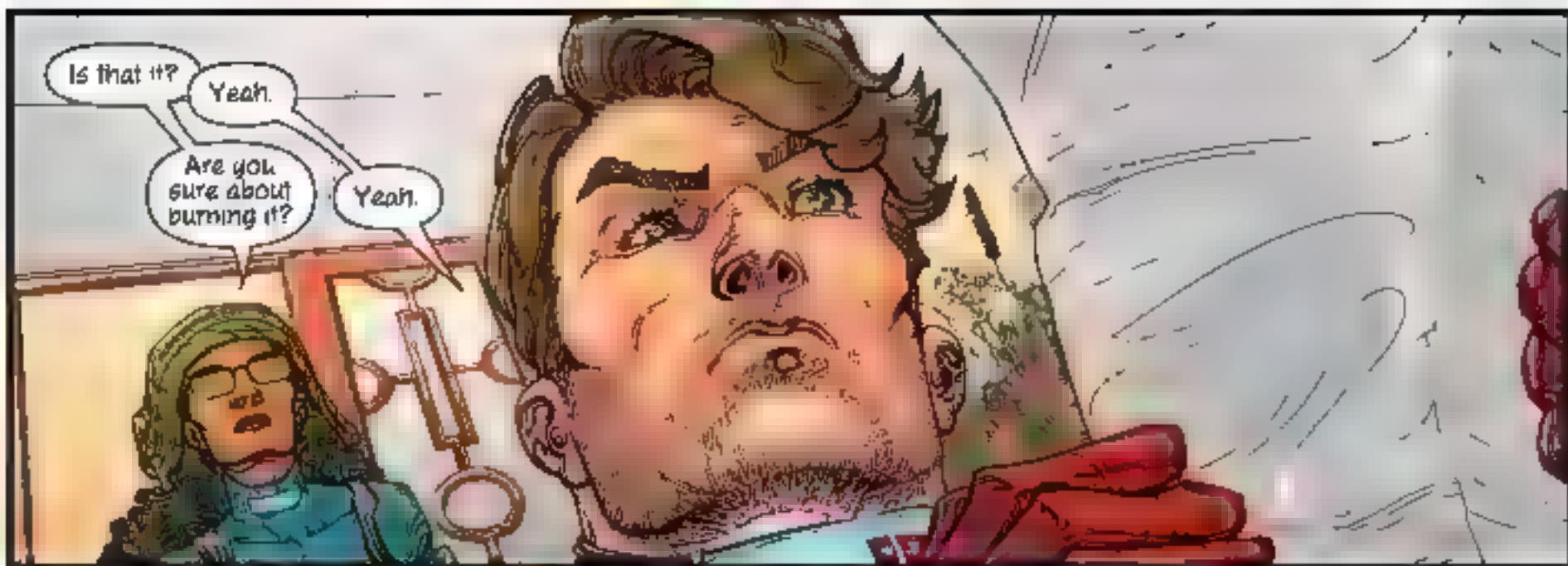


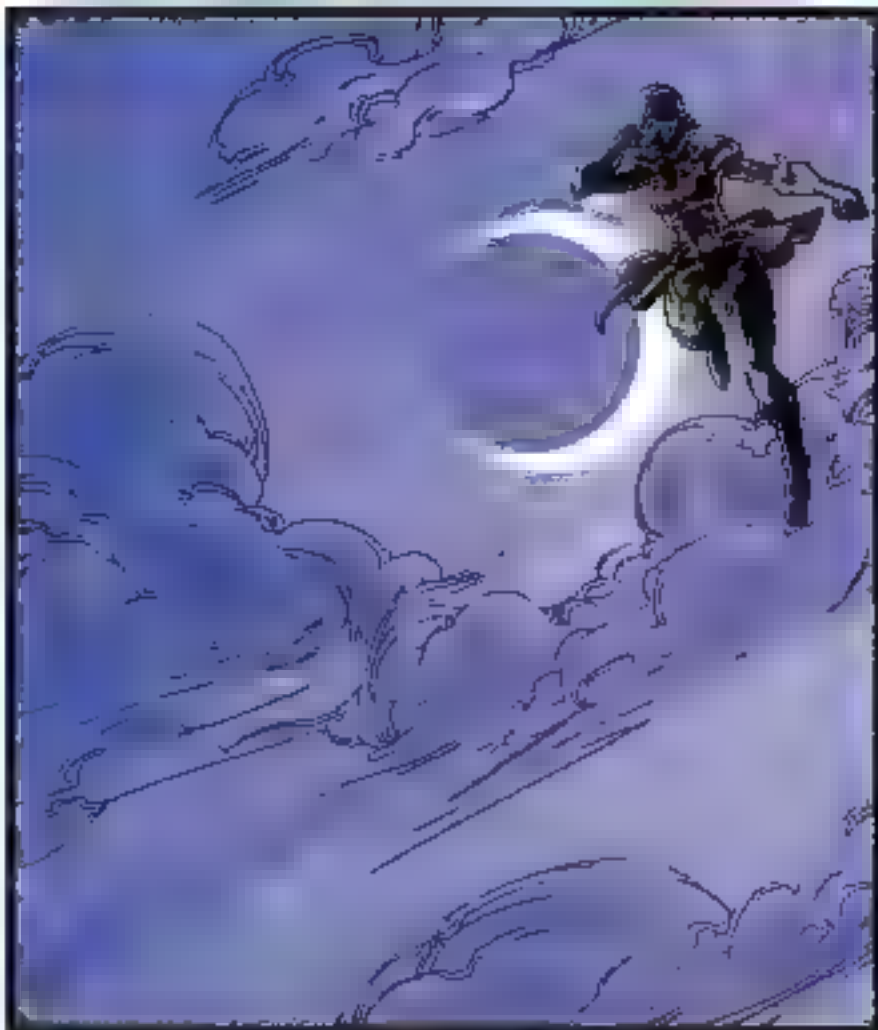
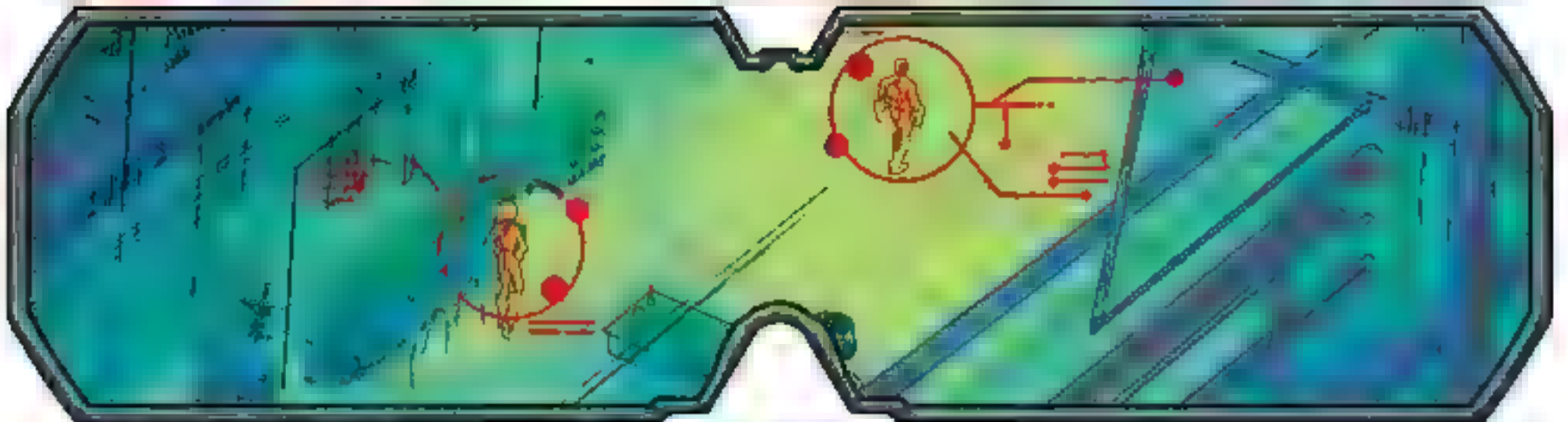
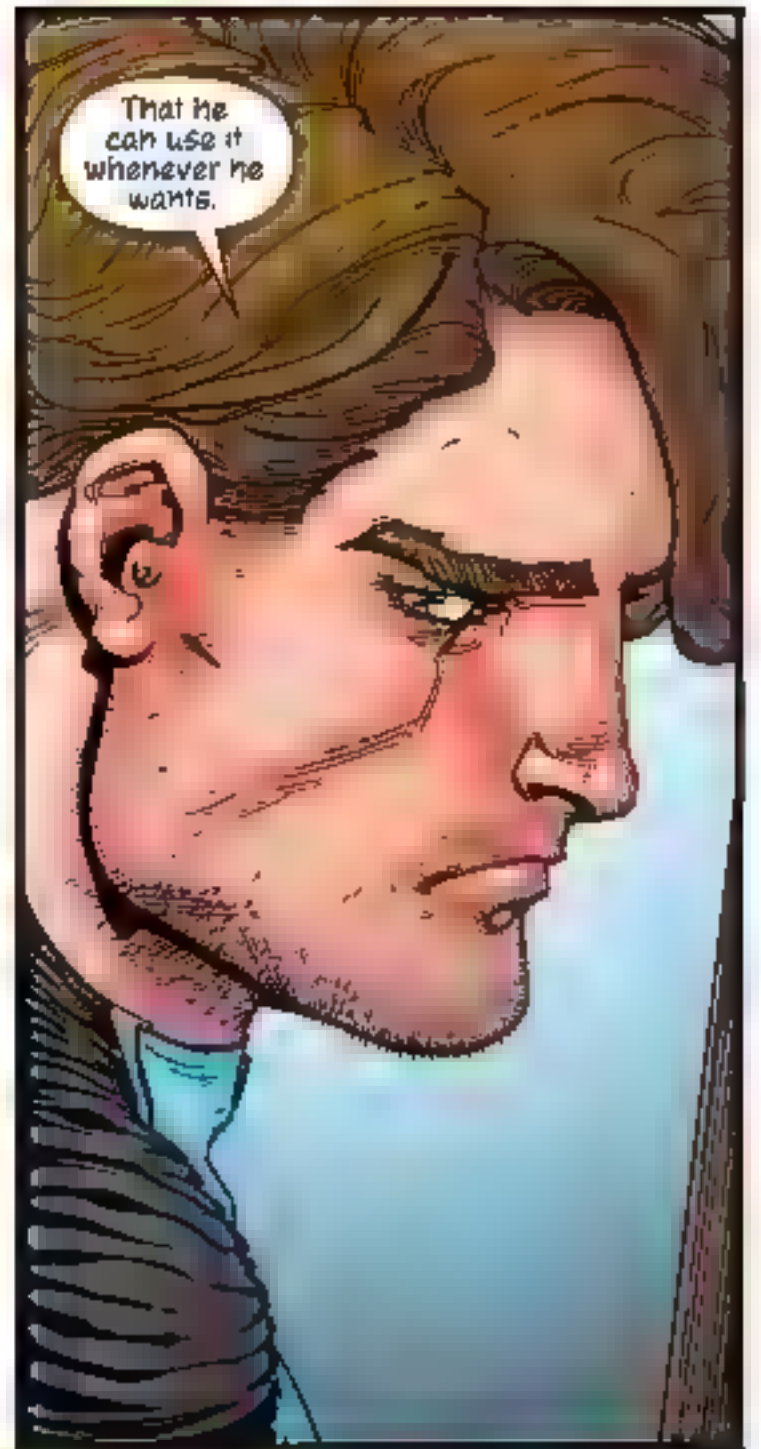


**THOUSAND YEAR OLD
POCKET UNIVERSE**











Well...
that's
that

EPISODE TWO "COLLATERAL"

DAY THIRTEEN
THOUSAND THIRTY

TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS EARLIER

You
reading all
this?

My answer
honestly hasn't
changed in
the twenty-six
seconds since
you last asked
me that
question.

Just want
to make sure
you're reading
all this.

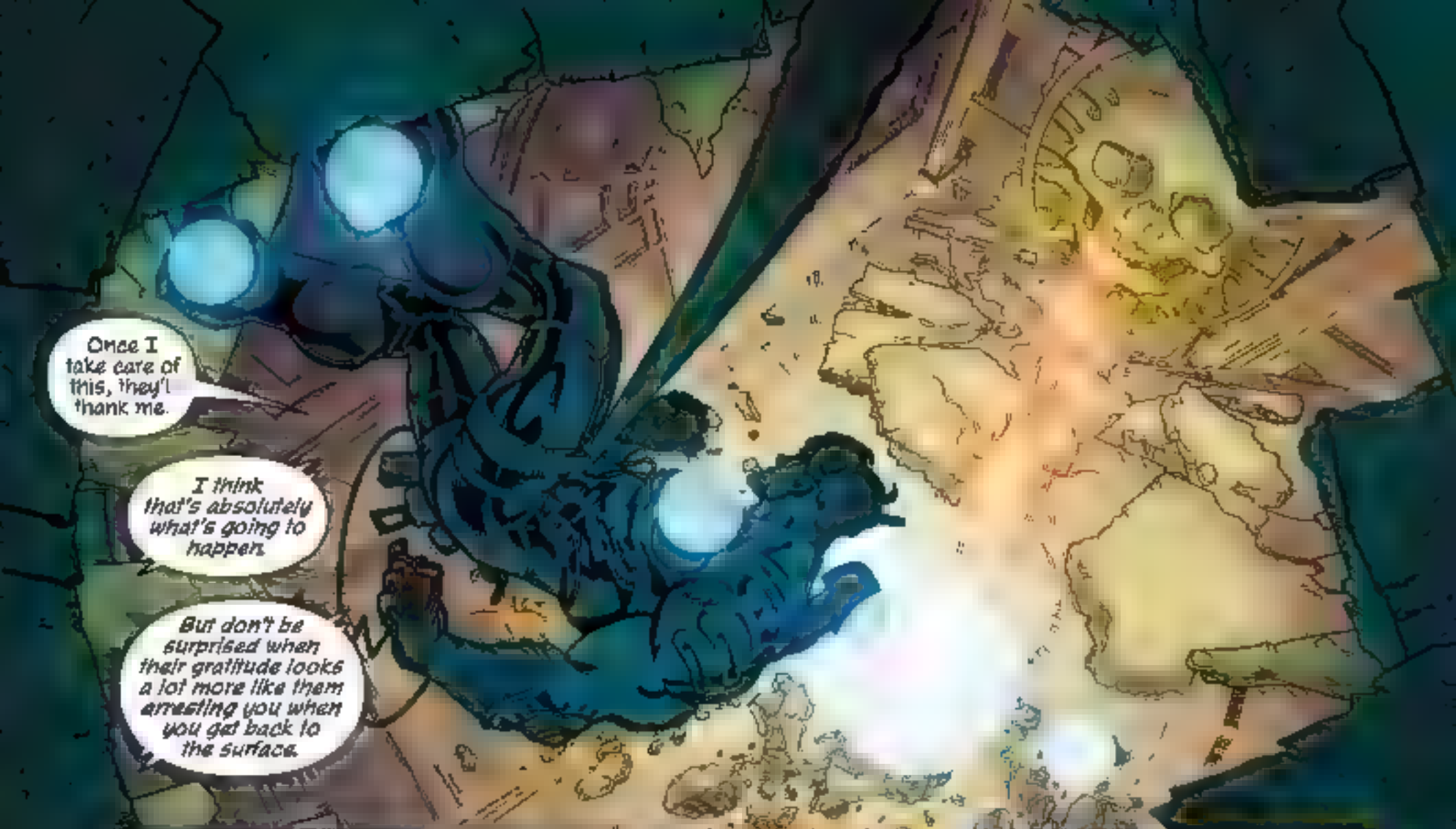
Y'know what I'm
reading? I'm reading the
Mexican Tourism Board
sincerely losing their
\$#%* up top.

TIACOPAN RUNS, TACUBA, MEXICO

They're just
miffed I put a
forcefield around
their tourist
attraction.

Yeah, I
really can't
imagine why
that would
annoy
them.

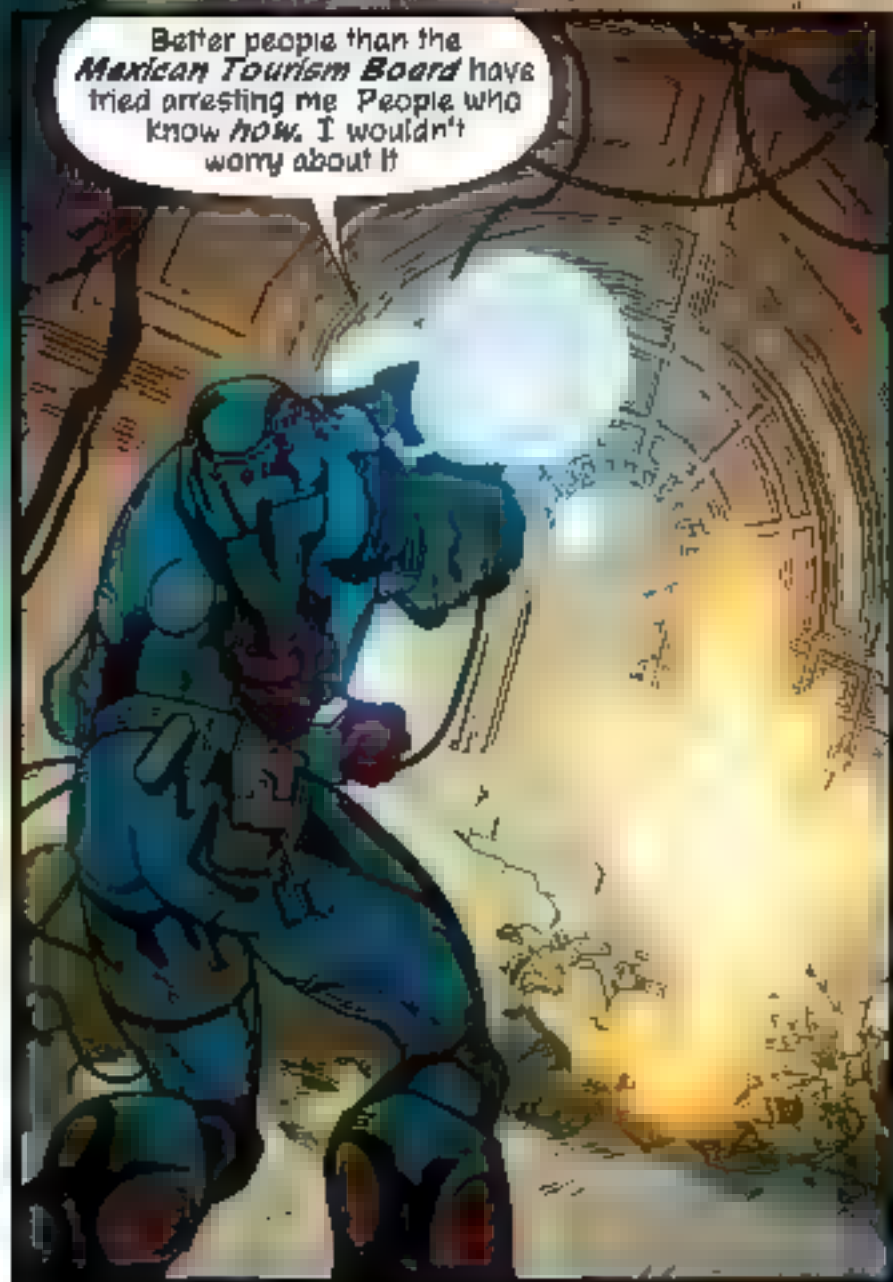
They don't
realize how serious
this situation is.
How delicate.



Once I
take care of
this, they'll
thank me.

I think
that's absolutely
what's going to
happen.

But don't be
surprised when
their gratitude looks
a lot more like them
arresting you when
you get back to
the surface.



Better people than the
Mexican Tourism Board have
tried arresting me. People who
know *how*. I wouldn't
worry about it.



Are you
reading this?

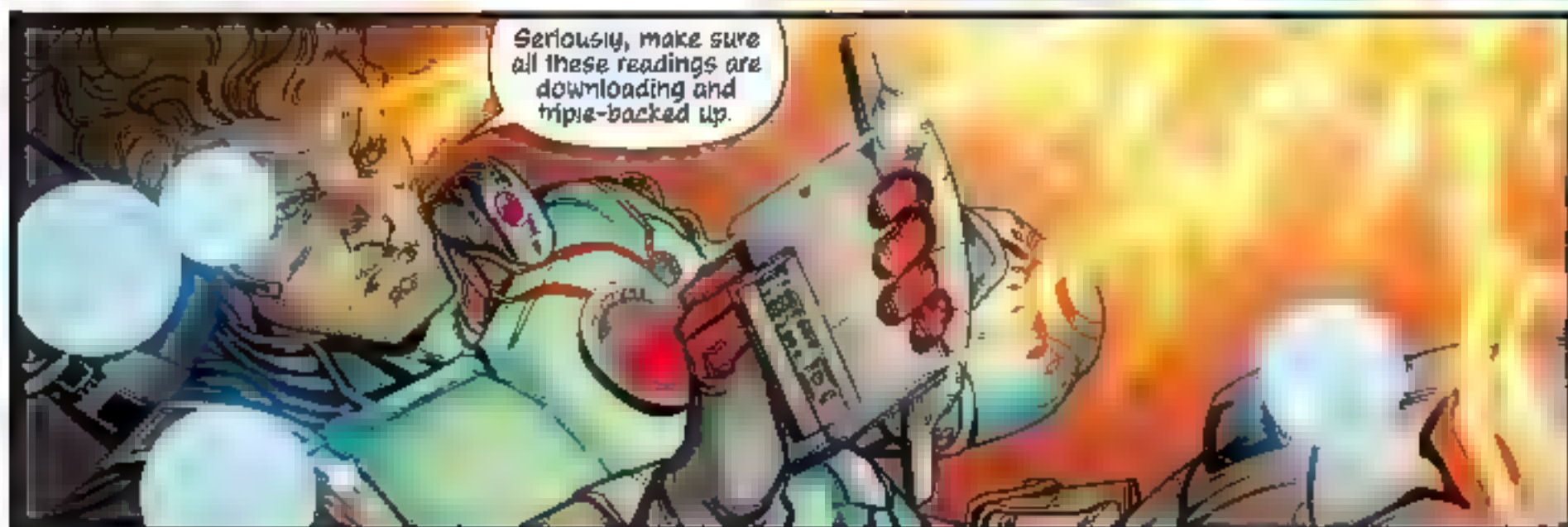
I will pay you cash
money if you stop
asking me that
question.

I've been a
trillionaire since
I was eleven.



DAY FOUR THOUSAND
TWENTY TWO

PATENT SMARTPHONE
TECHNOLOGY



Seriously, make sure
all these readings are
downloading and
triple-backed up.



I've never seen a spacetime tear so stable before...

And we all appreciate that. You know what we'd appreciate even more?



Me sealing it. I know. I'm working on it.

You're *not* working on it. You're thinking of looking. Don't look.



You reading at this?

Jonas...

It's a window, Eve...

I know, but...



It's a *window* into the *multiverse*.

Every event that's ever happened, every possible way it *could* have happened.

Jonas, do not look.



Too late.







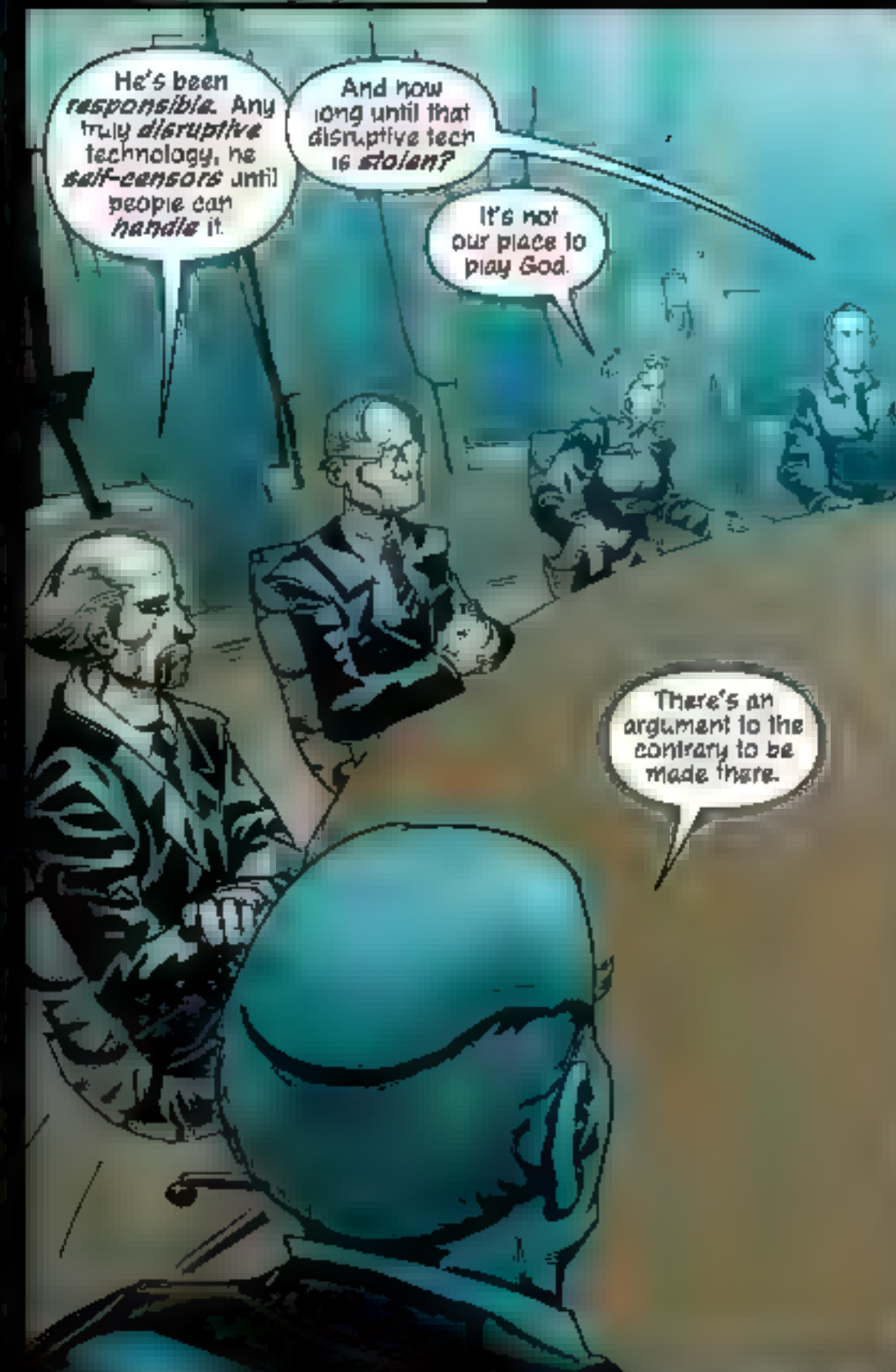


He's a disrupter

Agreed.

We've allowed him to proceed unmolested for this long.

Too long.



He's been responsible. Any truly disruptive technology, he self-censors until people can handle it.

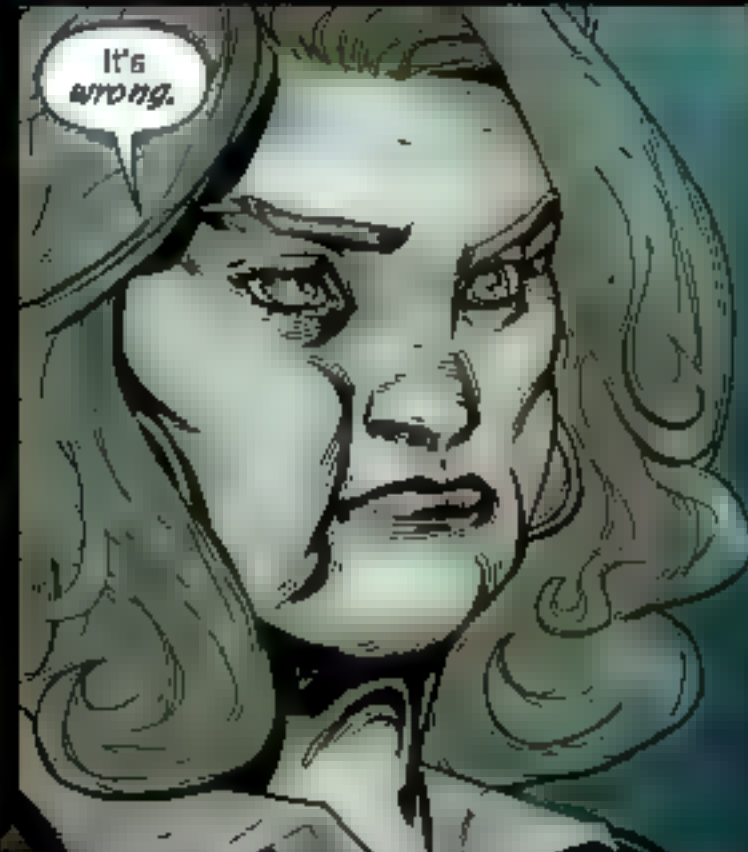
And how long until that disruptive tech is stolen?

It's not our place to play God.

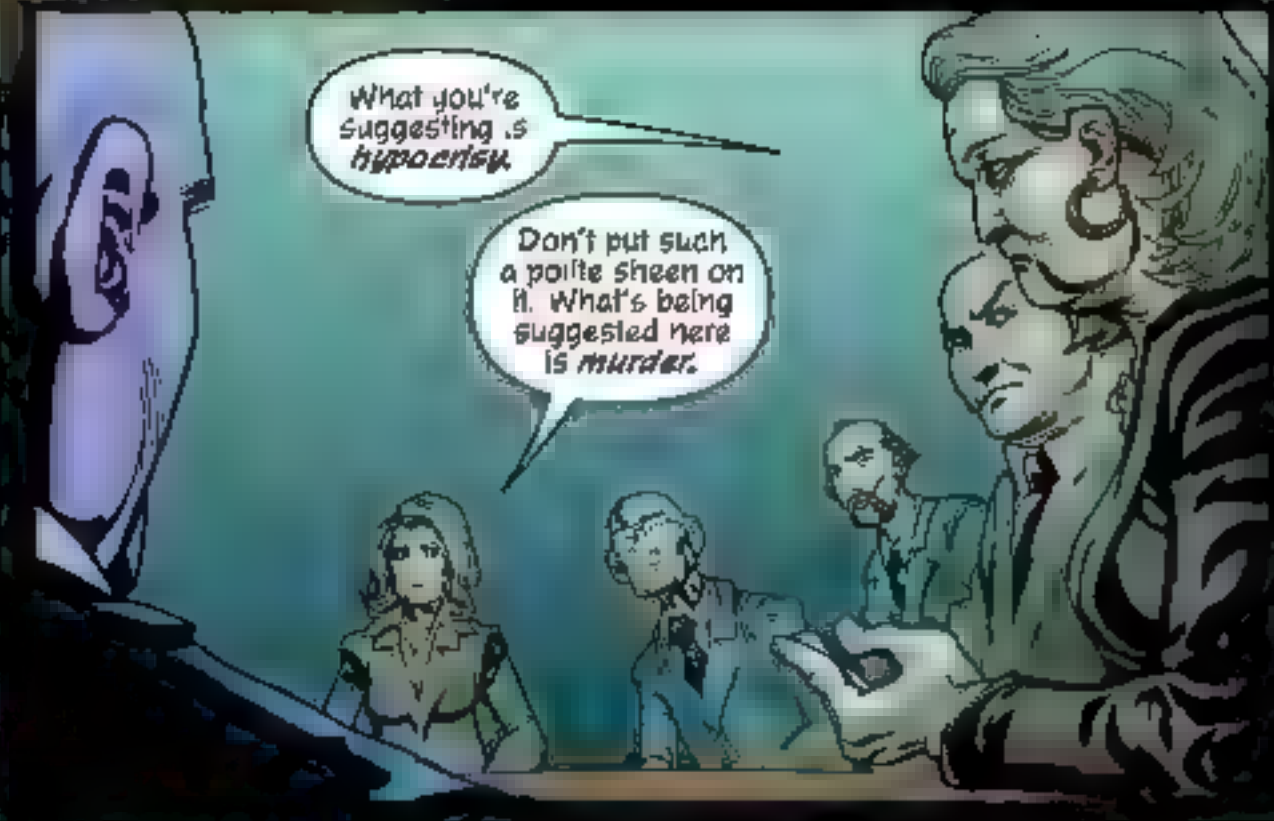
There's an argument to the contrary to be made there.



"Playing God" is a reasonable approximation of what this body has taken upon itself to do.



It's wrong.



What you're suggesting is hypocrisy.

Don't put such a polite sheen on it. What's being suggested here is murder.

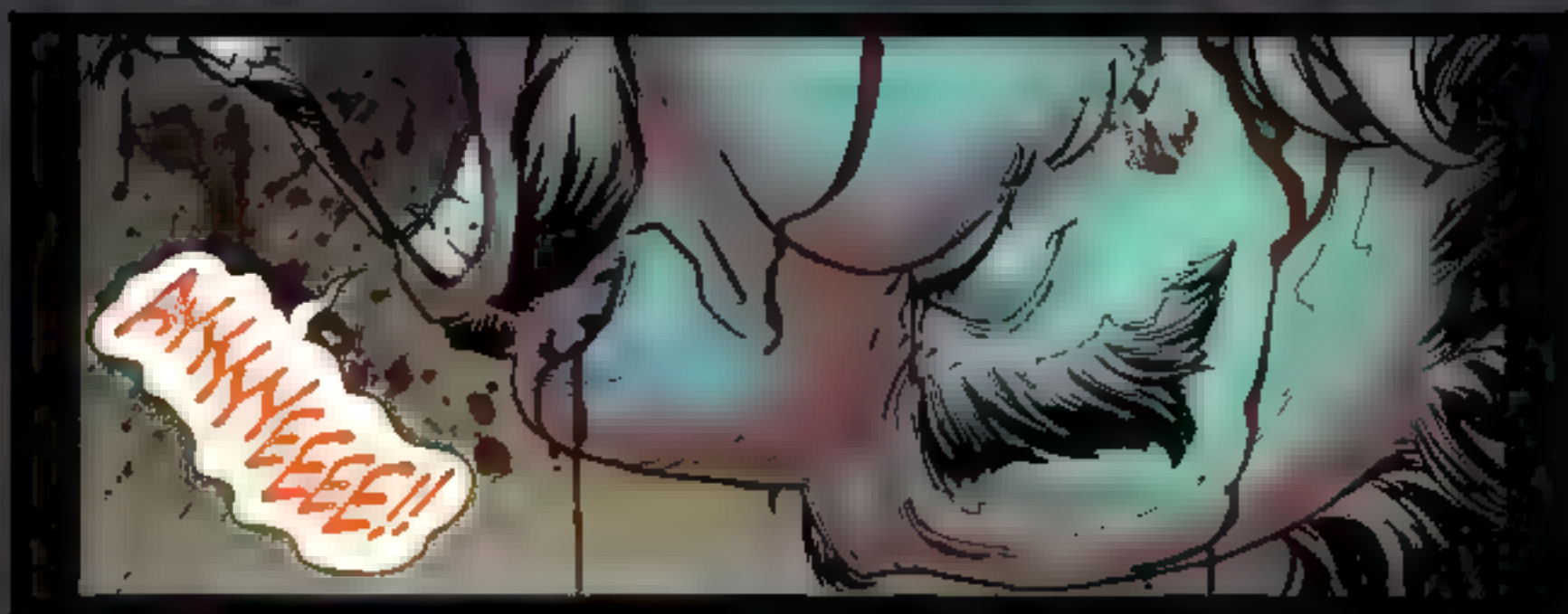


That's why we vote.

A. In favor of killing Dr. Jonas Quantum, say "aye."



It's a sanction. A hedge for the greater good.



You're bleeding internally, Mr. Alvarez. This would explain your physical *discomfort*.

Unfortunately, you're beyond medical attention, I'm afraid. Even if I were inclined to see you to a *hospital* within the next five minutes--

--Something that is not likely to occur for a variety of reasons, not the least of which is that I am *not* my inclination--I doubt even the most gifted of surgeons would be able to forestall your demise, which I would describe as *imminent*.

But "imminent" is something of a misnomer in this instance.

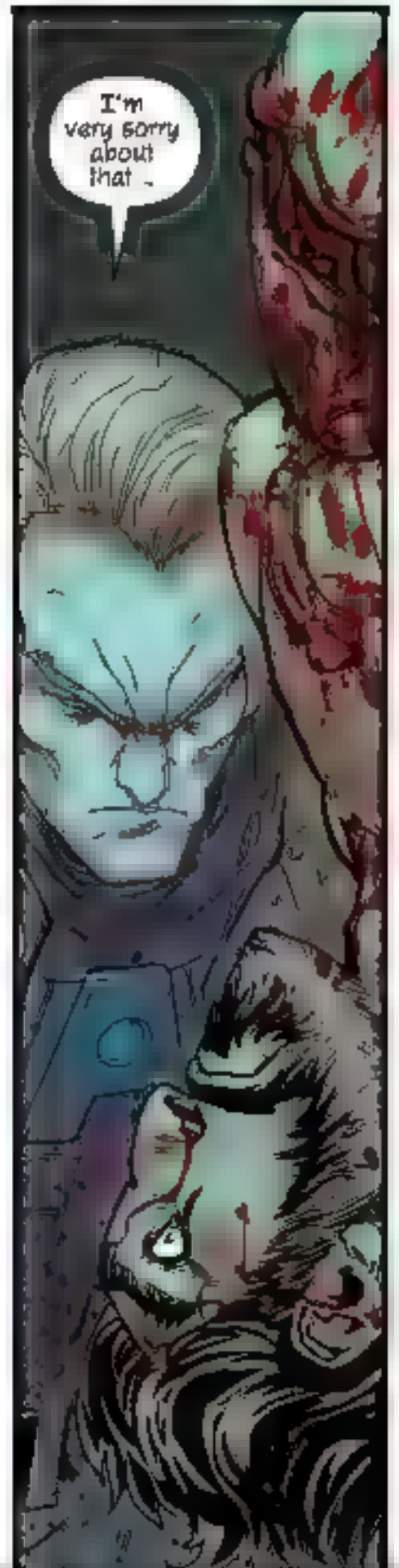
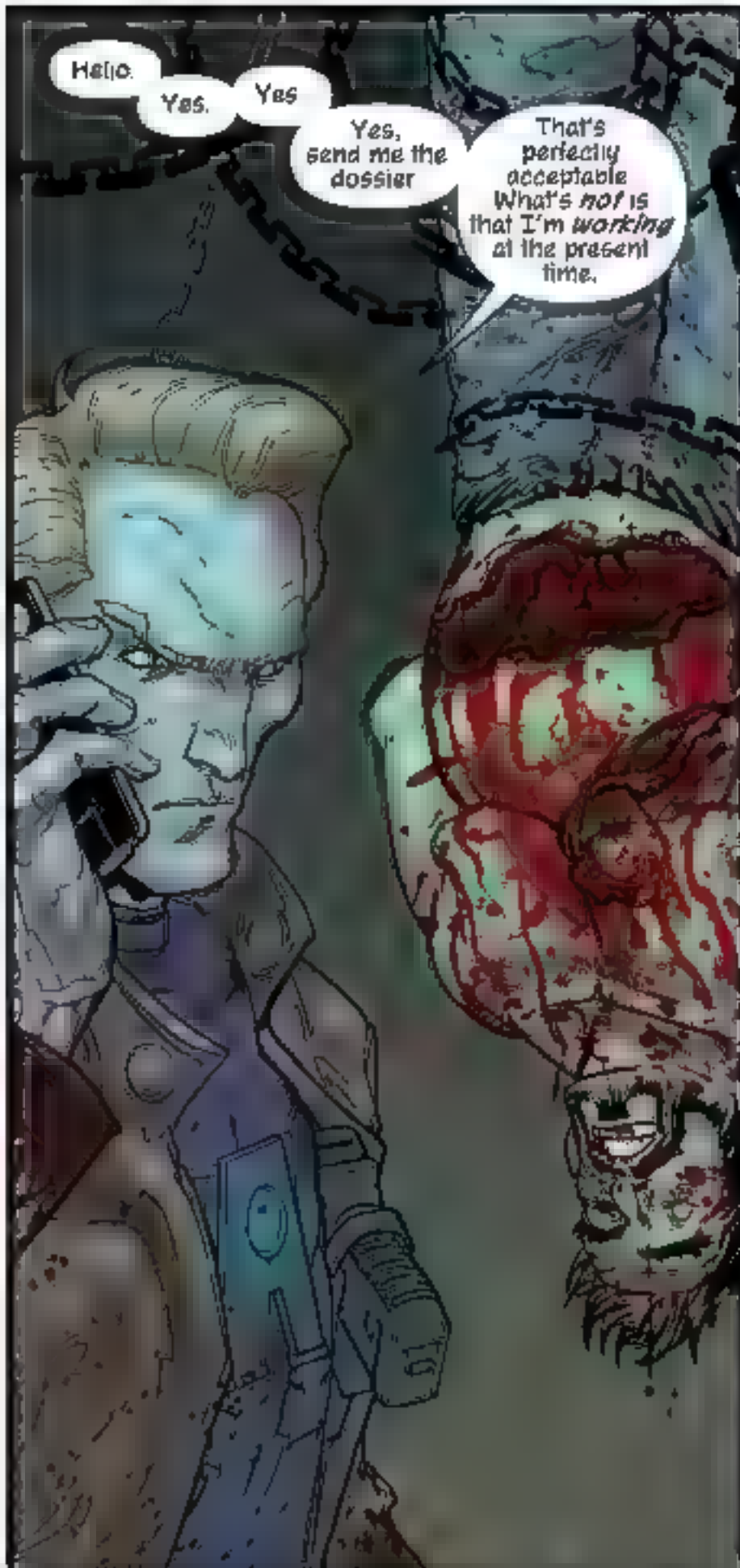
No doubt you are familiar with the axiom that "time flies when you're having fun."

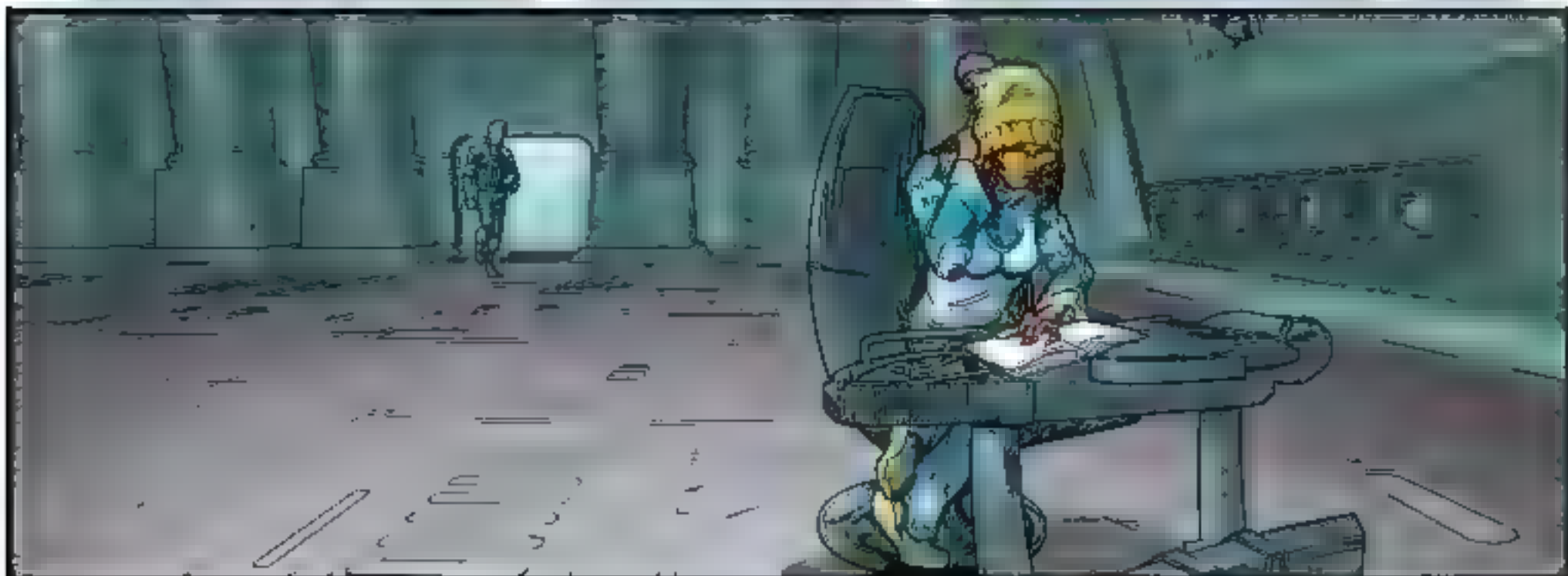
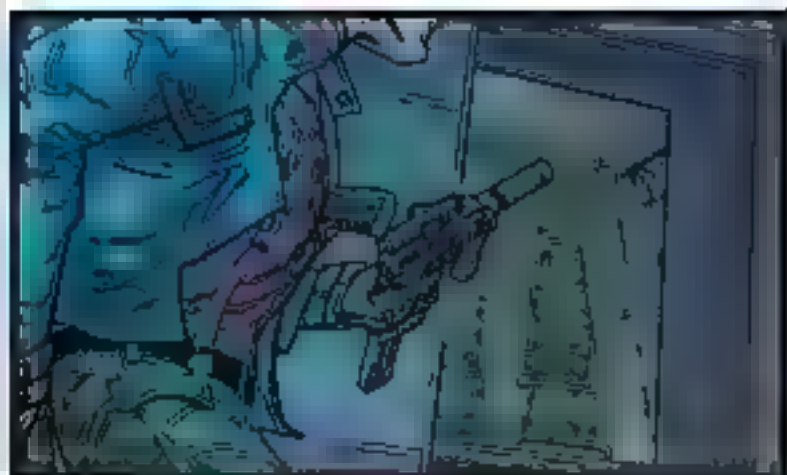
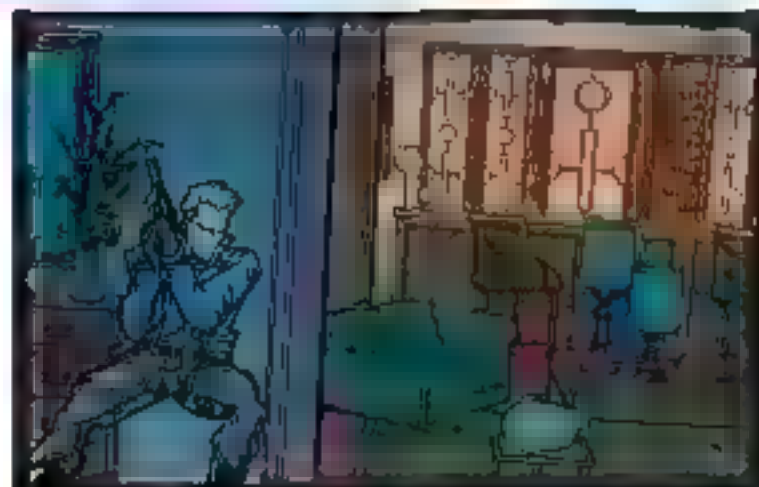
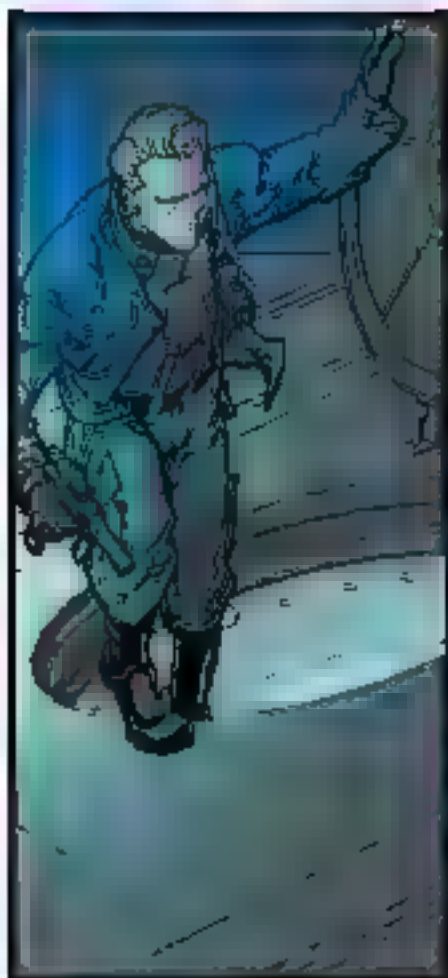
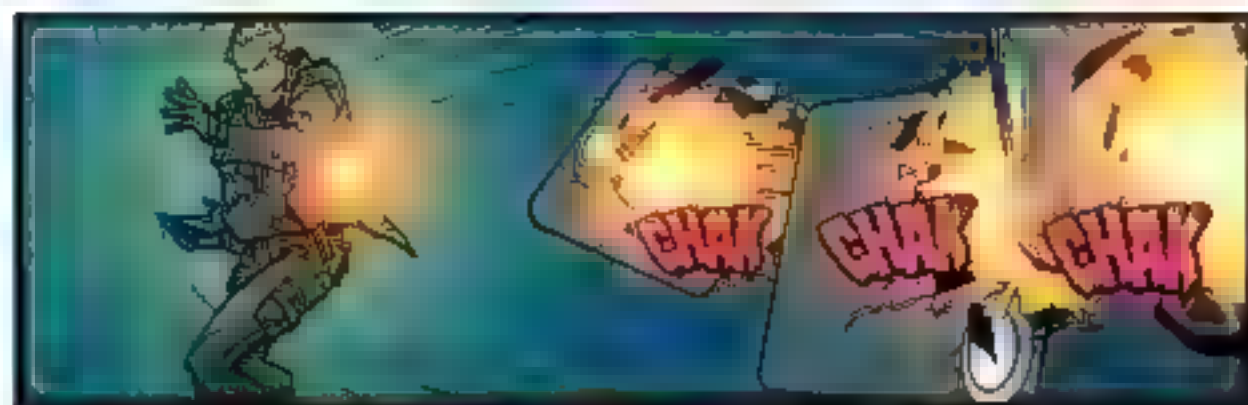
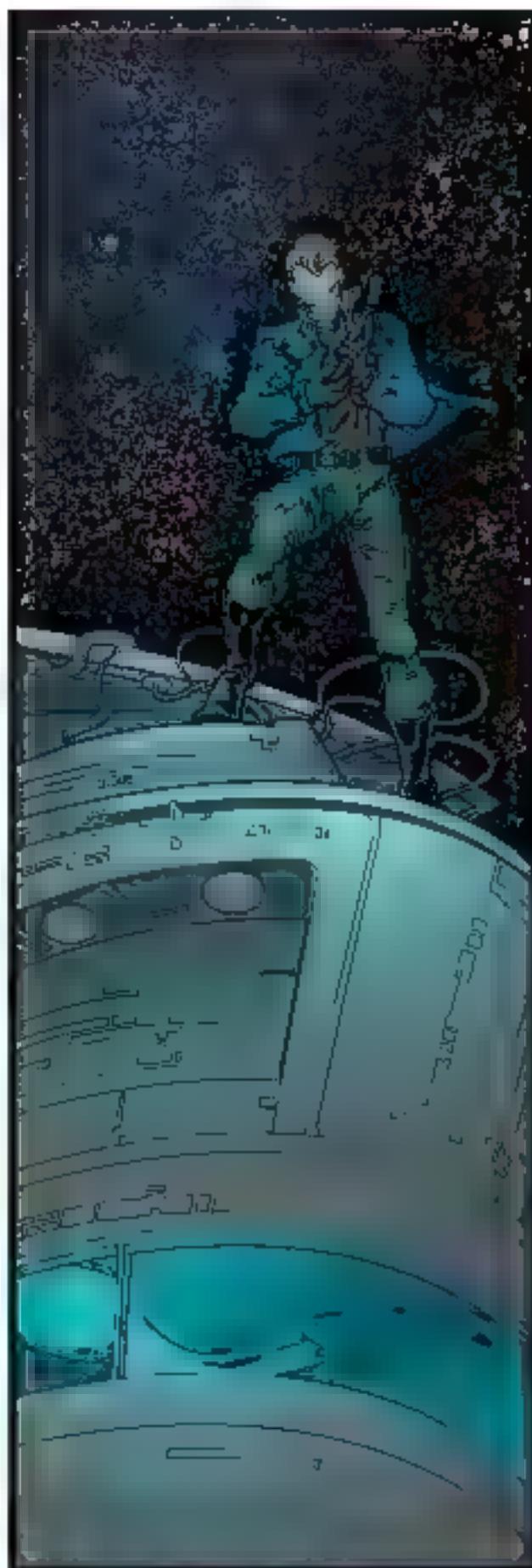
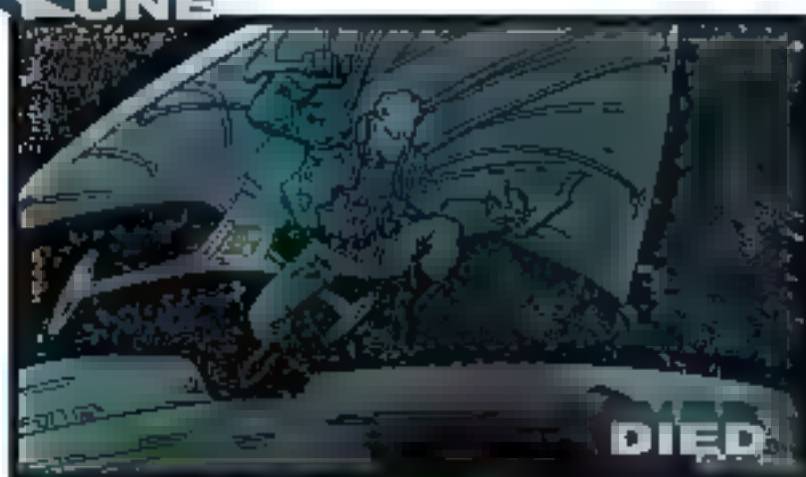
I assure you the *inverse* is true. Your imminent demise will seem *decades* away in your current state of agony.

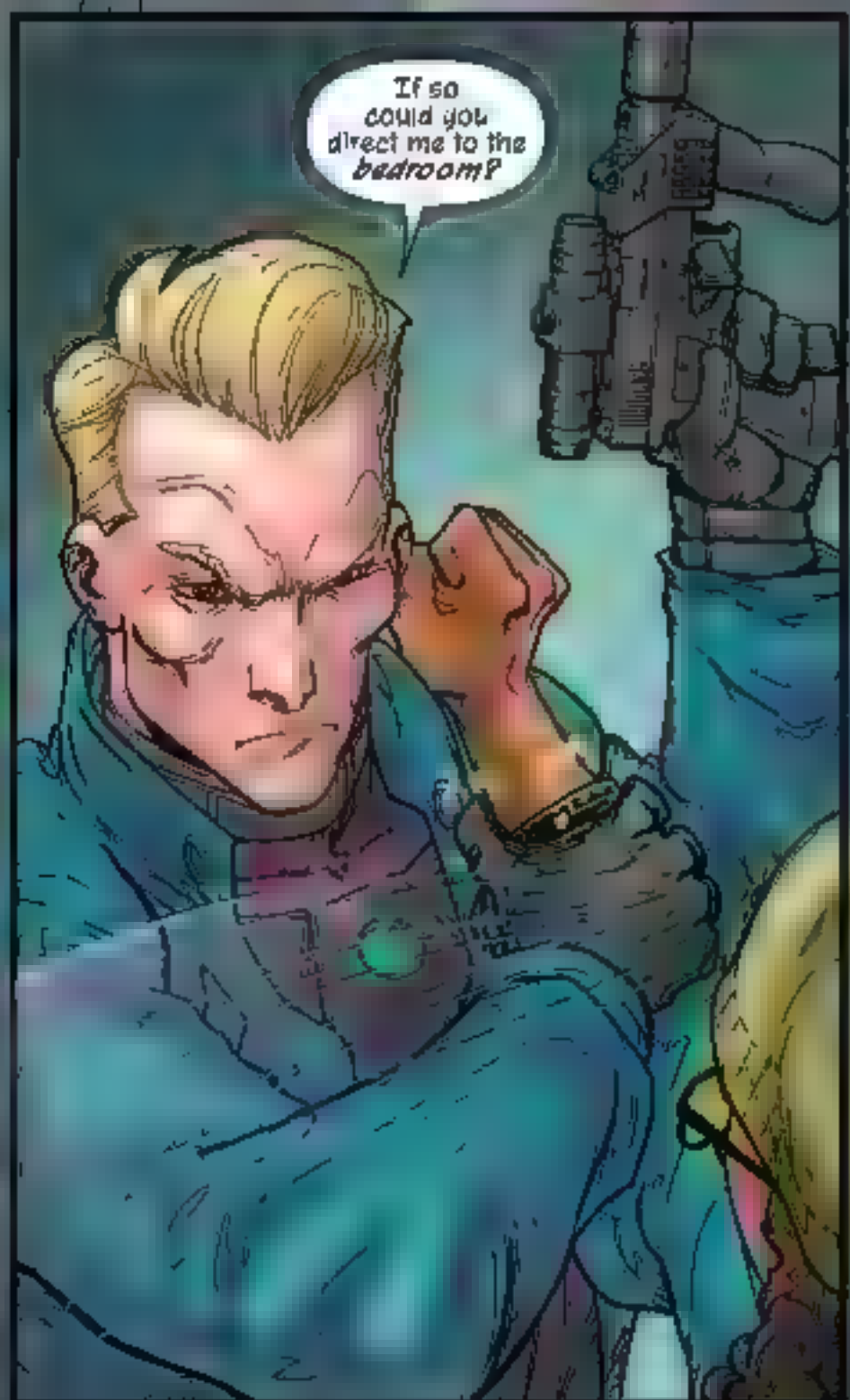
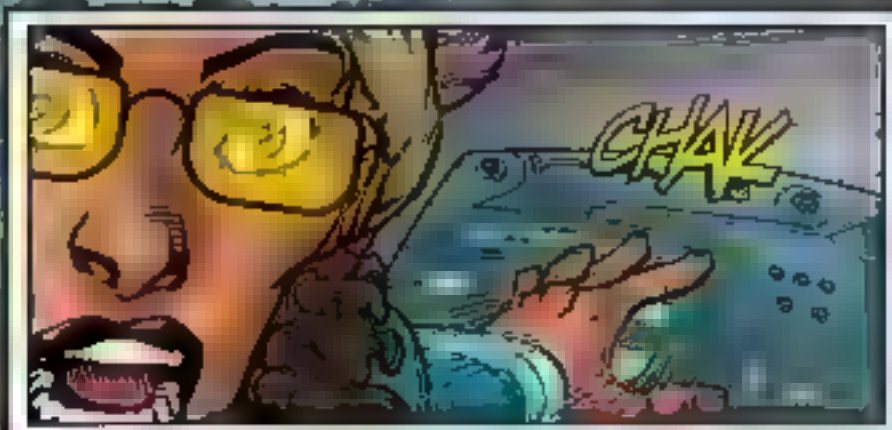
Thus all I have to offer you as *incentive* is a speedy death, free of pain. I'm quite good. I can assure you it would be like falling asleep.

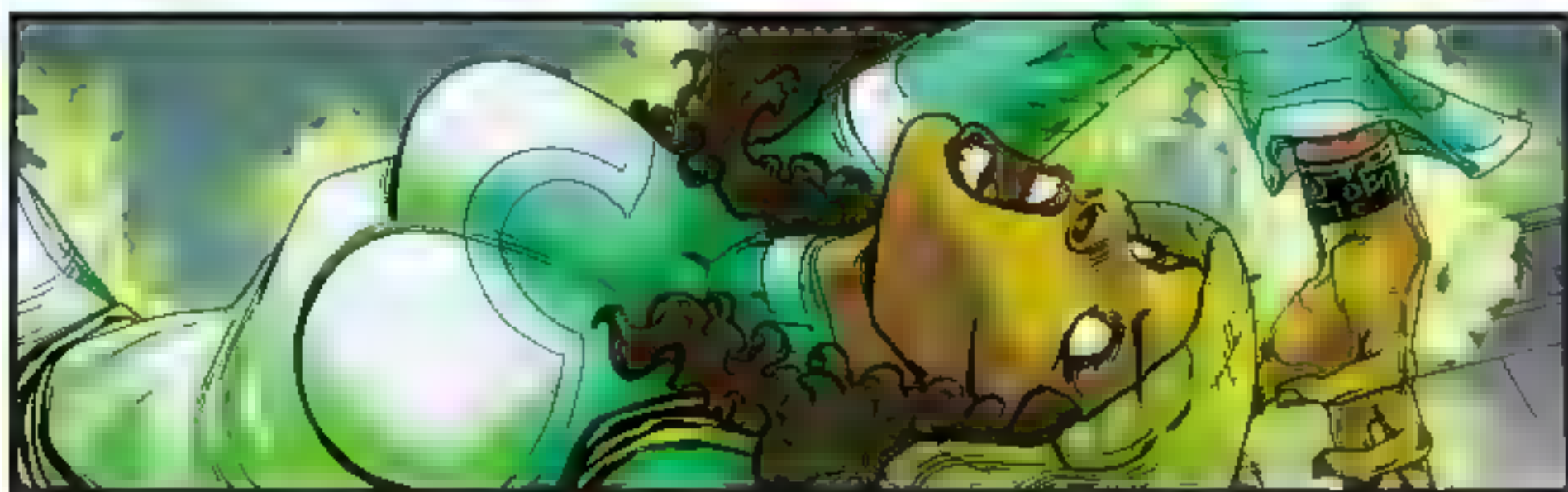
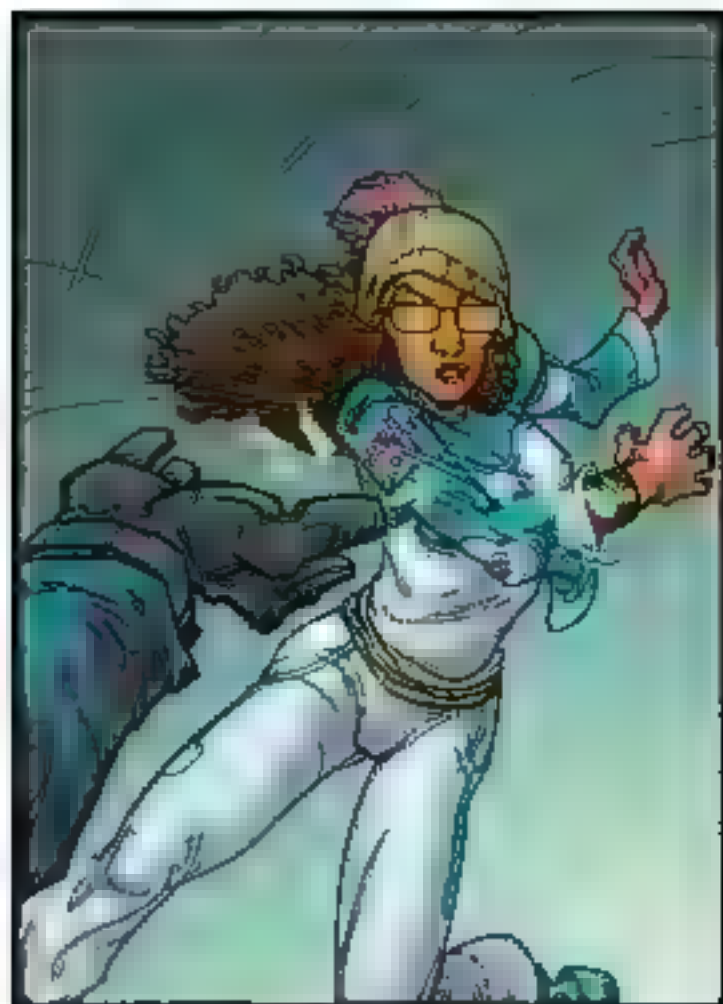
All you need to do is tell me--

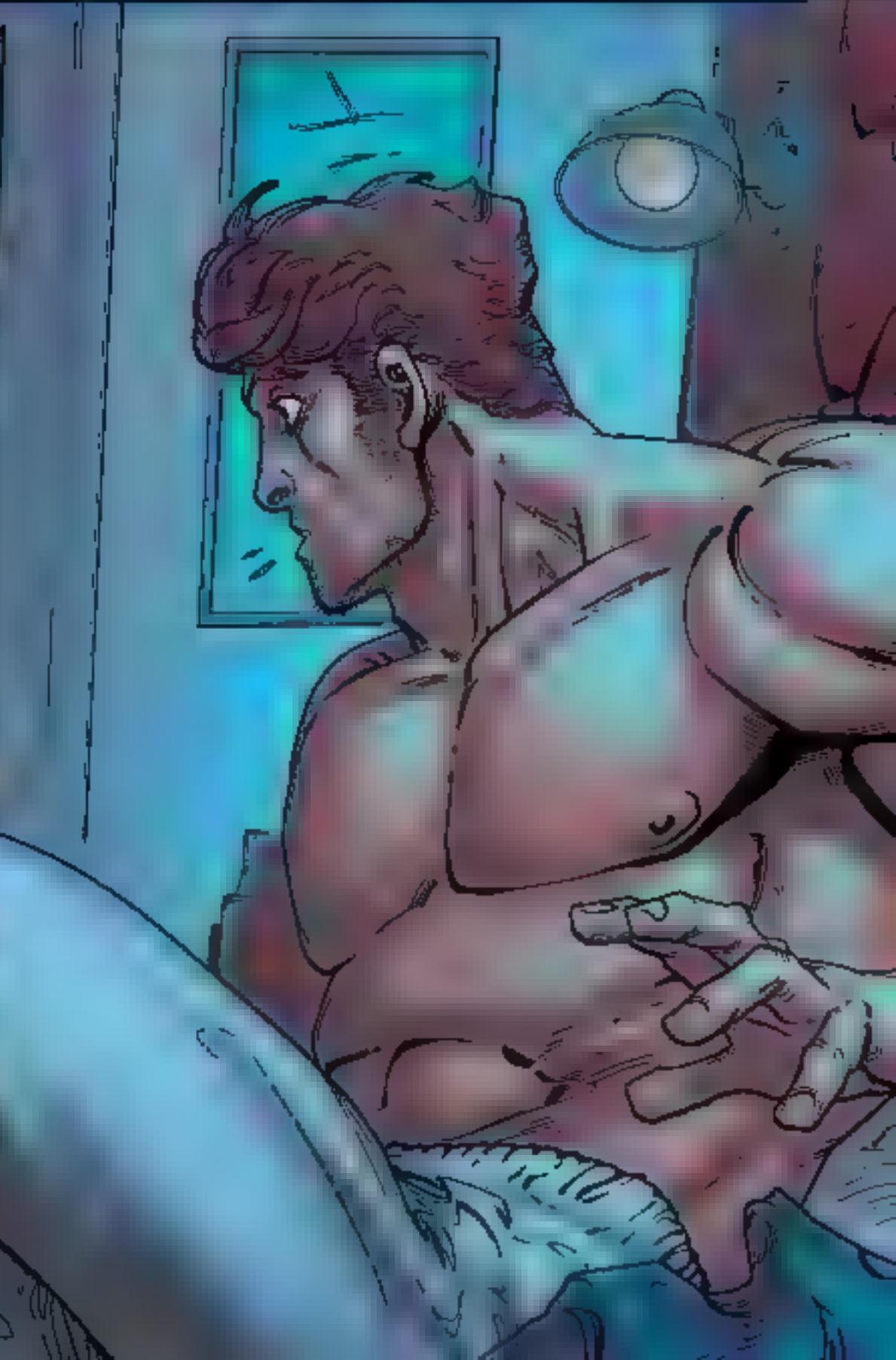
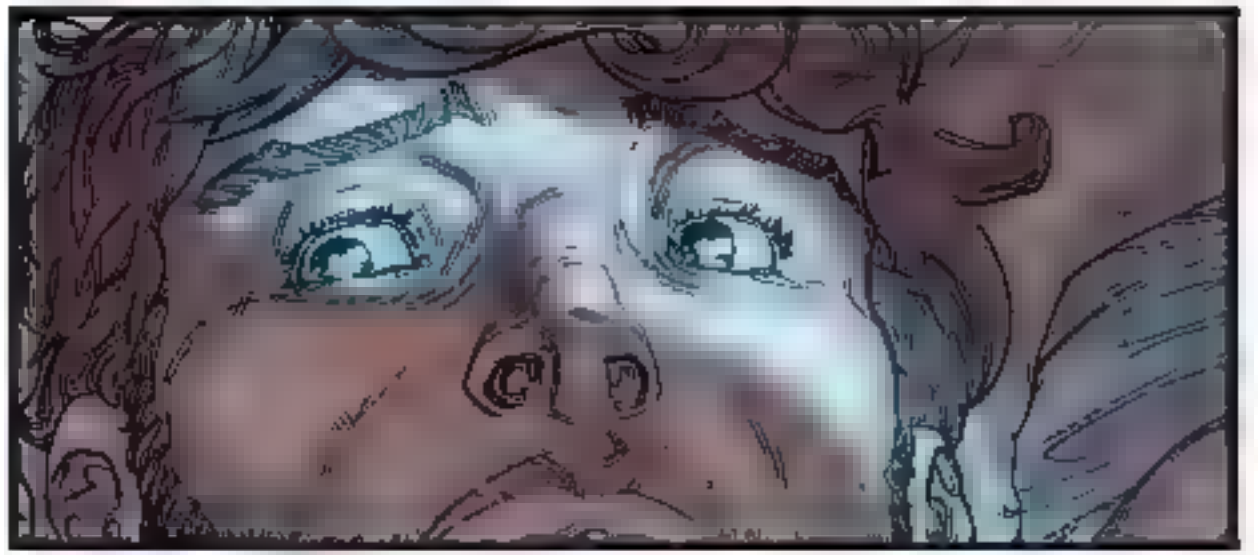
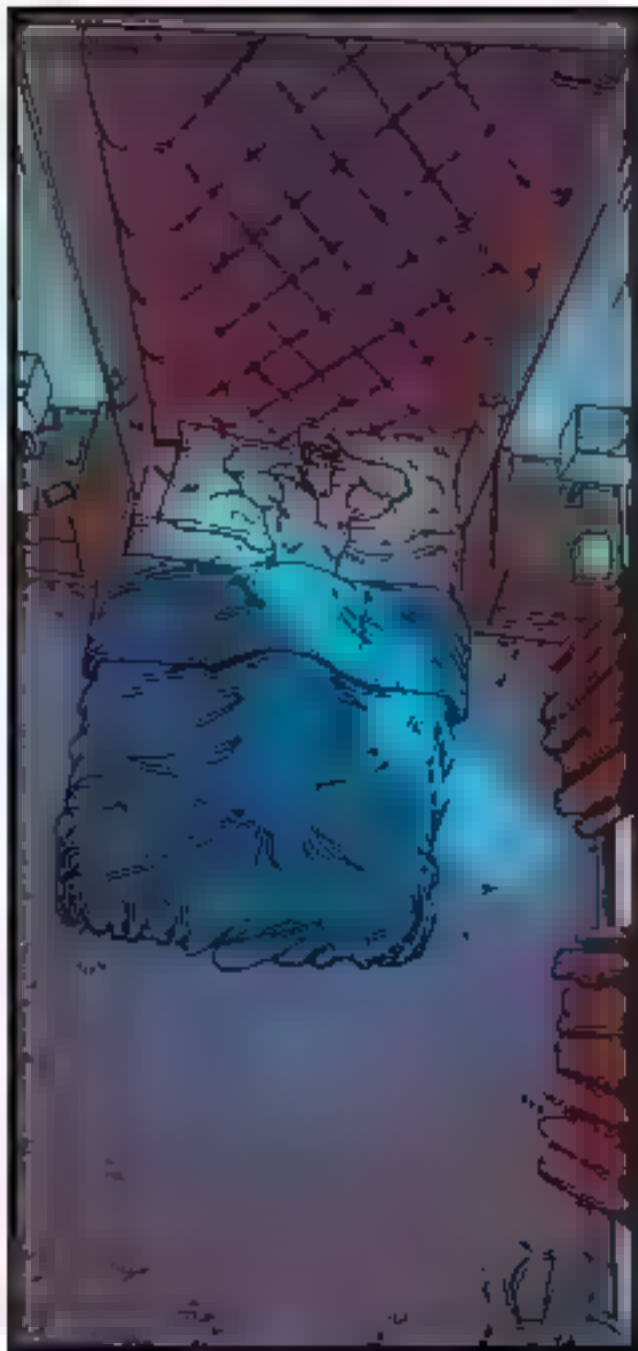
Excuse me. I need to take this.

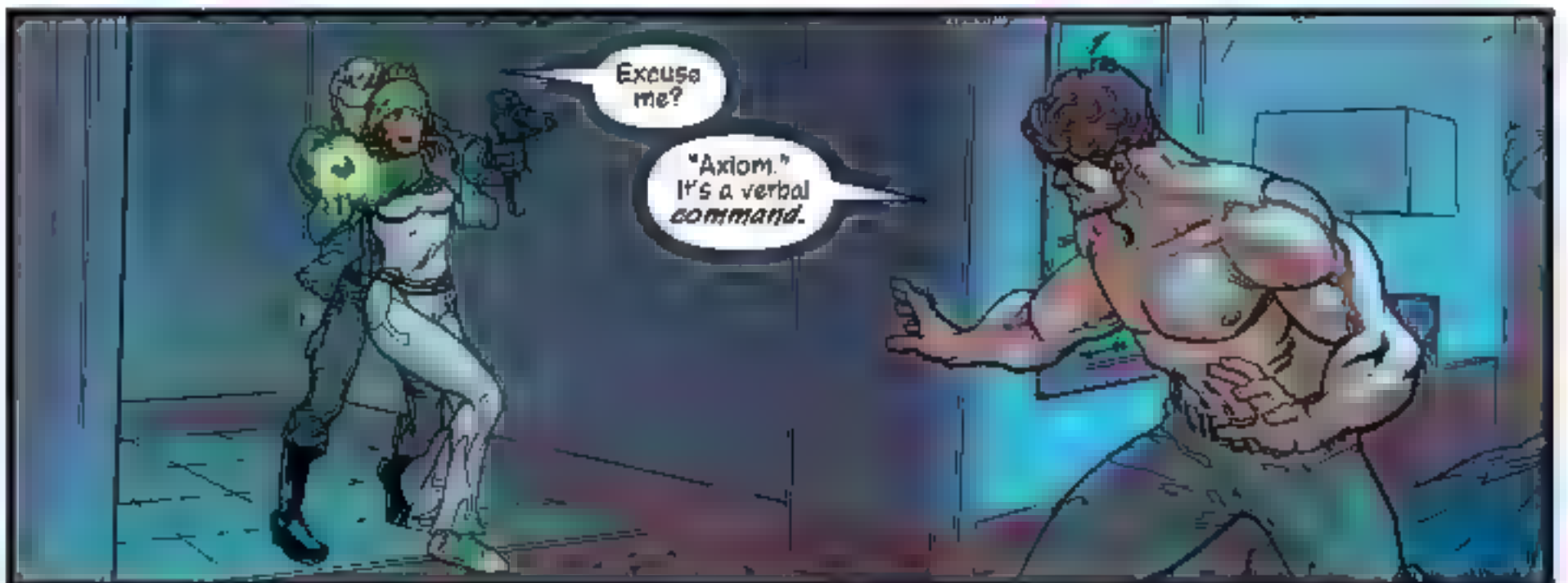
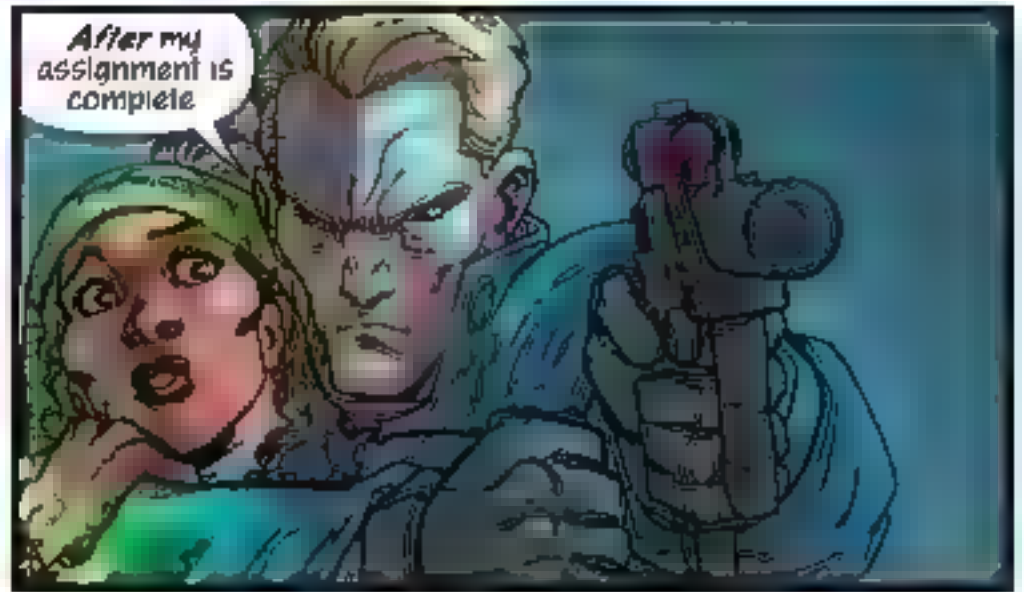


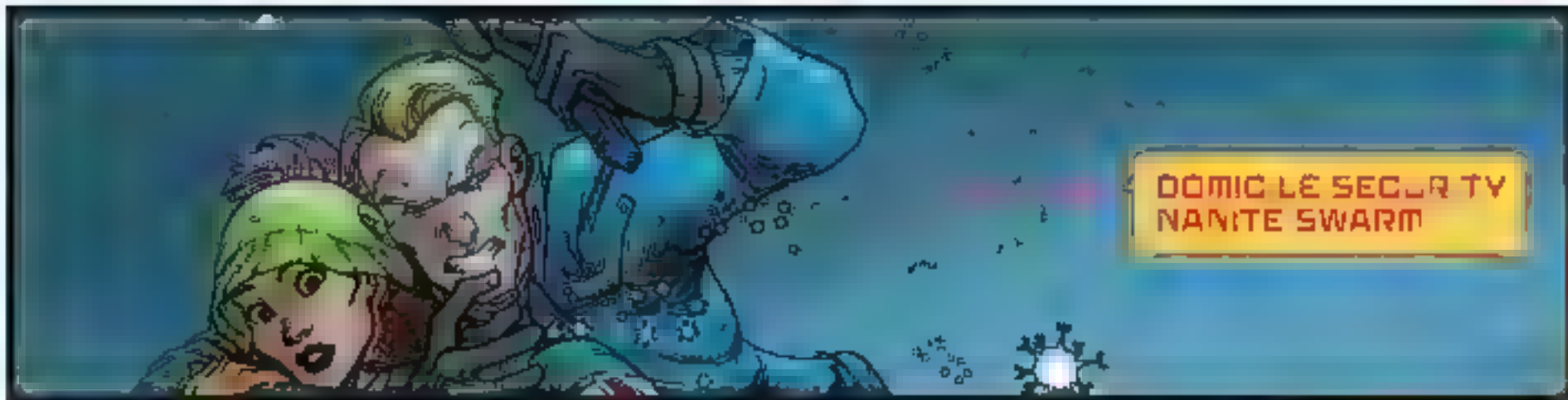












DOMIC LE SECLER TV
NANITE SWARM



Evel

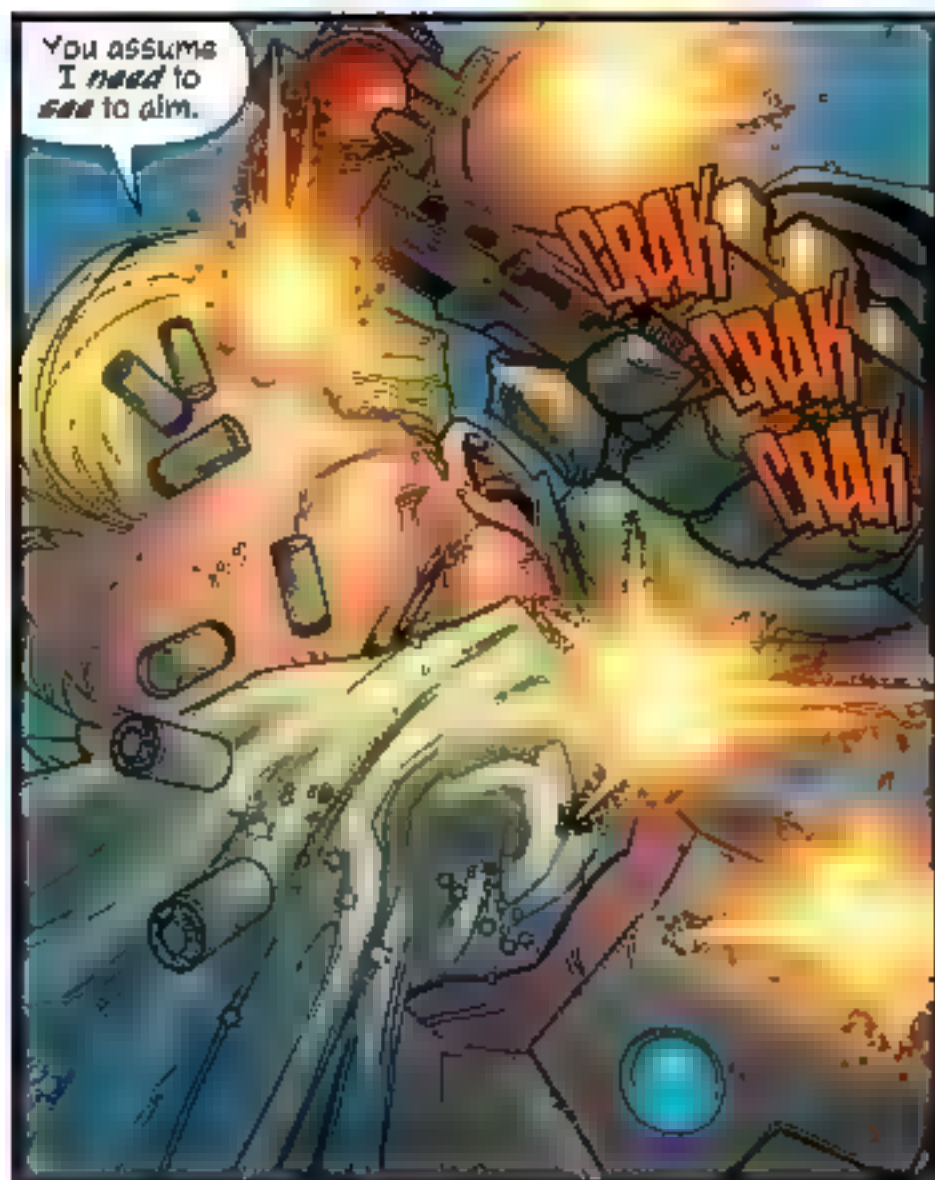


You should've let him shoot me!

Don't complain!

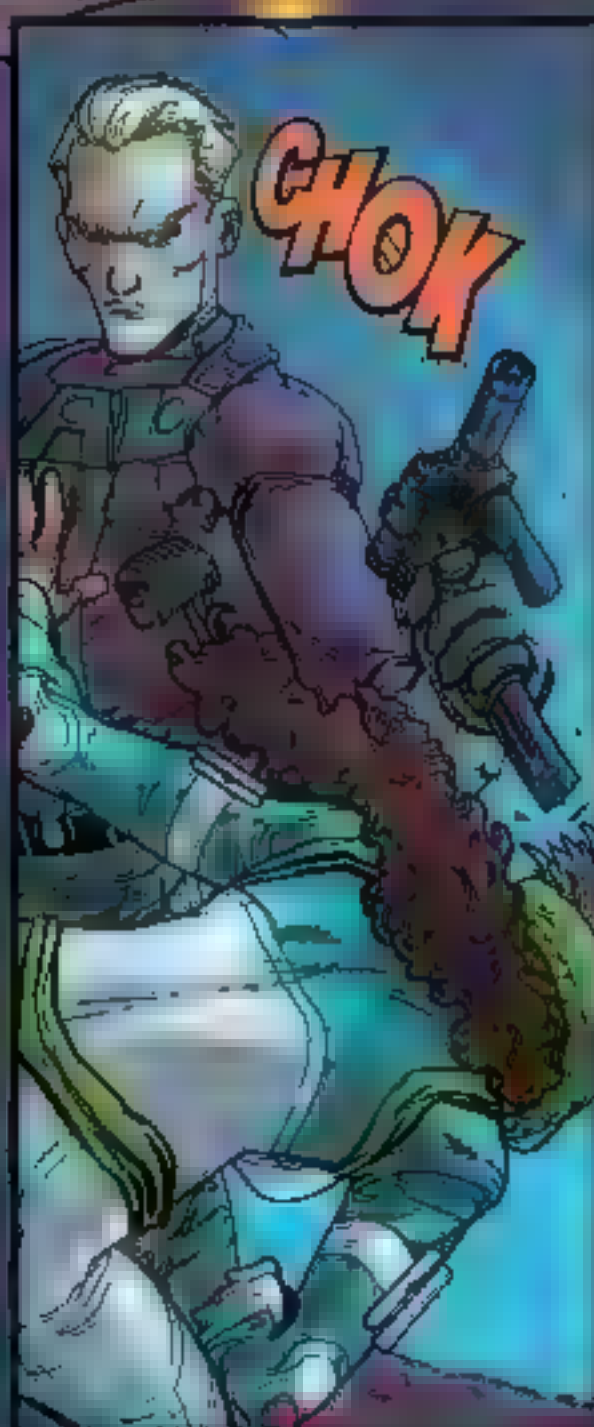
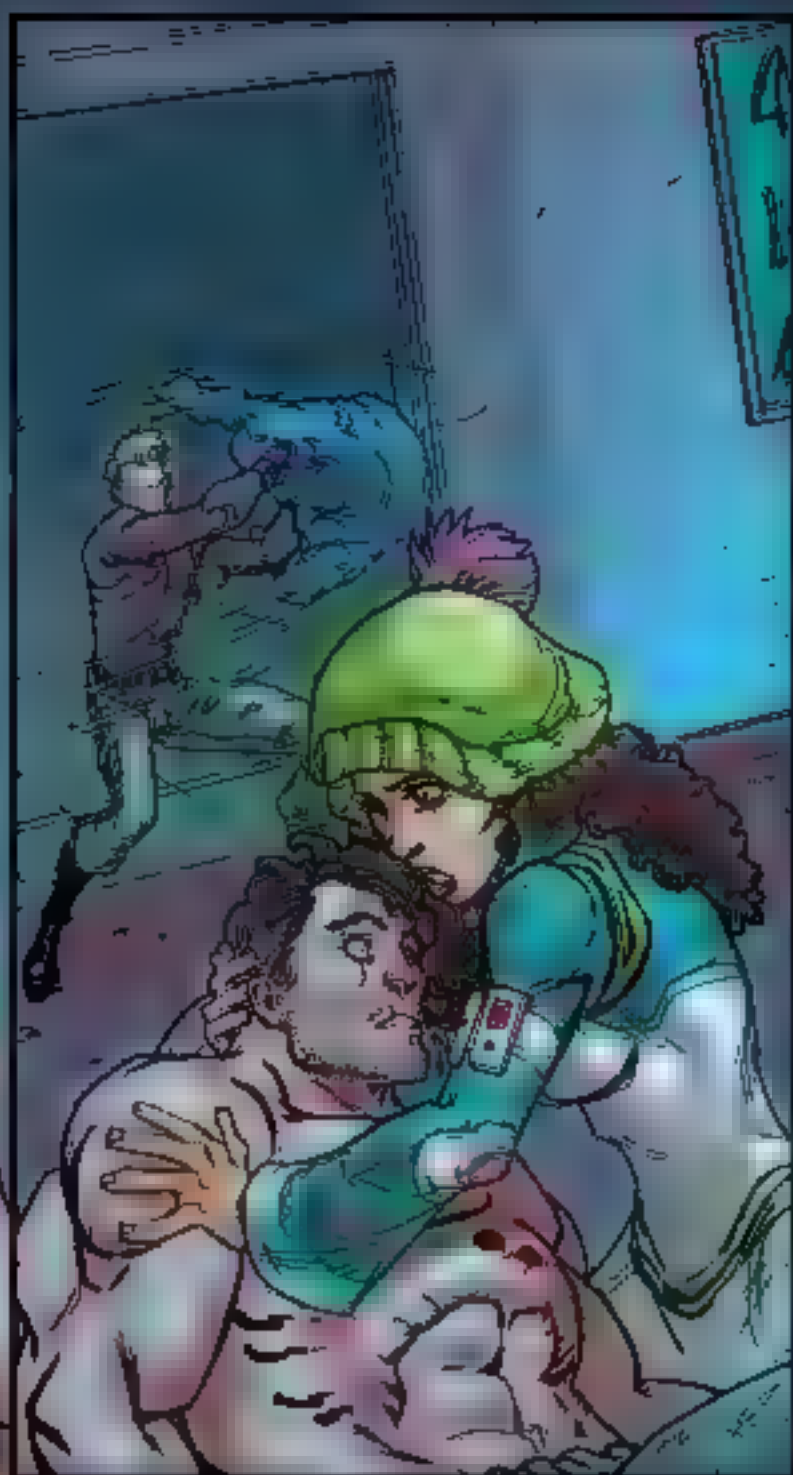


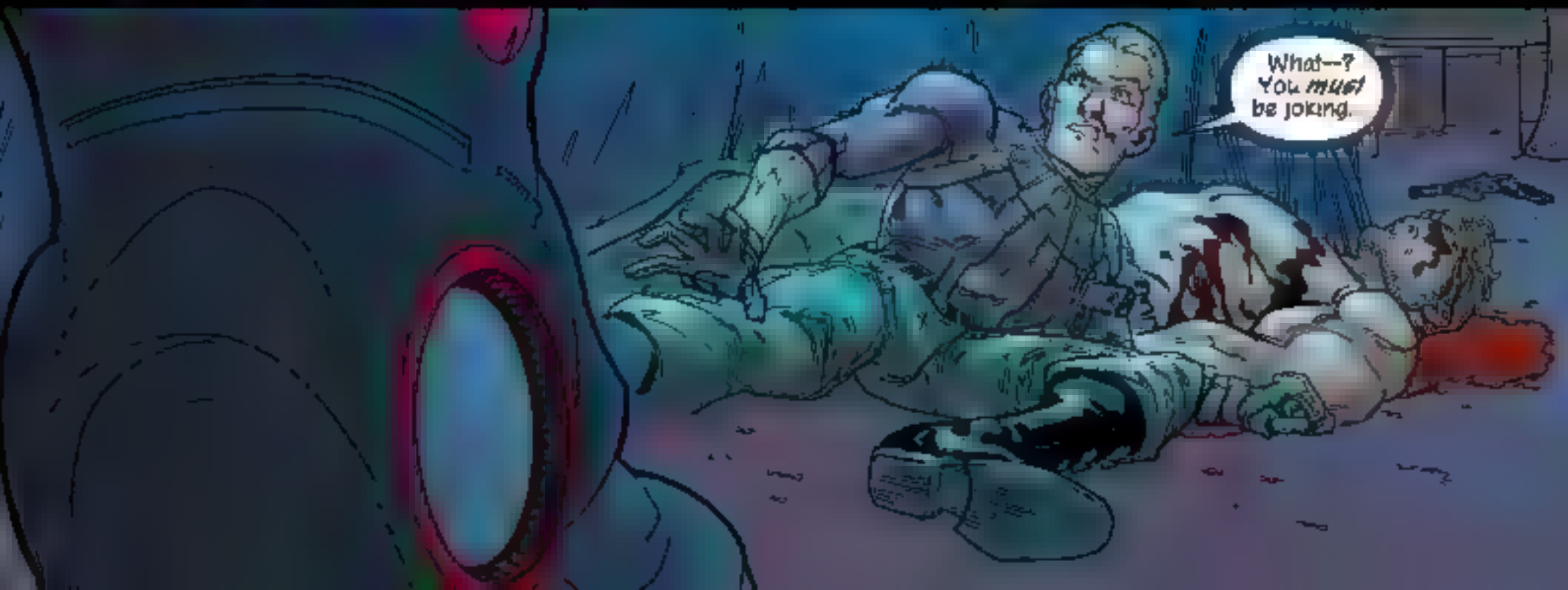
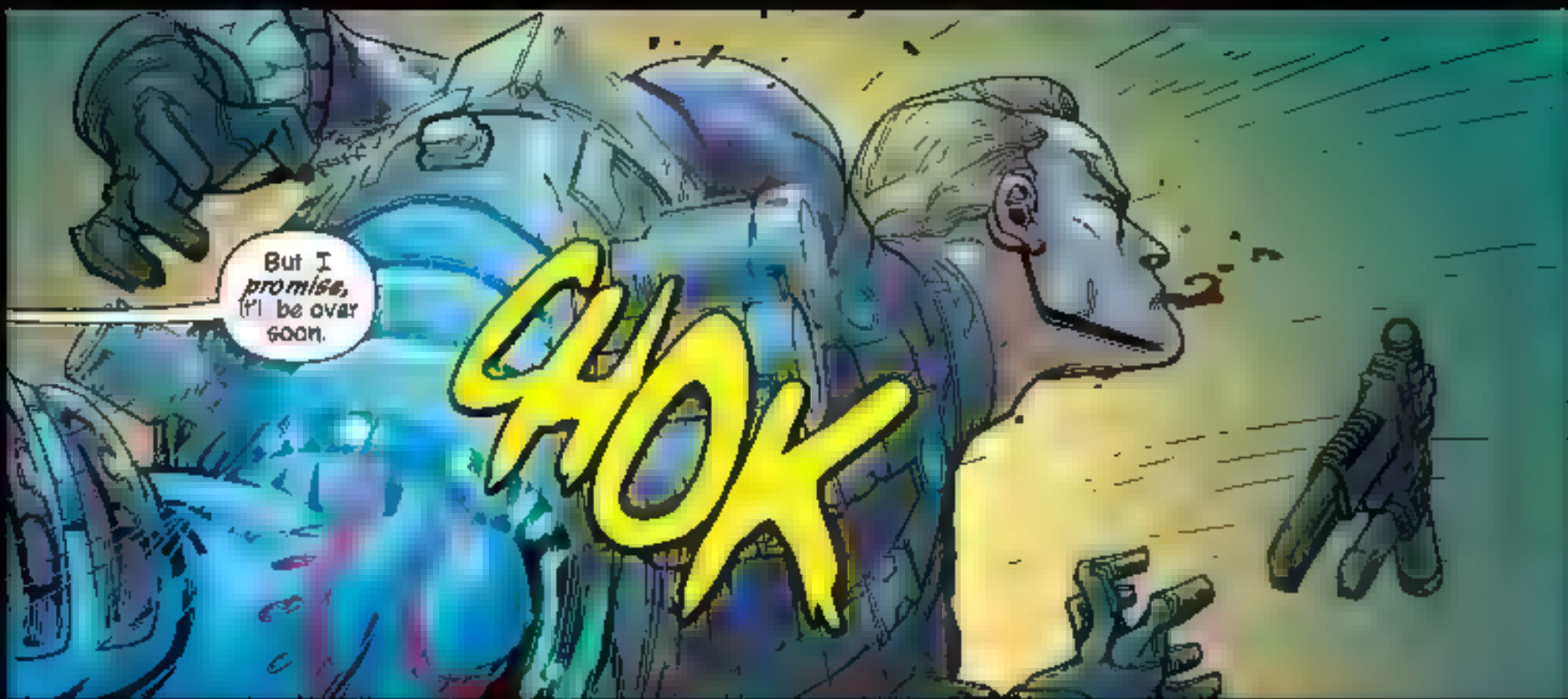
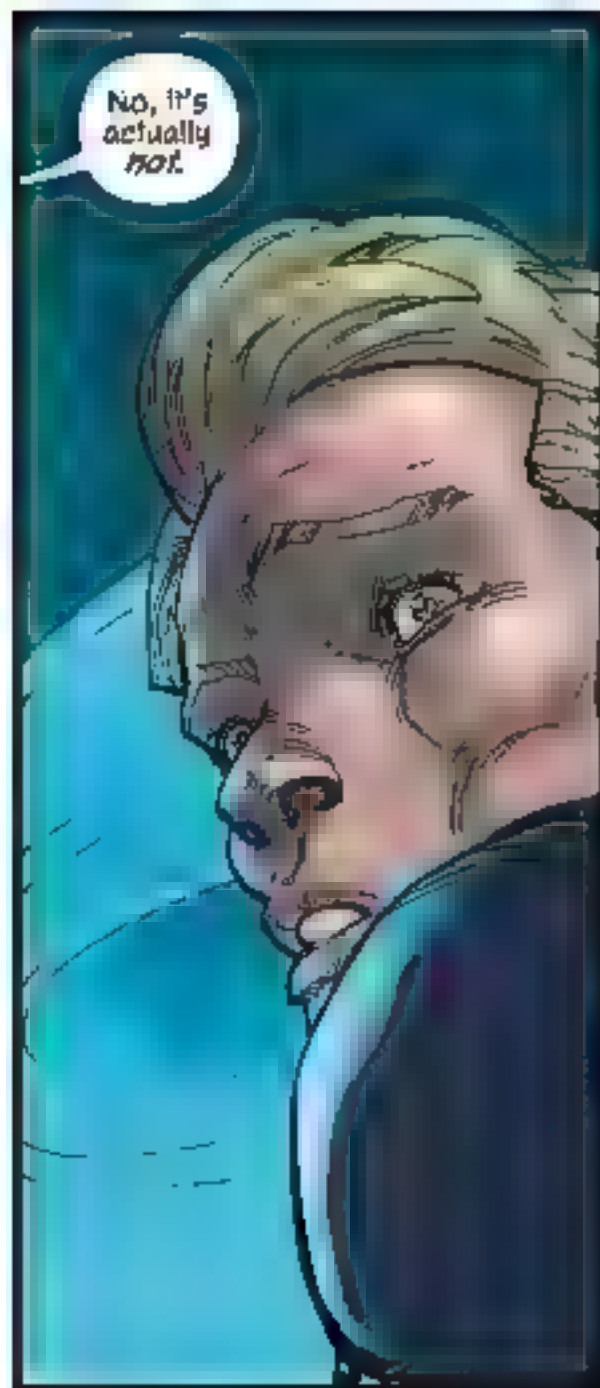
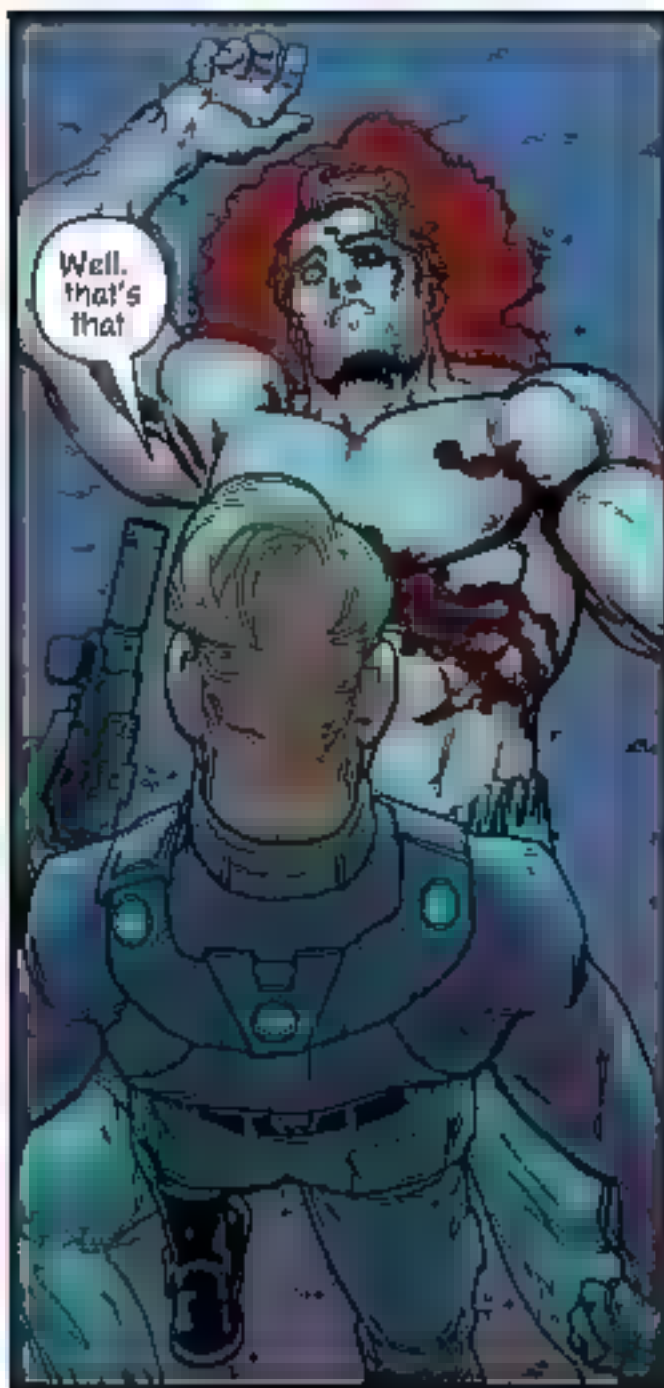
This situation is wholly unacceptable.

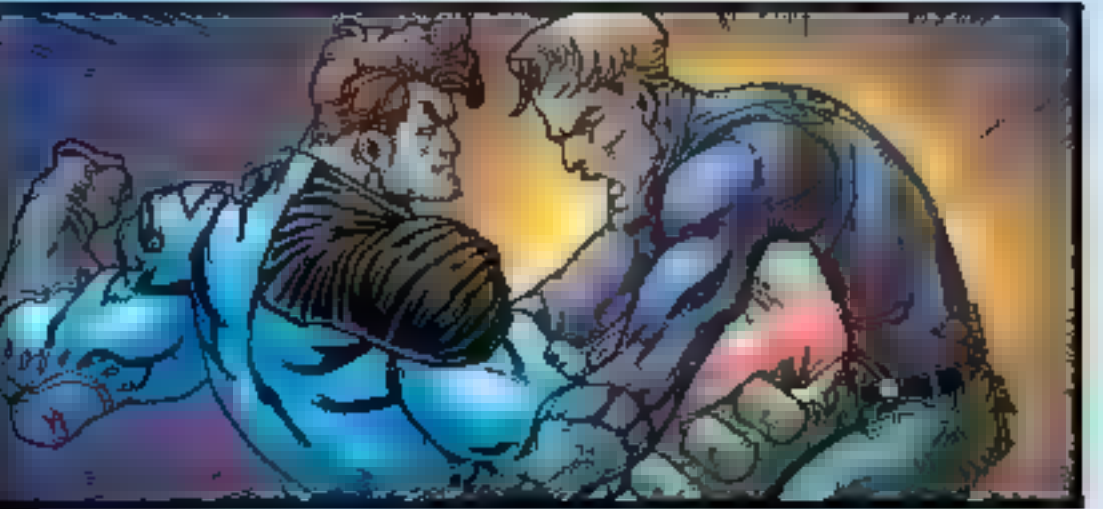
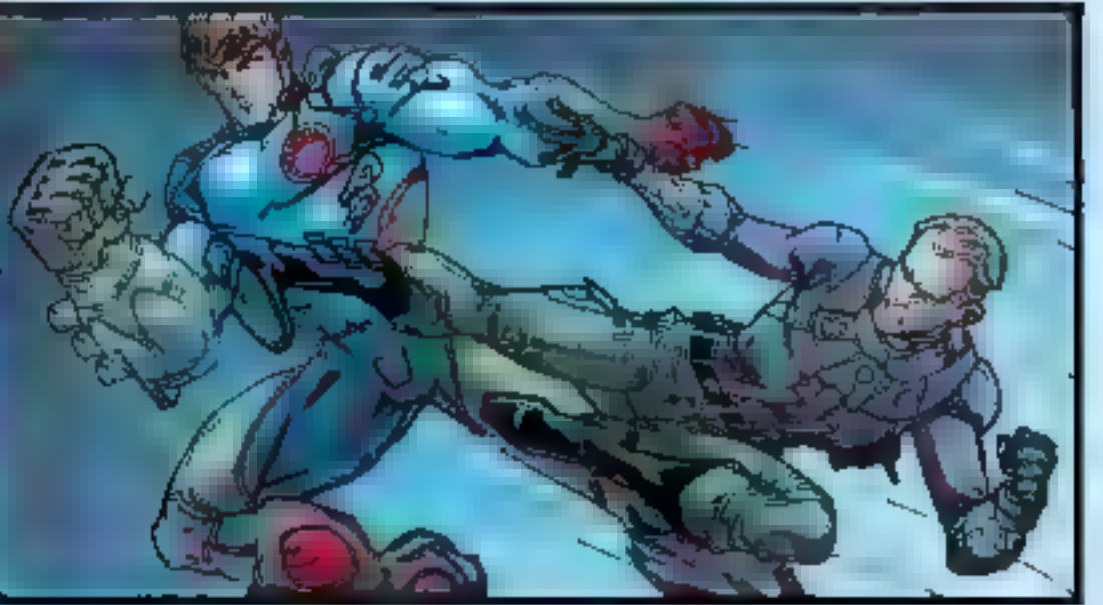
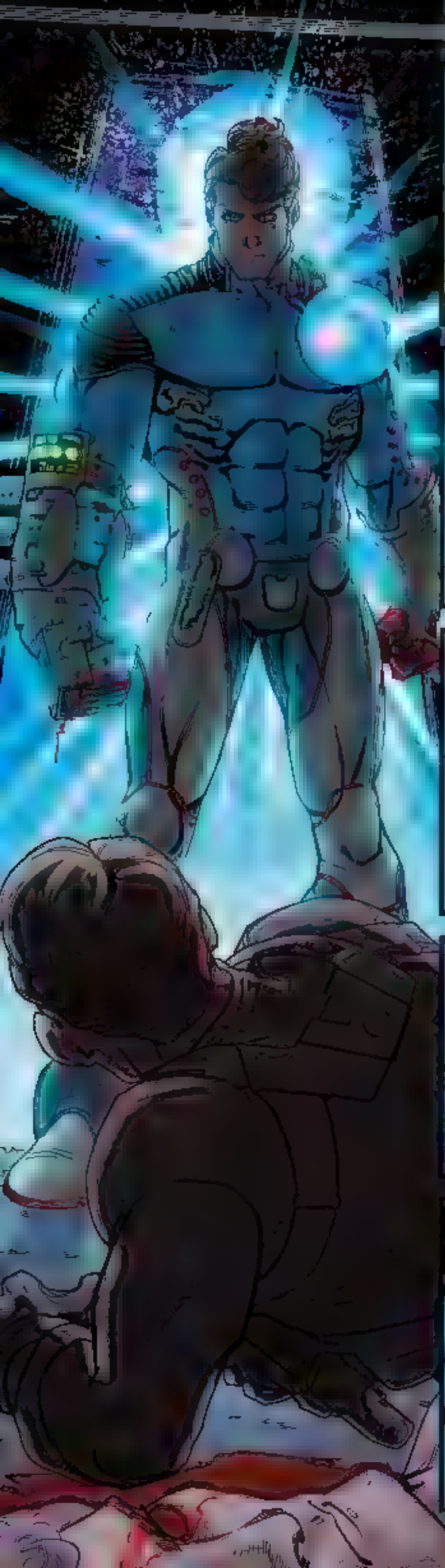


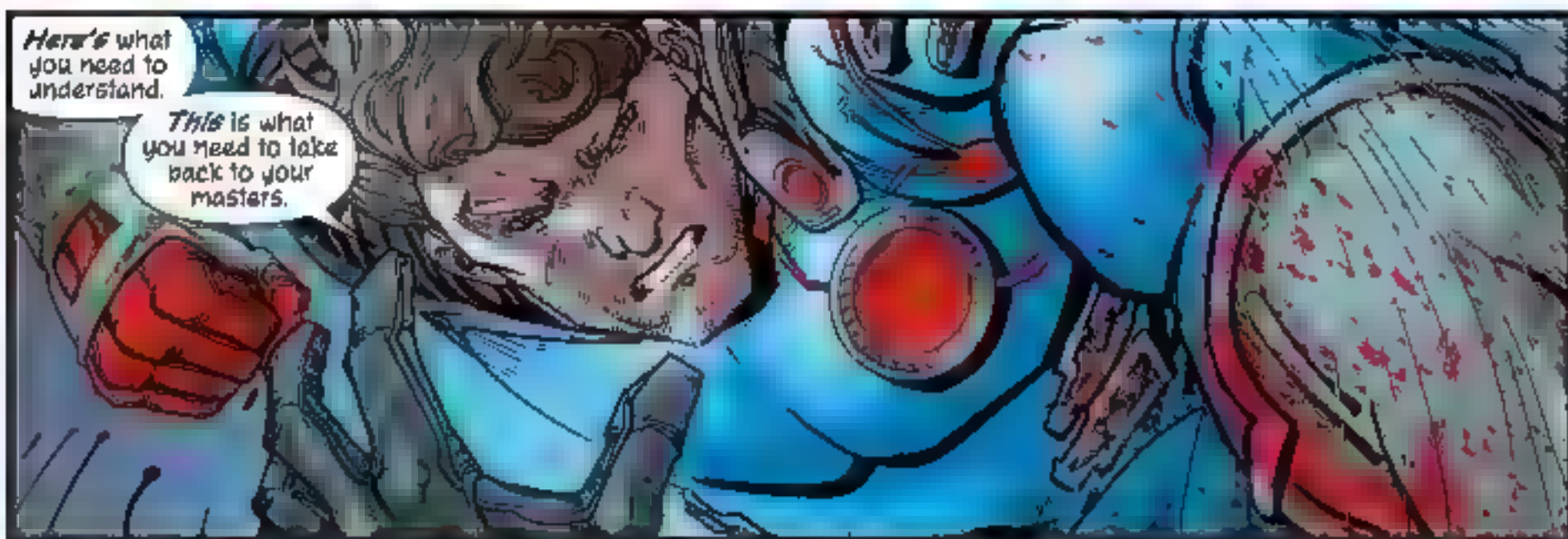
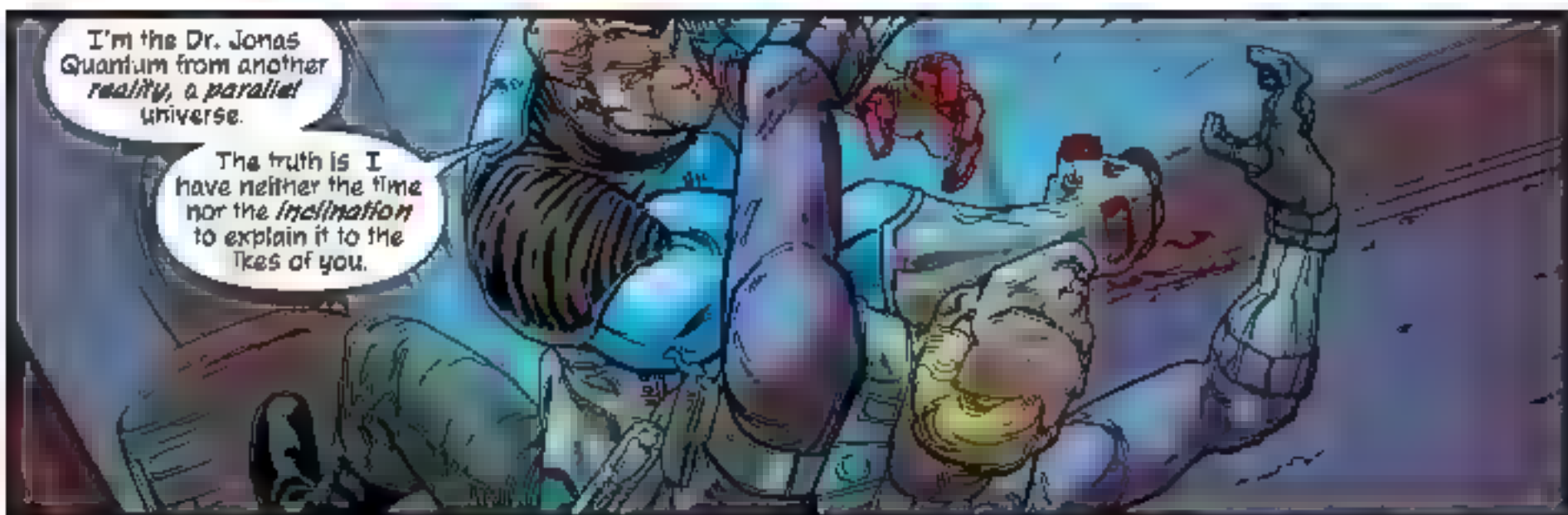
You assume I need to see to aim.

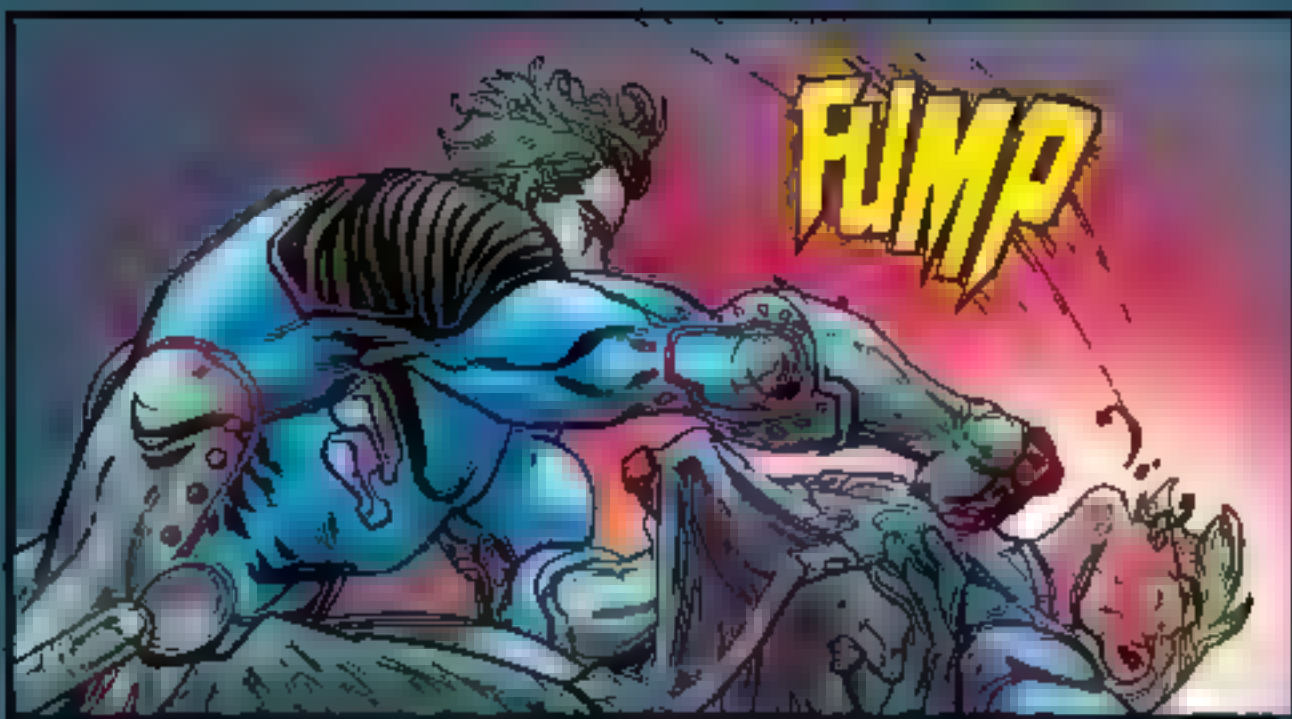
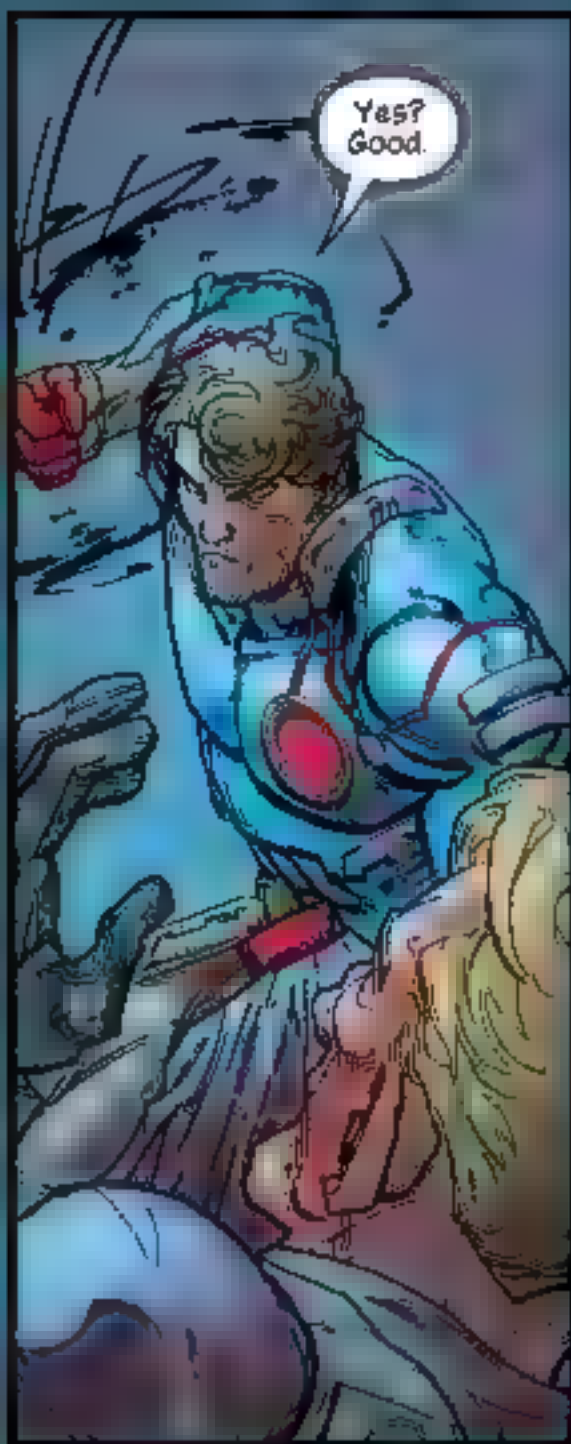
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK













EPISODE THREE "VENIAL"



Why do you do this?



That's a completely legitimate question.

A couple of years ago, I experimented with subsisting on a food pill I invented. For a whole year, I didn't eat. Just popped that pill once a day. Once a day, every day, for 366 days. It was a leap year.

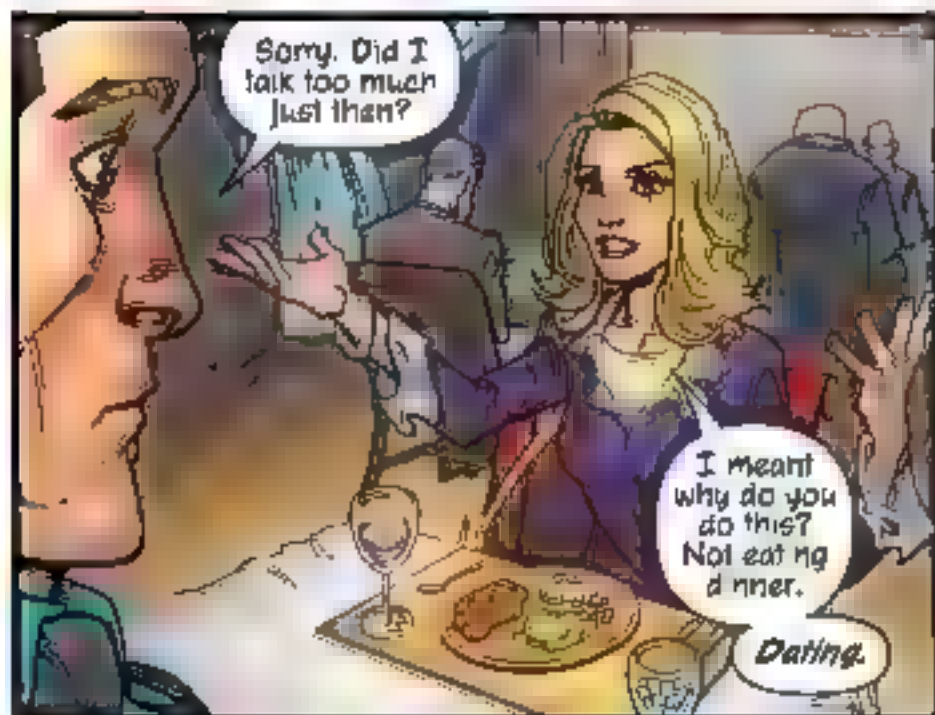
I thought it would make me more efficient, spend less time eating, less time thinking about what to eat, free up some bandwidth.

But about three months in, my mouth started getting weak. Tongue had difficulty moving. Teeth ached. My mouth needed exercise. It wasn't getting.

So I invented a pill for that. But I found myself missing chewing. I was craving it. So I invented a pill for that.

Long story short, it was a worthwhile experiment. I wrote a paper on it, donated the formula for the food supplement pill to the United Nations. That's how hunger got abolished, by the way. Hunger replaced by boredom, sure.

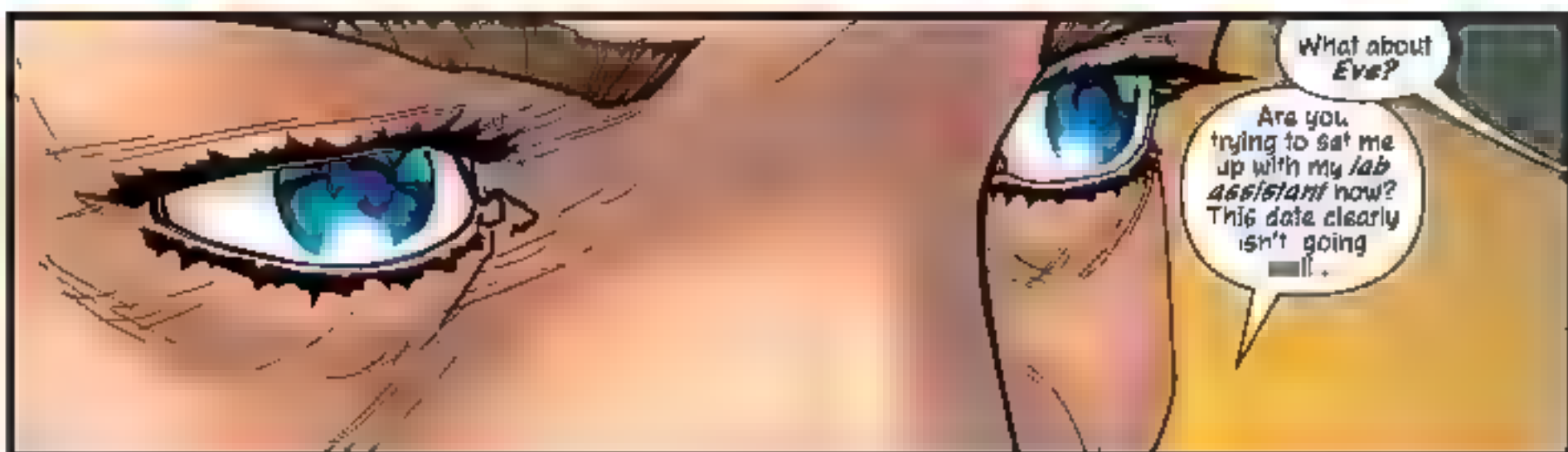
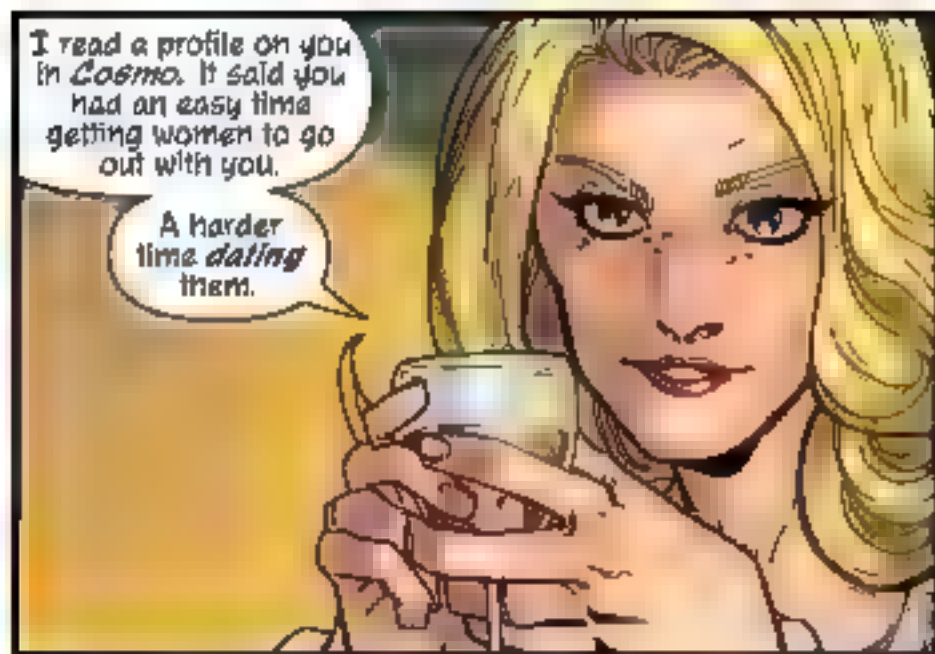
But you can't die from boredom, so it's a win.

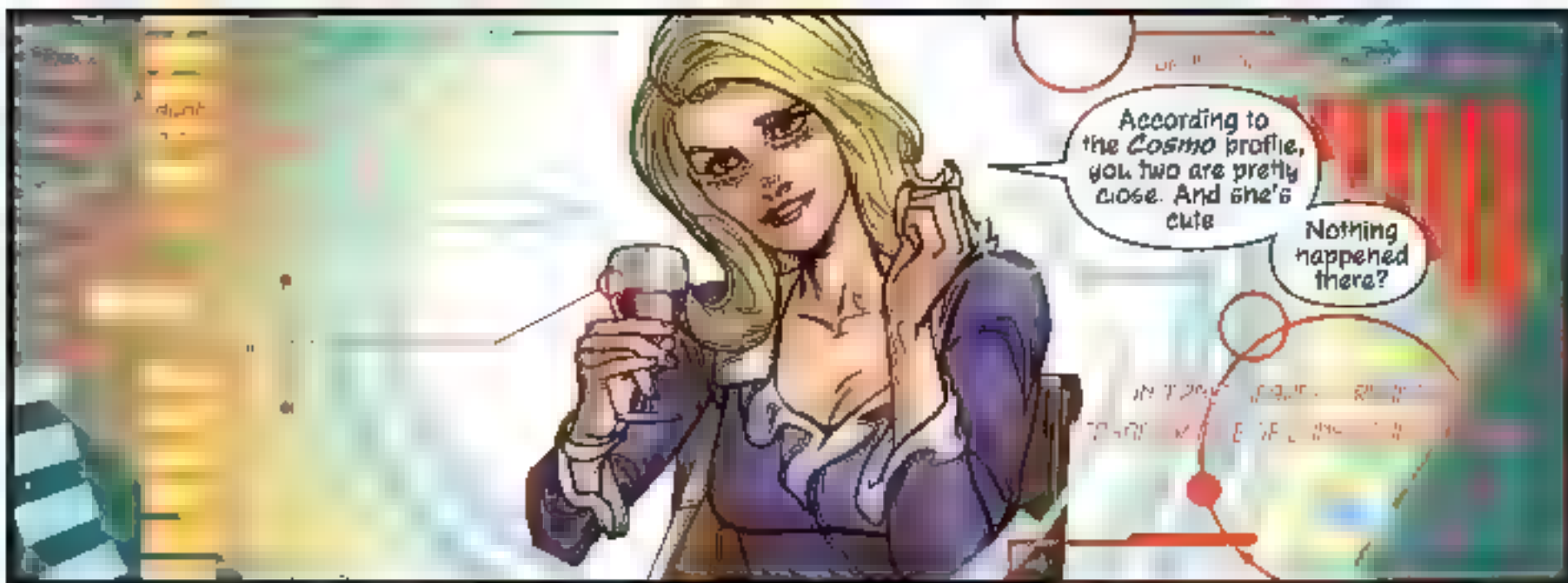


Sorry. Did I talk too much just then?

I meant why do you do this? Not eating dinner.

Dating.





According to the *Cosmo* profile, you two are pretty close. And she's cute

Nothing happened there?



Eve's not capable of a relationship

Seems like neither are you.



What's that?

At the moment, nothing.

Just a selection of *paris* I carry around. Useful in case inspiration strikes. My version of carrying a *notebook*, I guess.



So what'd you make there?

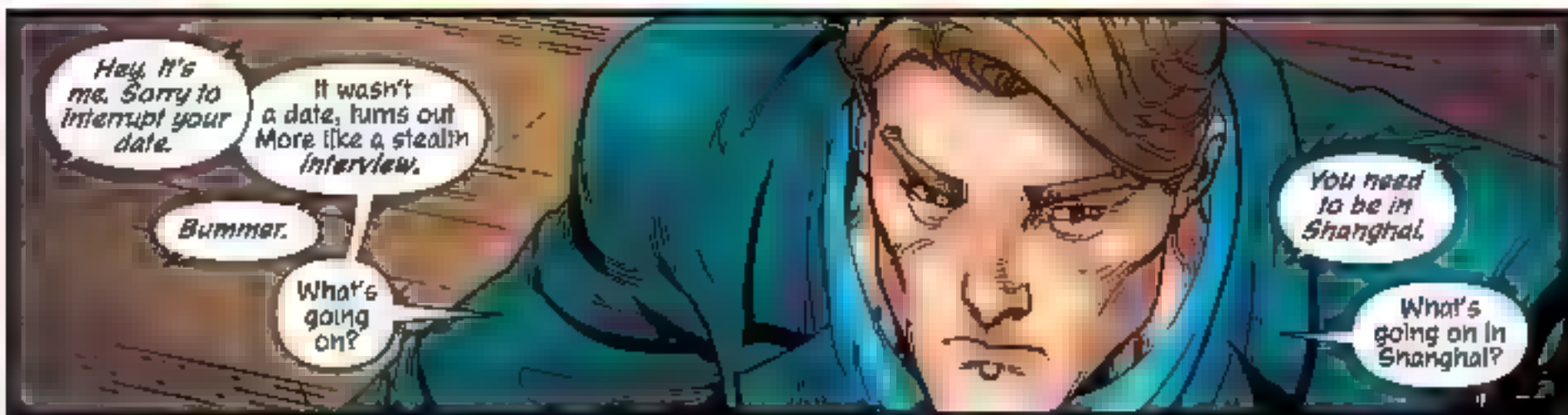
A subsonic burst generator

I think you'll find the *digital recorder* in your purse no longer works.



Cosmo's never done a profile on me.

And that's not going to change anytime soon.



Hey, it's me. Sorry to interrupt your date.

Bummer.

What's going on?

It wasn't a date, turns out. More like a *stealth interview*.

You need to be in *Shanghai*.

What's going on in *Shanghai*?

SHANGHAI, CHINA

Betancourt
tell you about
this?

I think
it's kind of on
the news.

He
asked
for me to
come.

Betancourt
doesn't
ask.

TELEPORTATION
WINDOW

Wondering
where emergency
services is? The
helicopters? The
ambulances?

The throng of
media scrambling
over themselves to
get a shot of the
apocalypse?

All wasted.

Secondary
influx wave?

You
recognize
the tech.

I theorized it. Even I
wasn't crazy enough
to build an influx
engine.

Didn't even
author a journal
article on it.

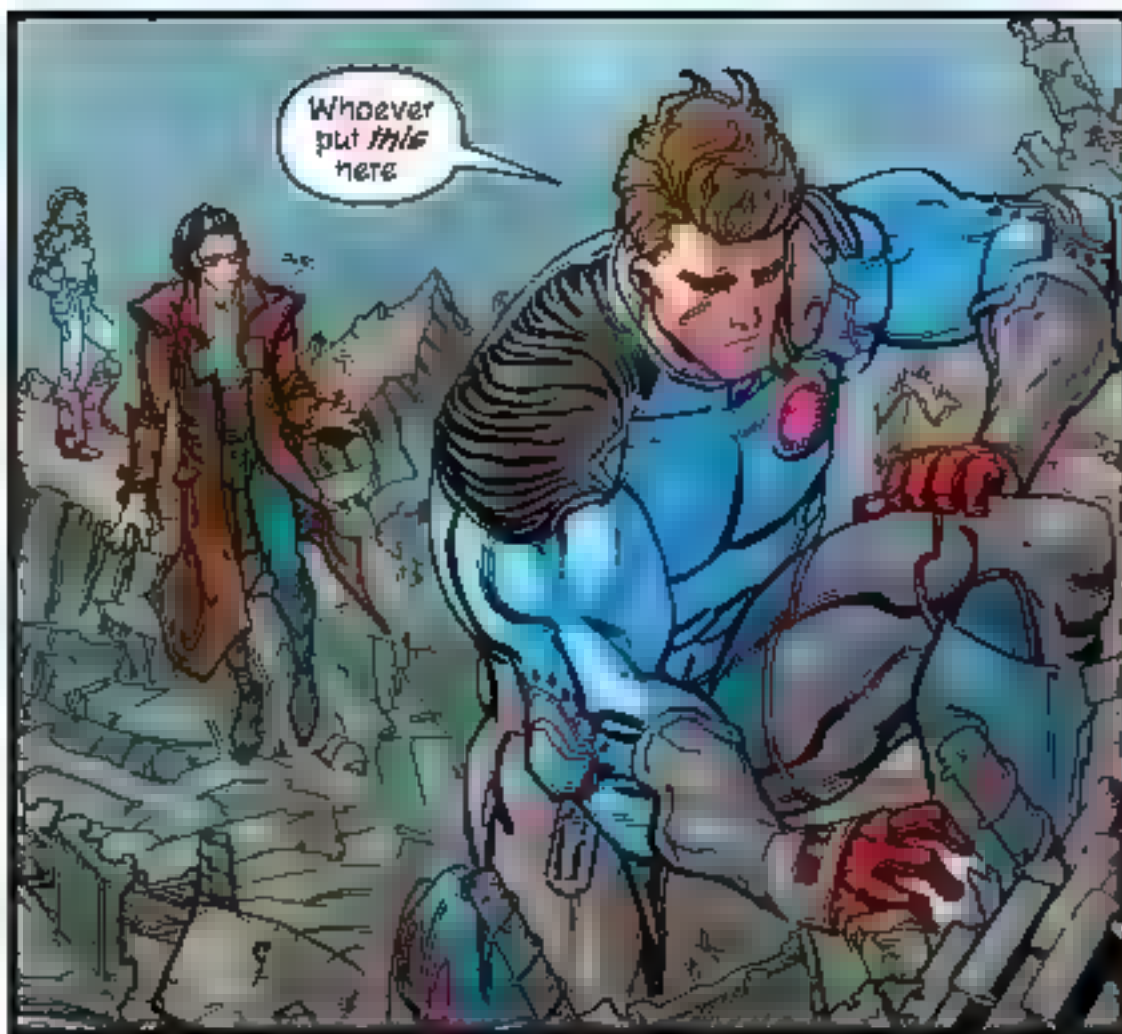
Giddy
lucky for us,
then.

R.A.M.P.A.R.T sent
in a berserker unit. Got
wiped with the rest of the
first responders.

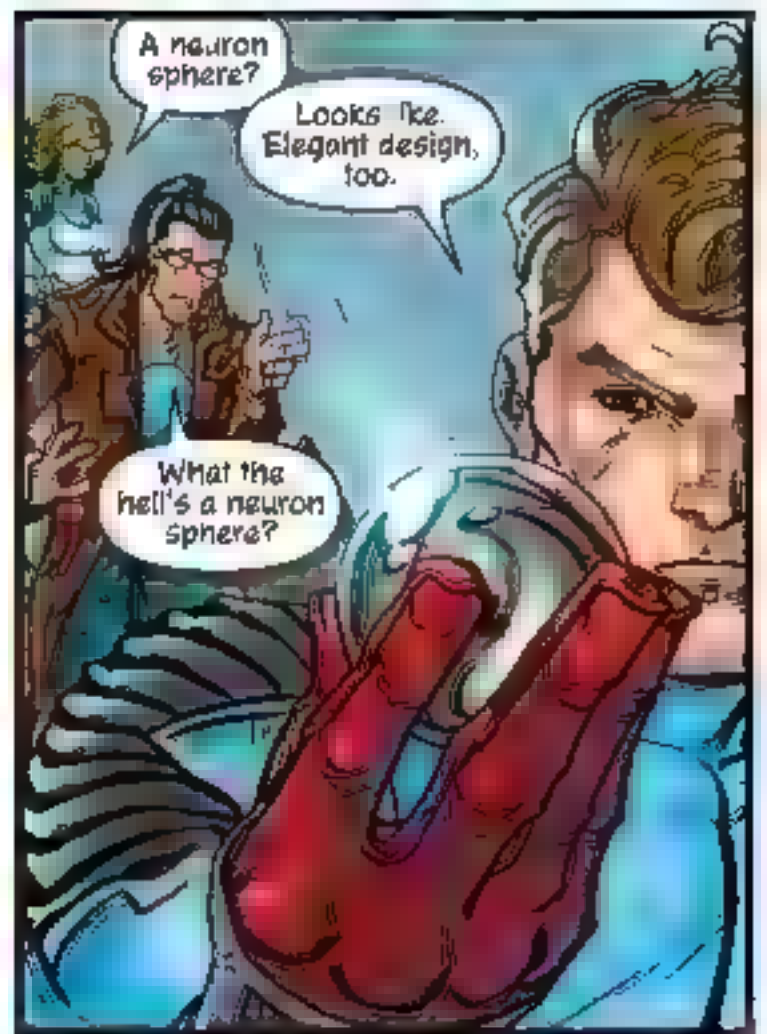
He
wants us to
know he did
this.

Who
wants us to
know?

I don't
know.



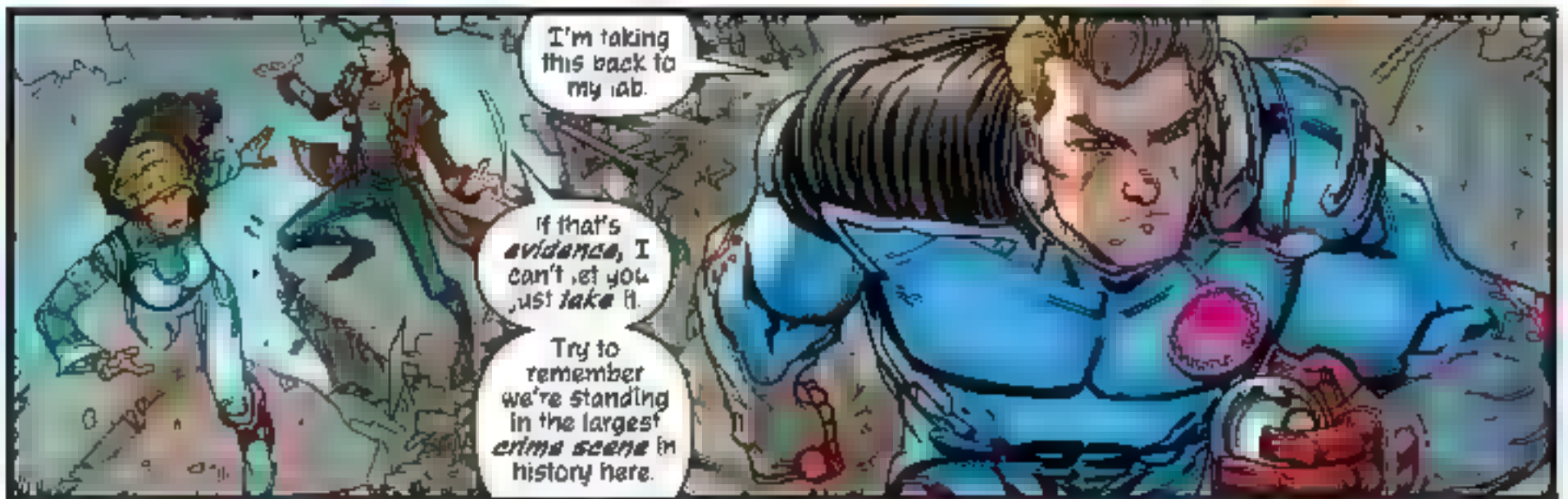
Whoever put *this* here



A neuron sphere?

Looks like. Elegant design, too.

What the hell's a neuron sphere?



I'm taking this back to my lab.

If that's *evidence*, I can't let you just take it.

Try to remember we're standing in the largest *crime scene* in history here.



Agent Betancort you have two choices as I see them.

One, you can try to take this back. In which event I'm going to put you on your ass rather painfully.

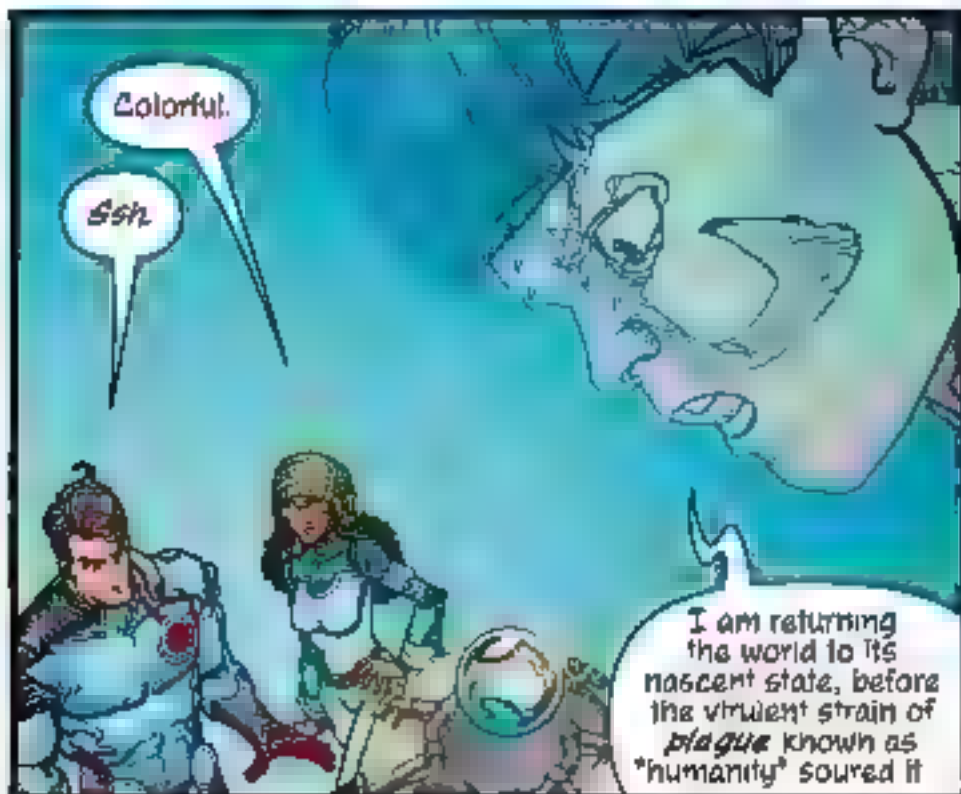
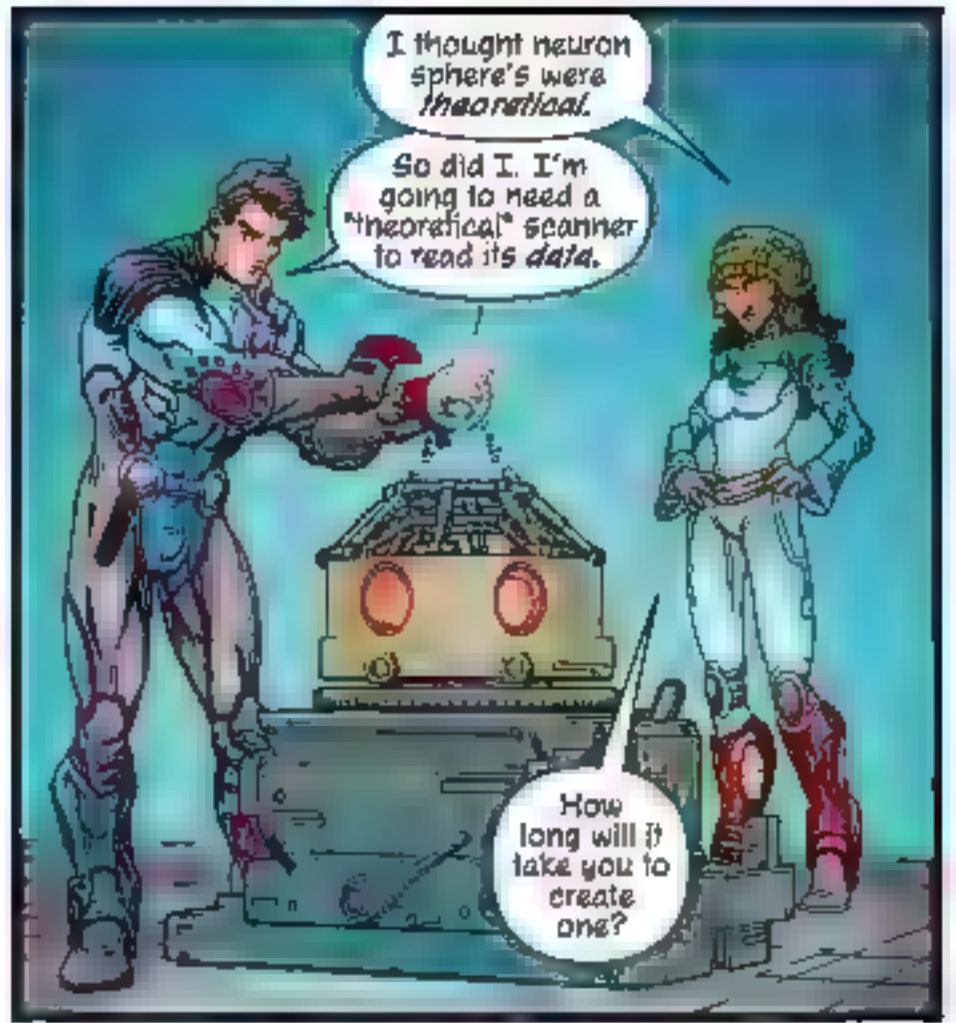
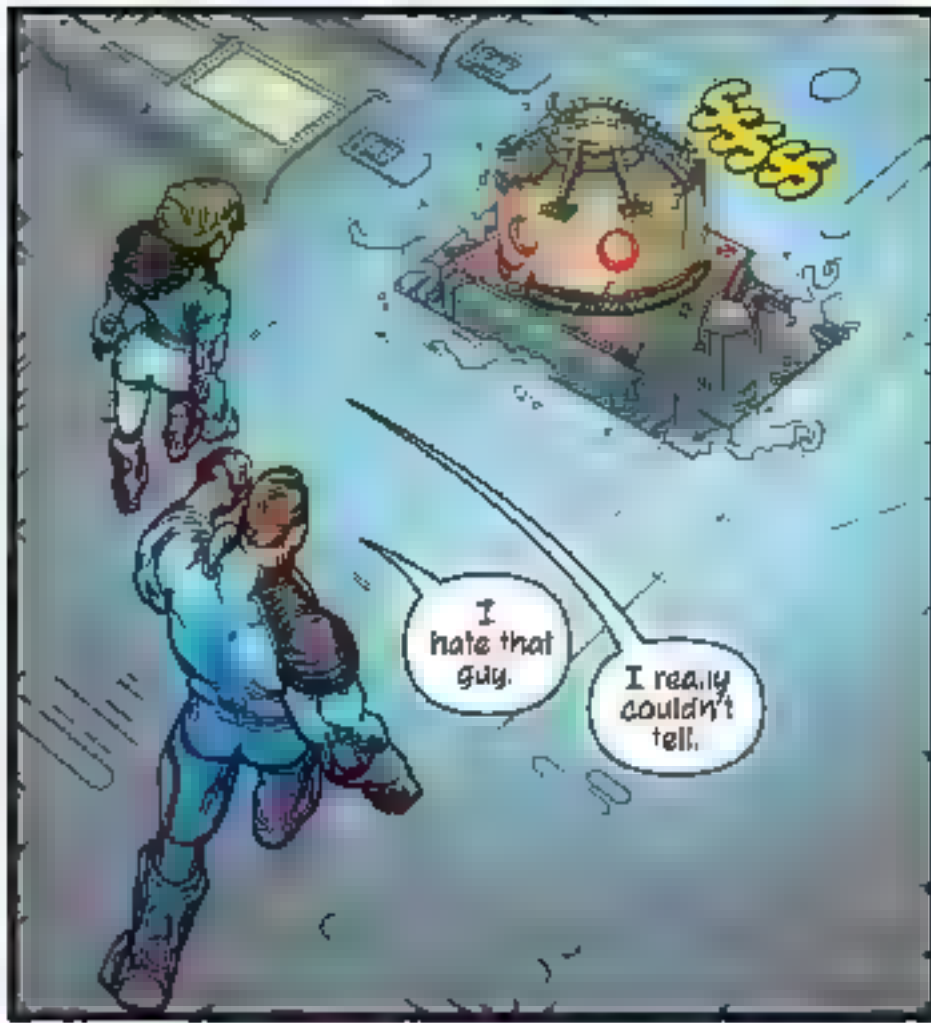
Or *two*, you can tell your superiors at R.A.M.P.A.R.T that when you *tried* to take this back, I put you on your ass rather painfully



I like *two*.

Thought you might.

If I find anything of interest, Eve will be in touch.

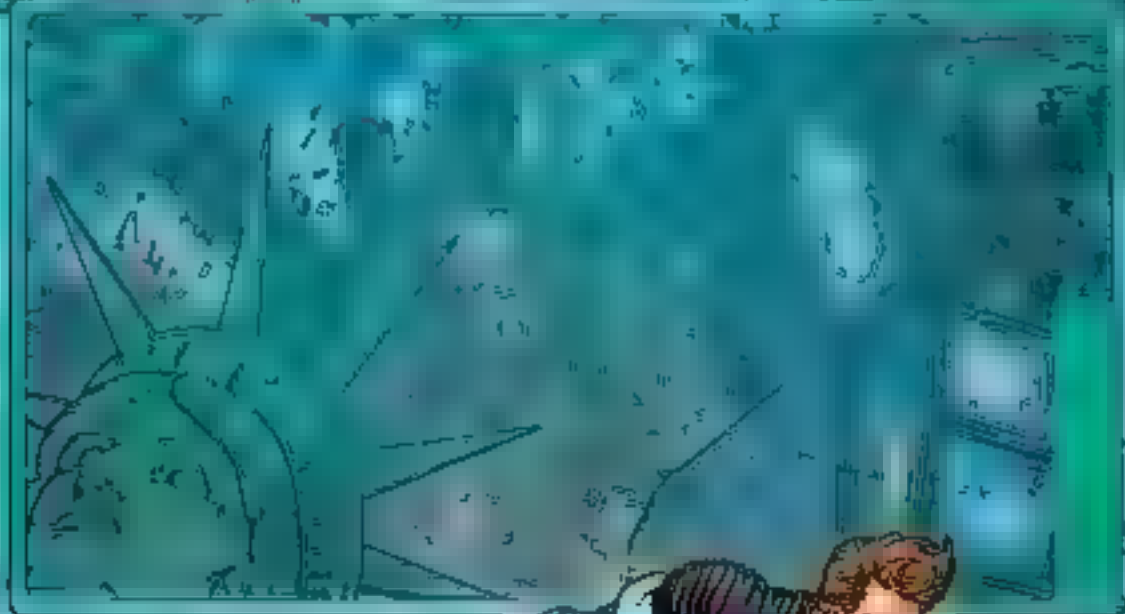
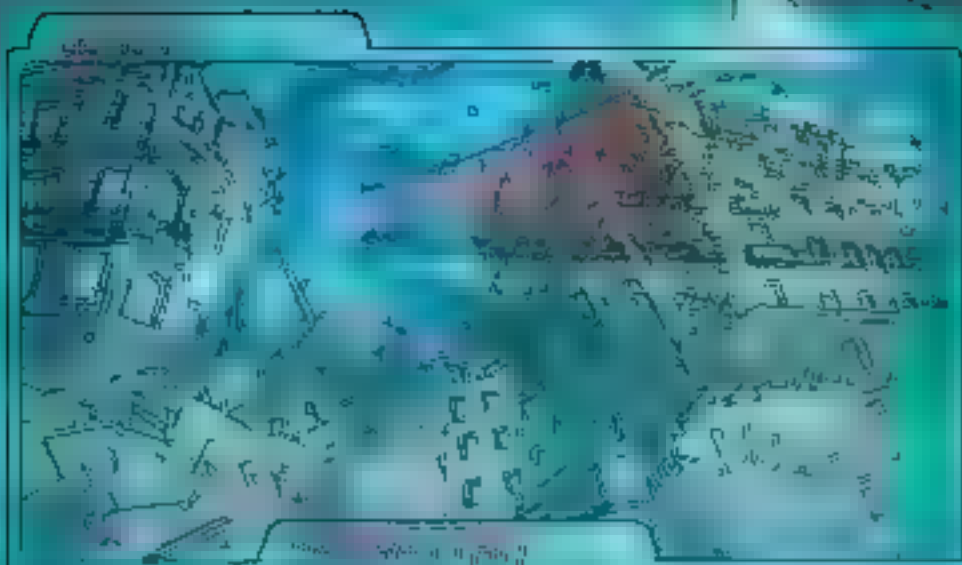




That was
Manhattan,
Geneva, and
Berlin.

Additional
cities will fall randomly
selected at random
intervals.

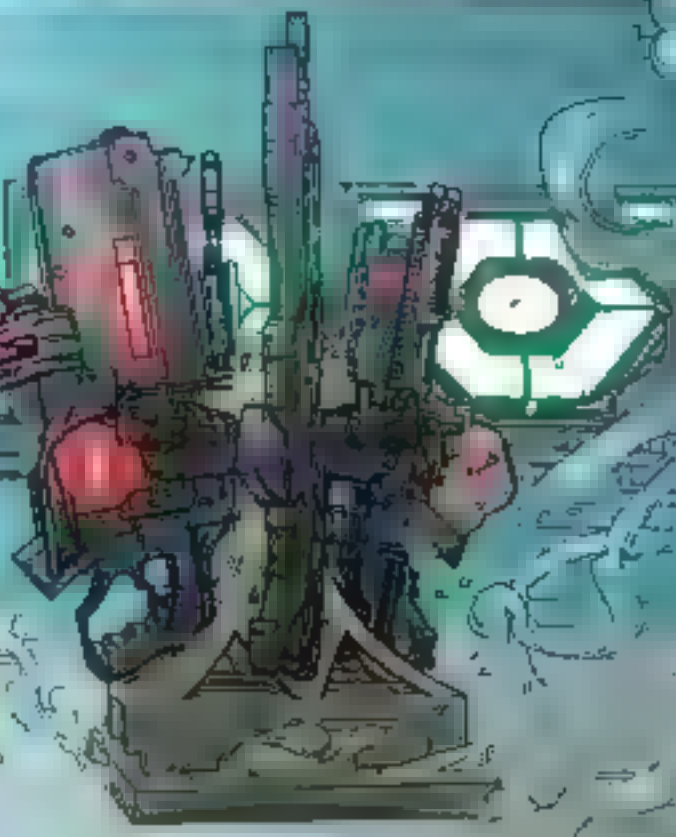
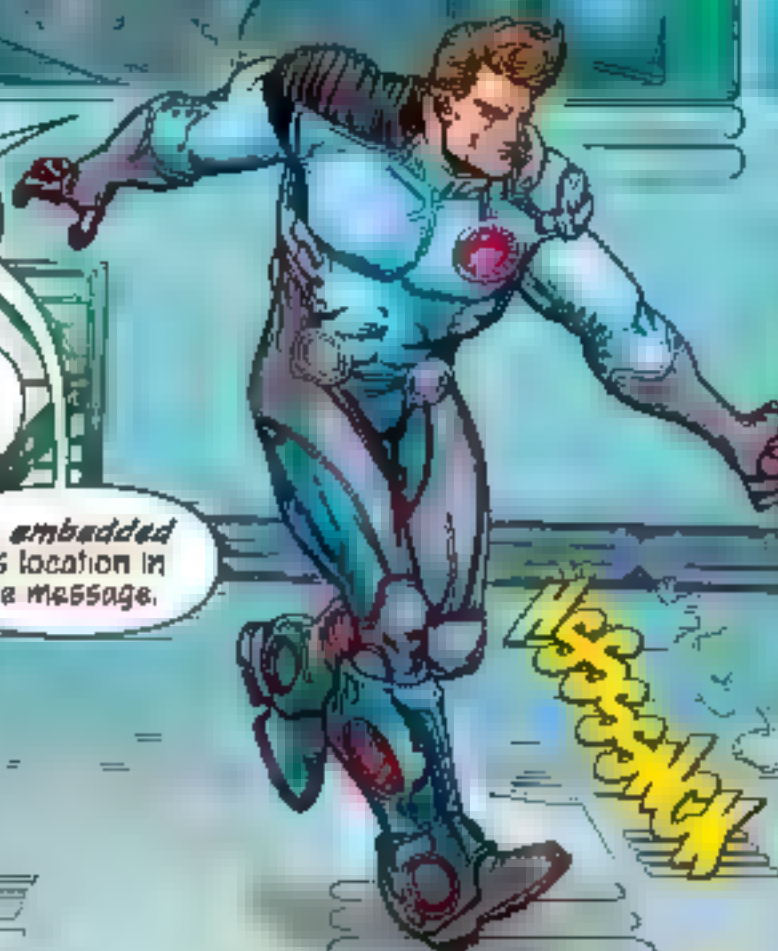
Doesn't
that sound
fun?



Eve, get the
Heliplane ready.
Accelerated
prep.

You know
where this
#\$@% is?

He *embedded*
his location in
the message.





"The sonofabitch wants to be found."



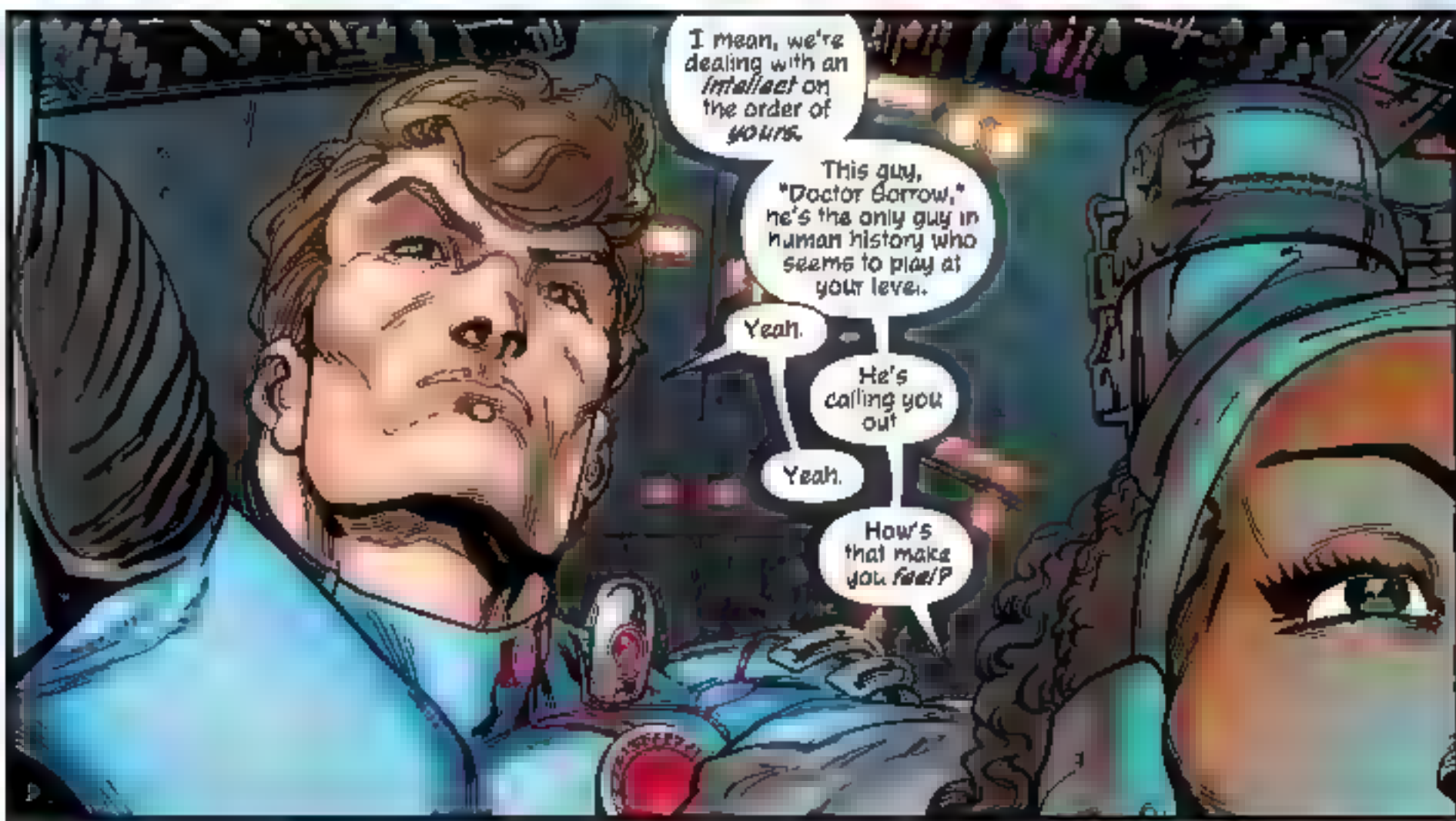
Hiding his death cult manifesto in a neuron sphere wasn't just a play for time.

No, it wasn't

He had to've known there's only one, maybe two other people on the planet who could even read ~~read~~ a neuron sphere.

Yeah.

You know I'm talking about *you*, right?



I mean, we're dealing with an intellect on the order of yours.

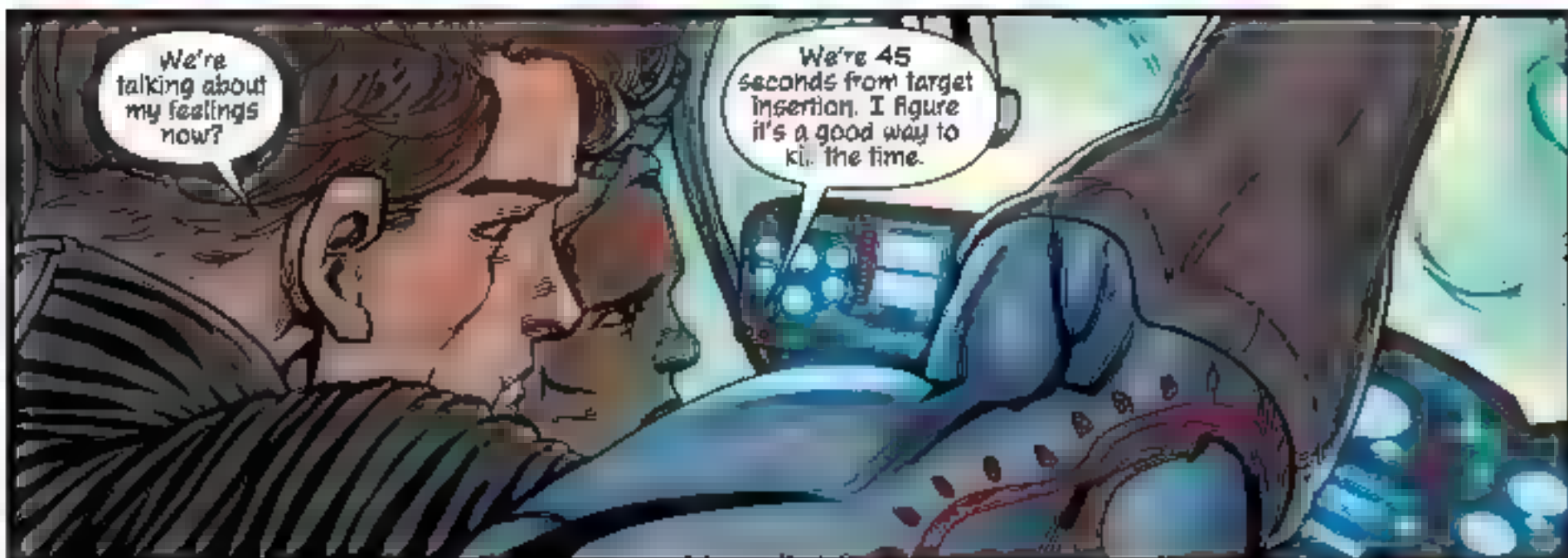
This guy, "Doctor Garrow," he's the only guy in human history who seems to play at your level.

Yeah.

He's calling you out

Yeah.

How's that make you feel/P



We're talking about my feelings now?

We're 45 seconds from target insertion. I figure it's a good way to kill the time.

THE ARCTIC

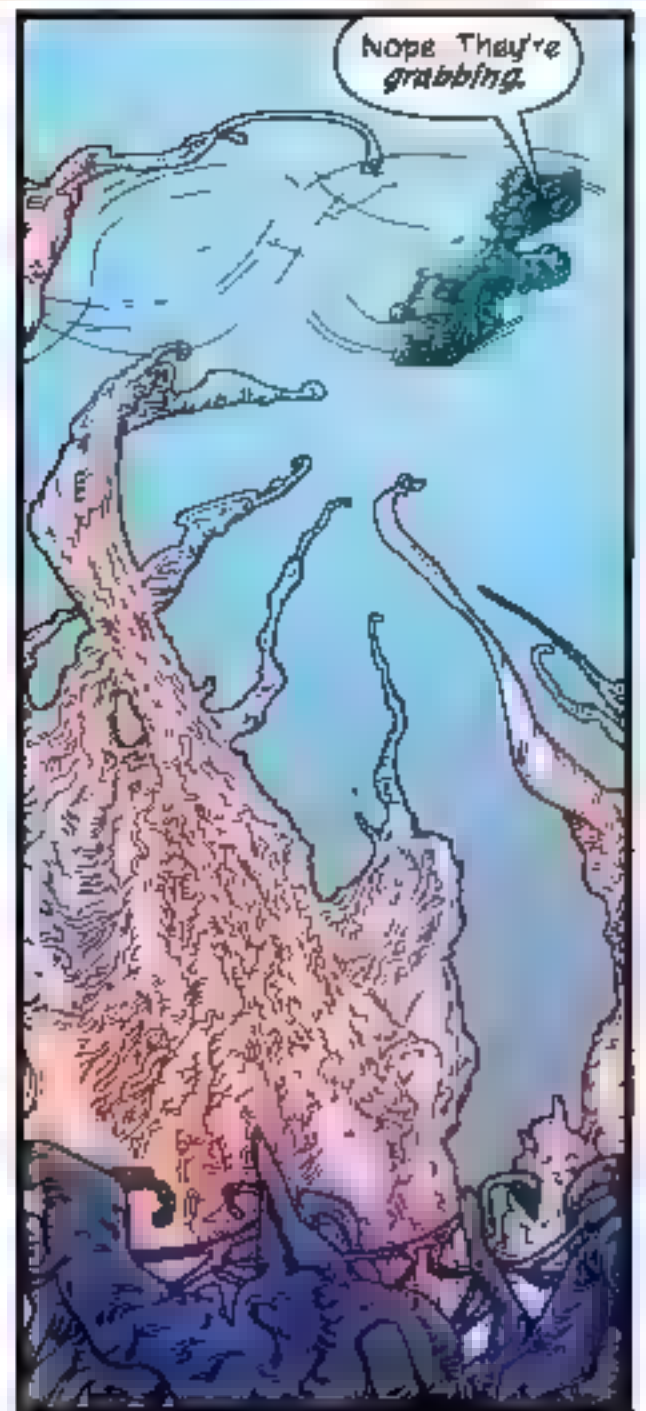
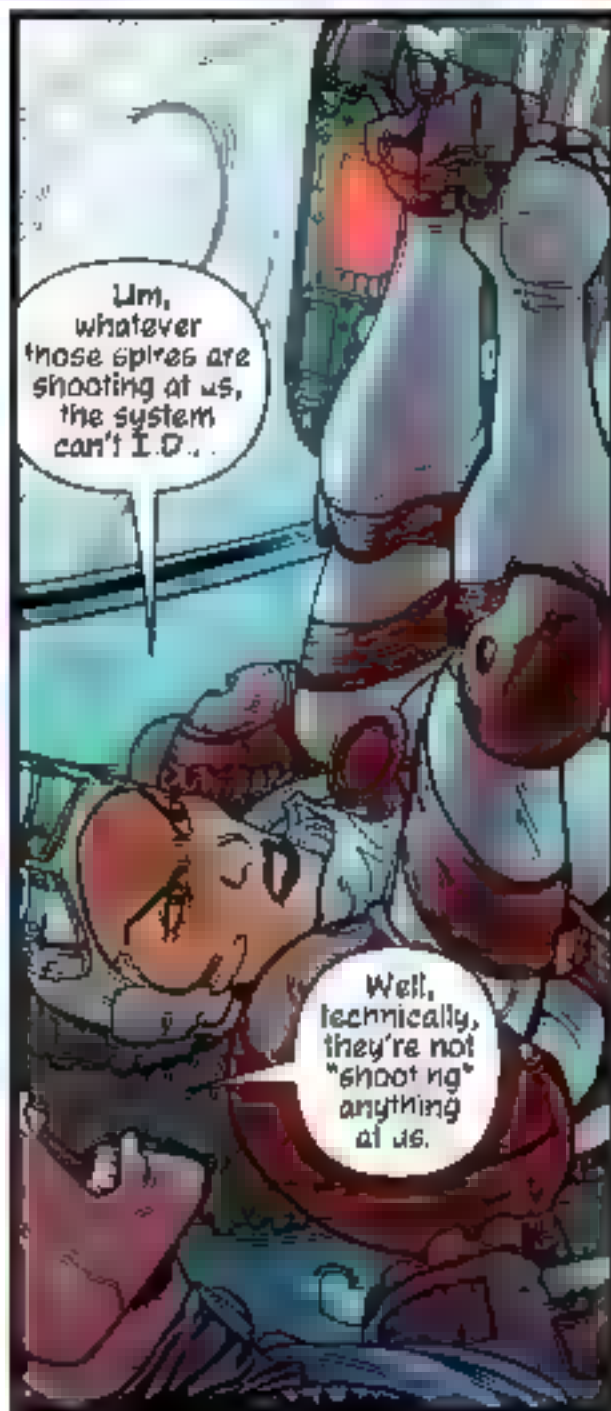
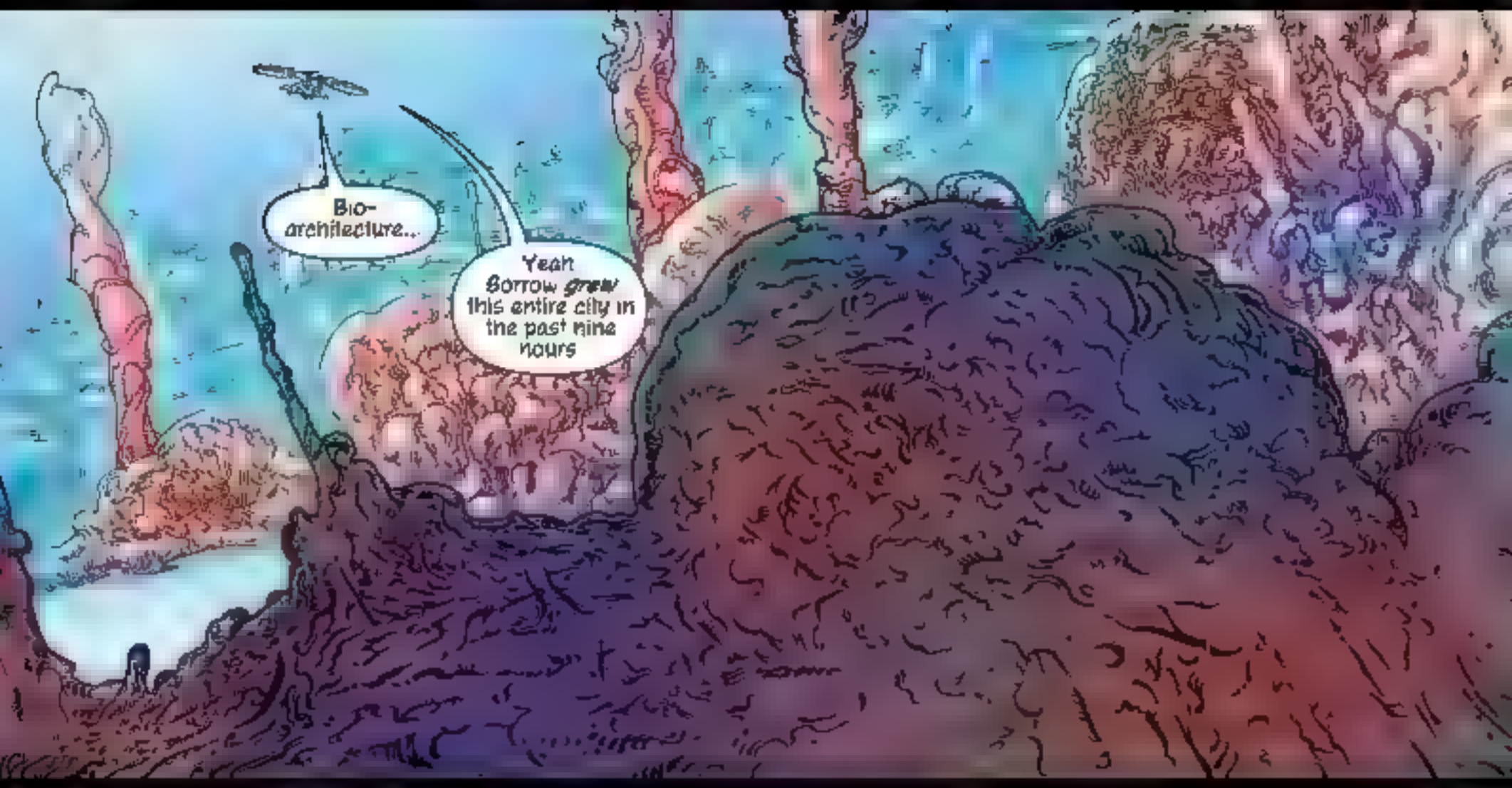
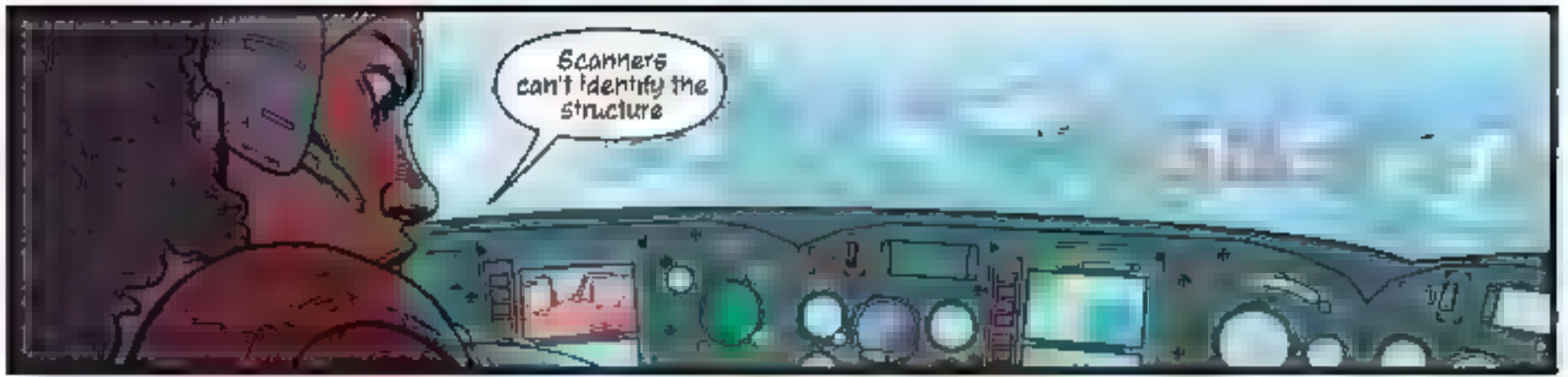
JOMAS?

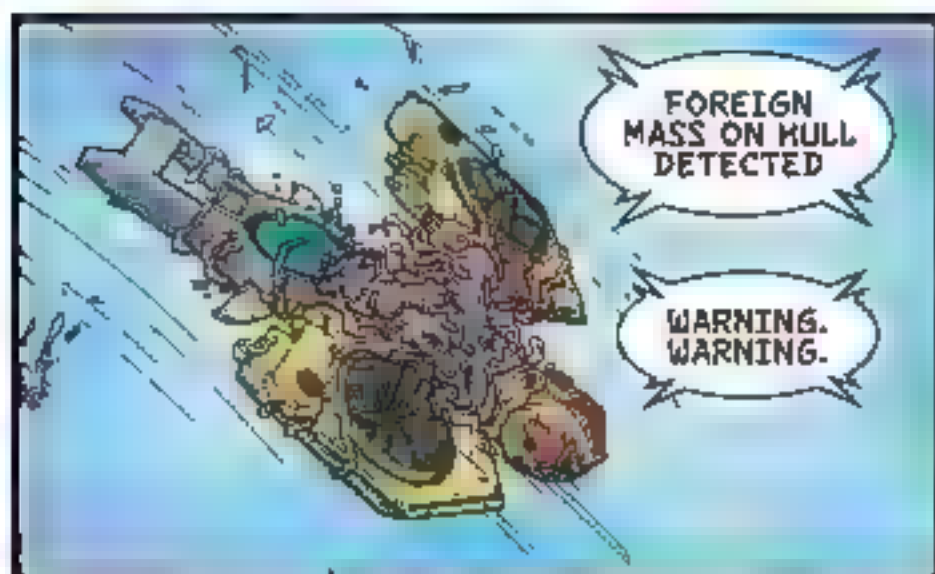
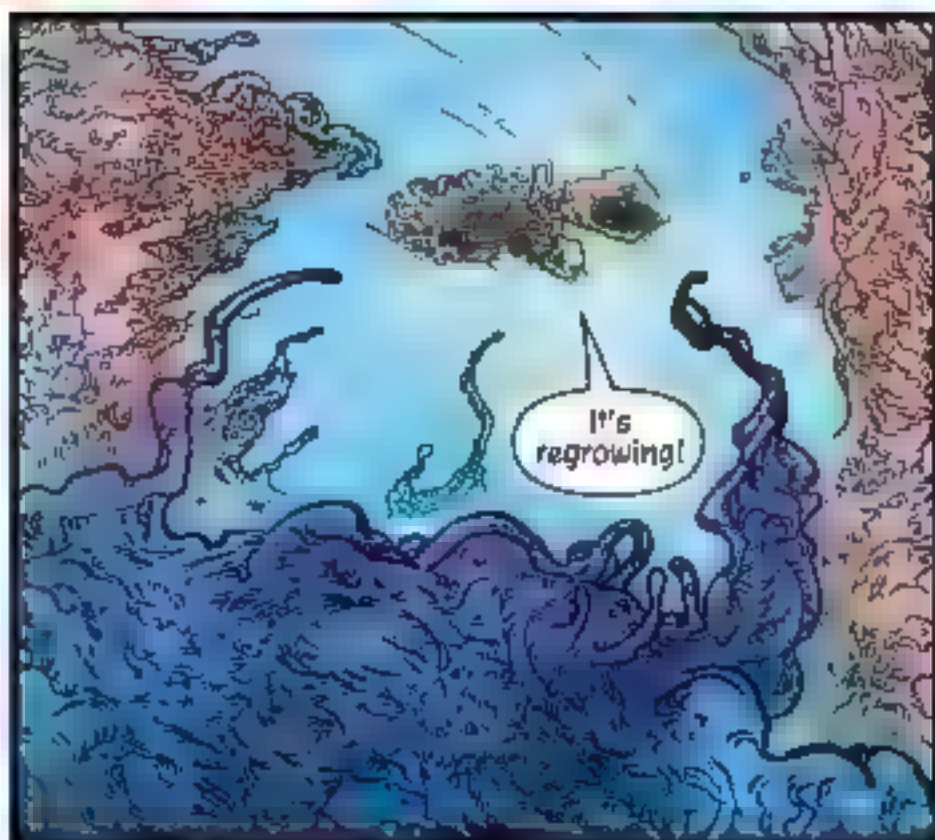
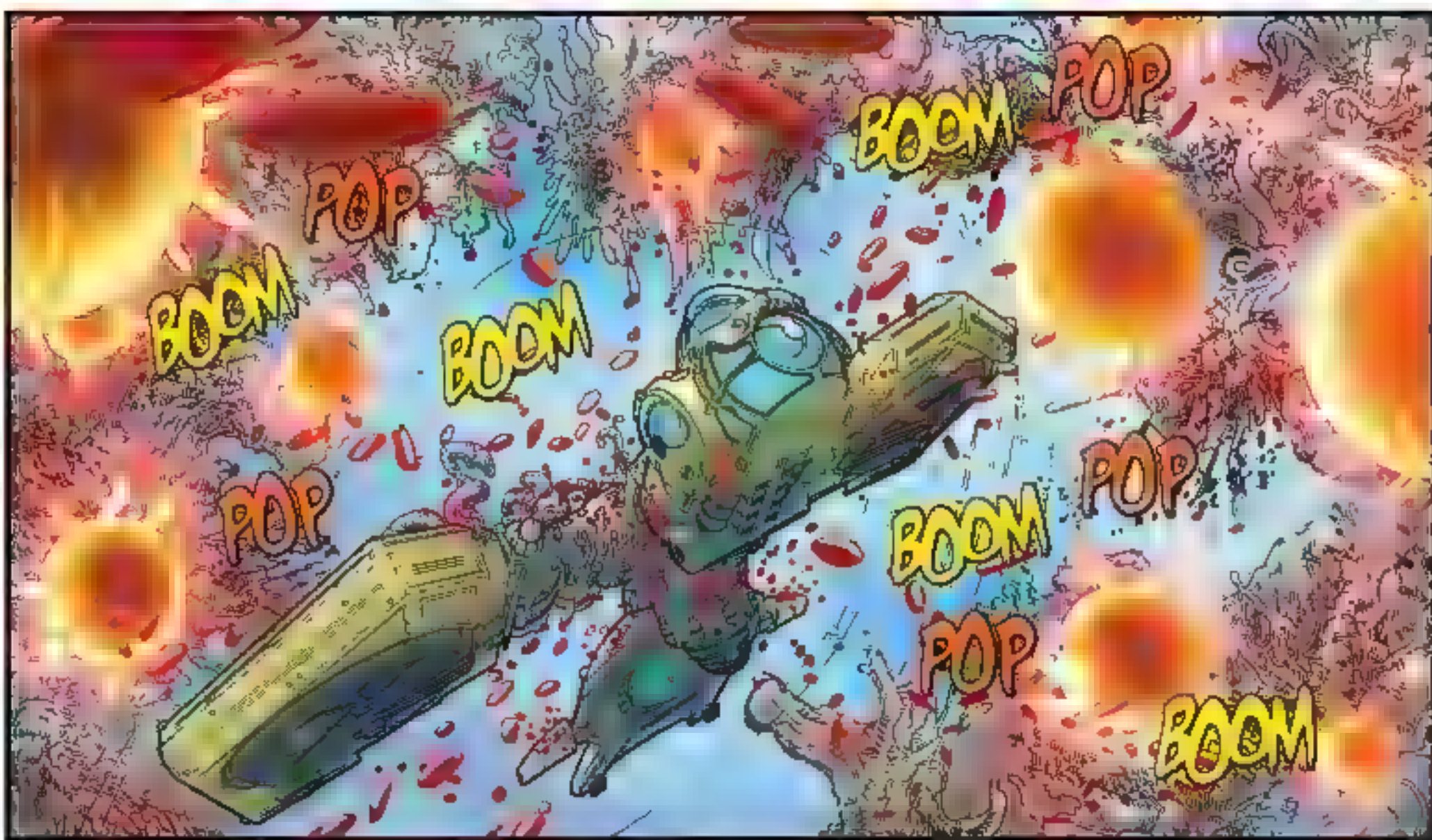
Figures.
Any time I
want to talk to
you about your
feelings...

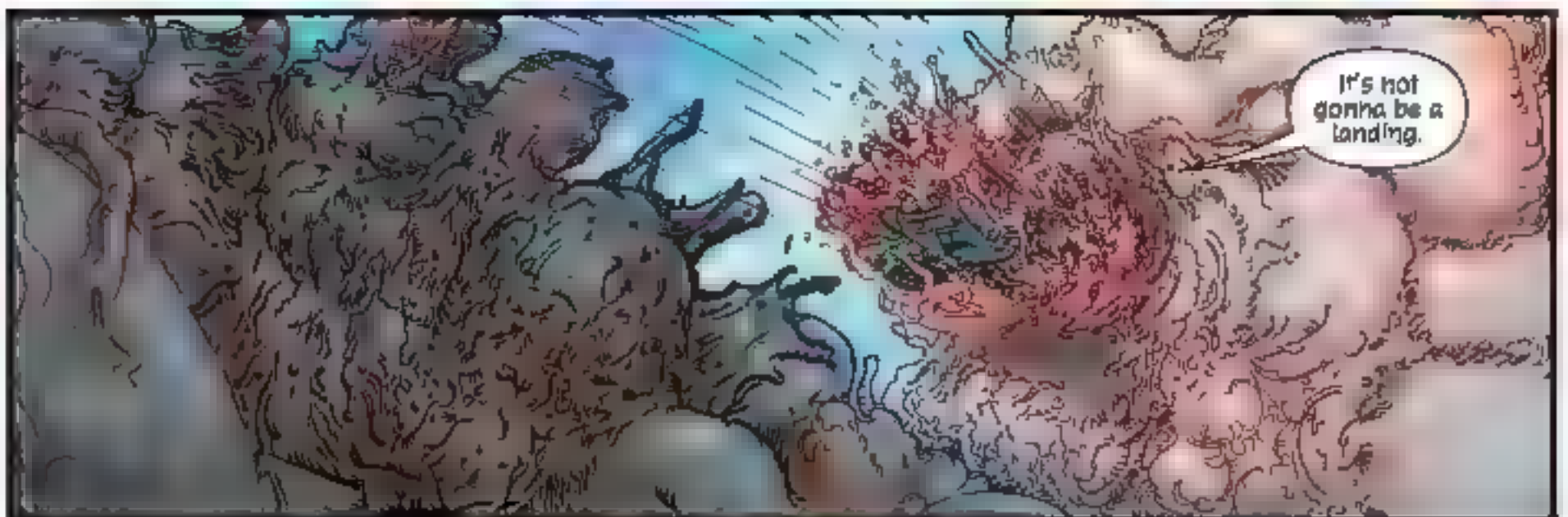
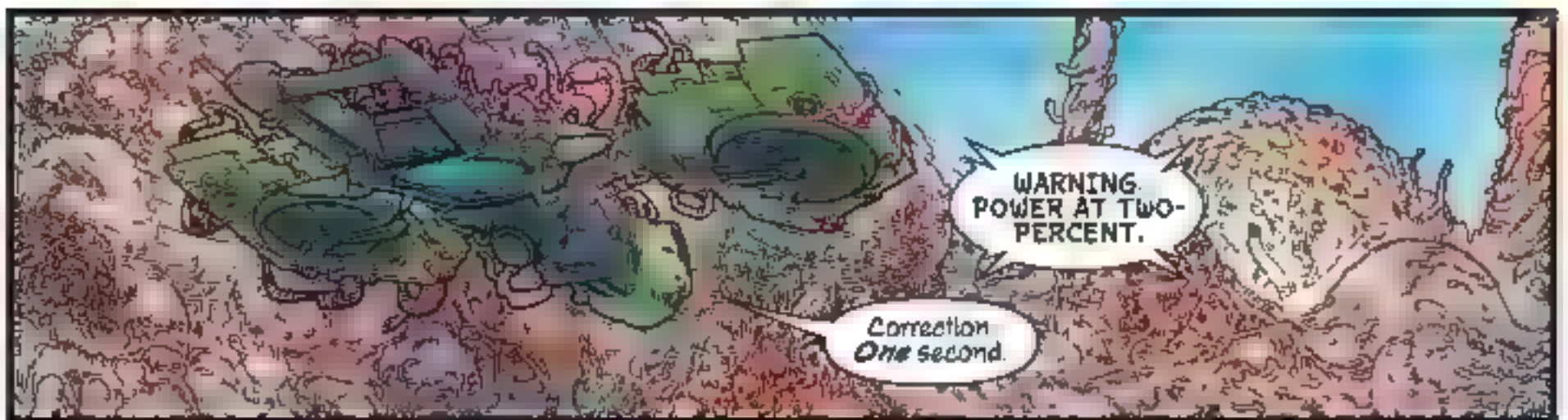
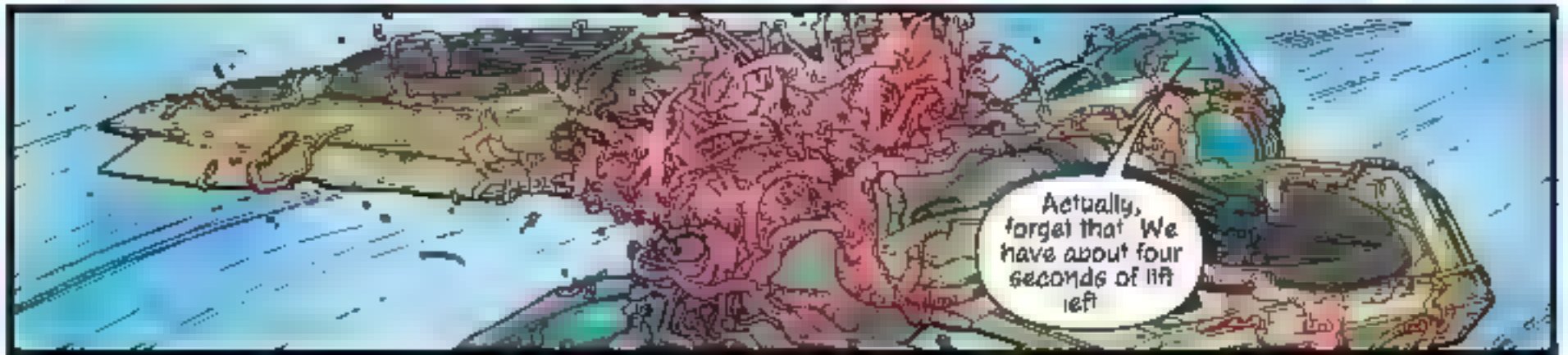
My
feelings?
Alright.

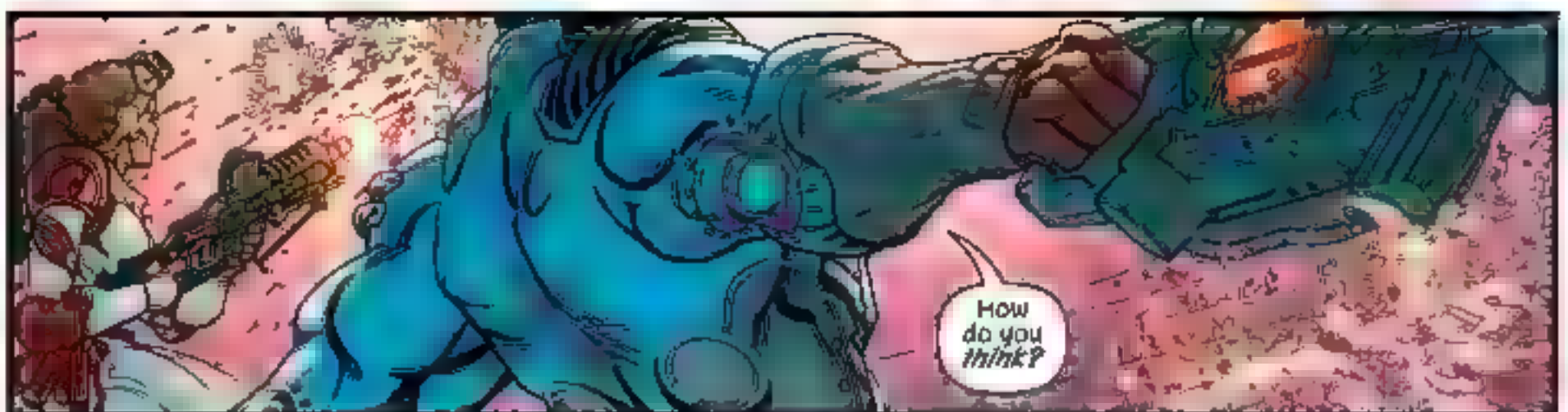
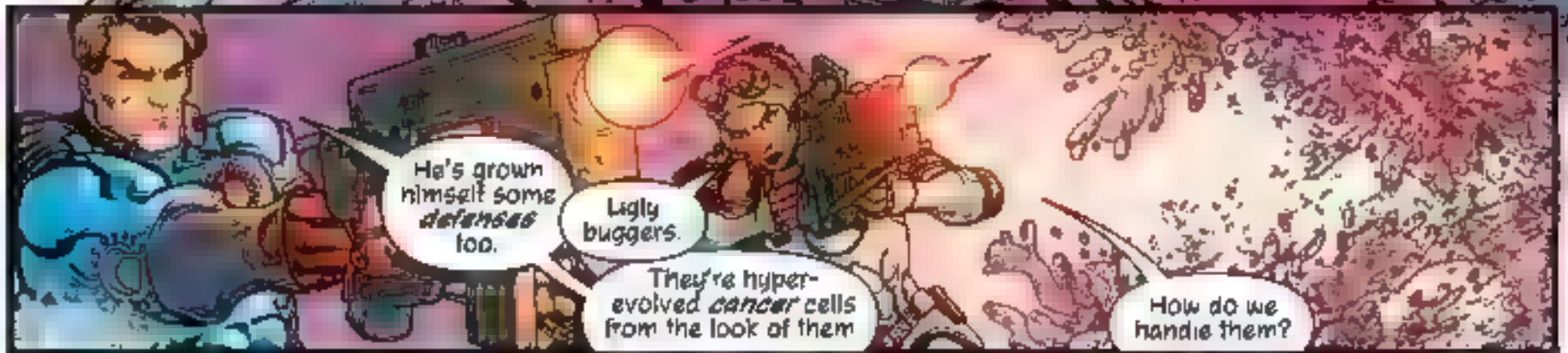
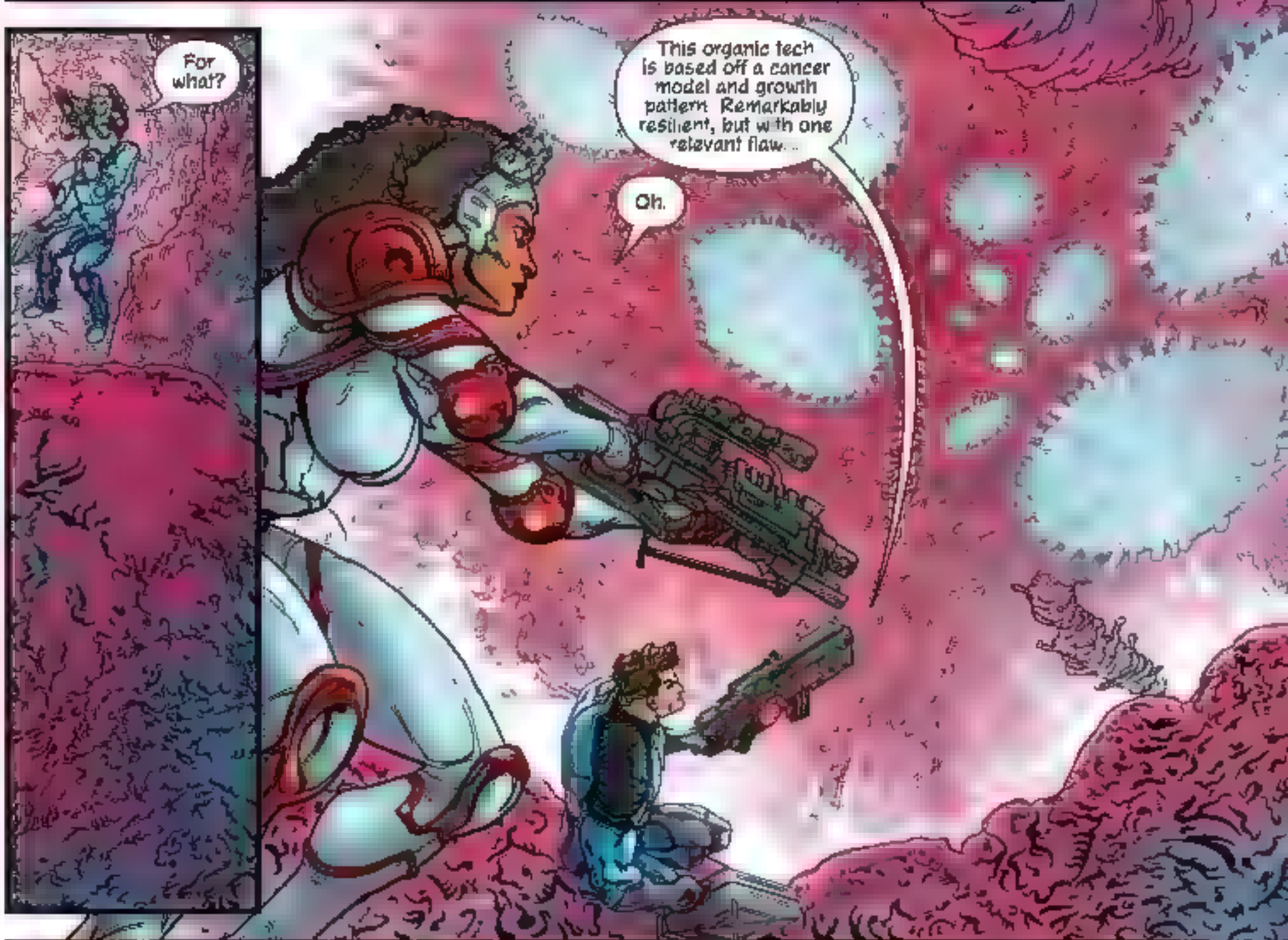
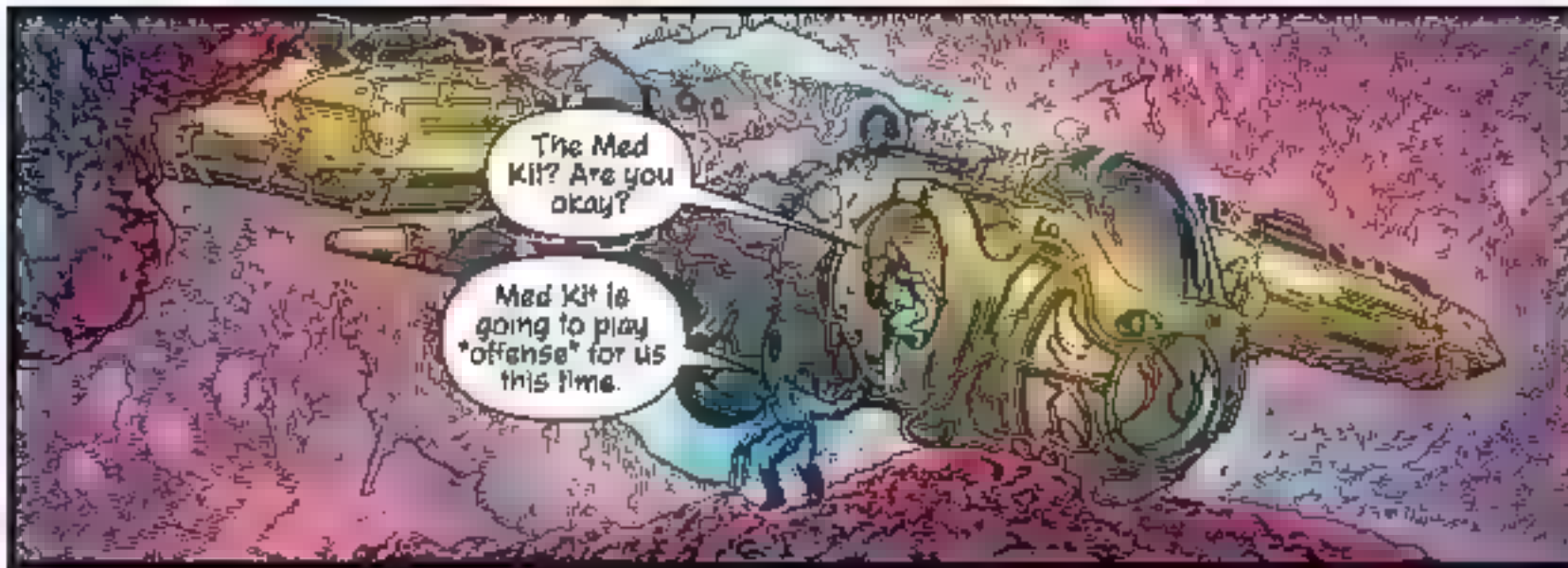
I'm a little
disappointed.

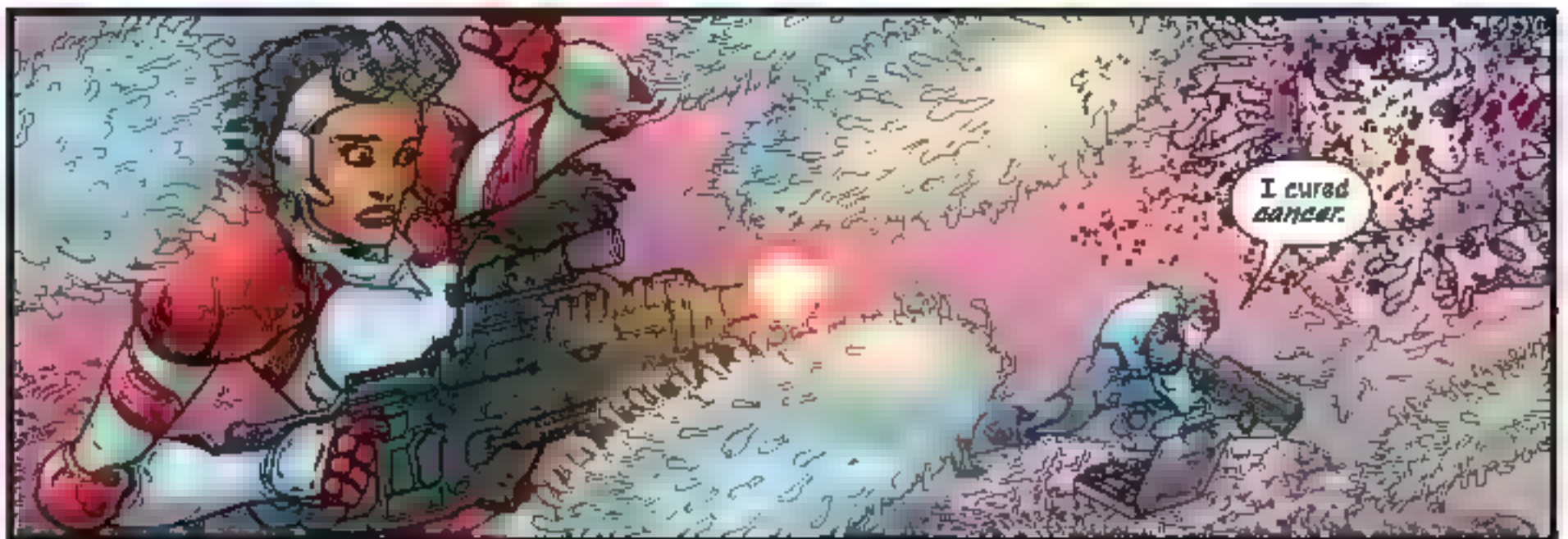
Humanity's
given birth to another
super-ntellect and
the first thing I have
to do is *kill* the
bastard.

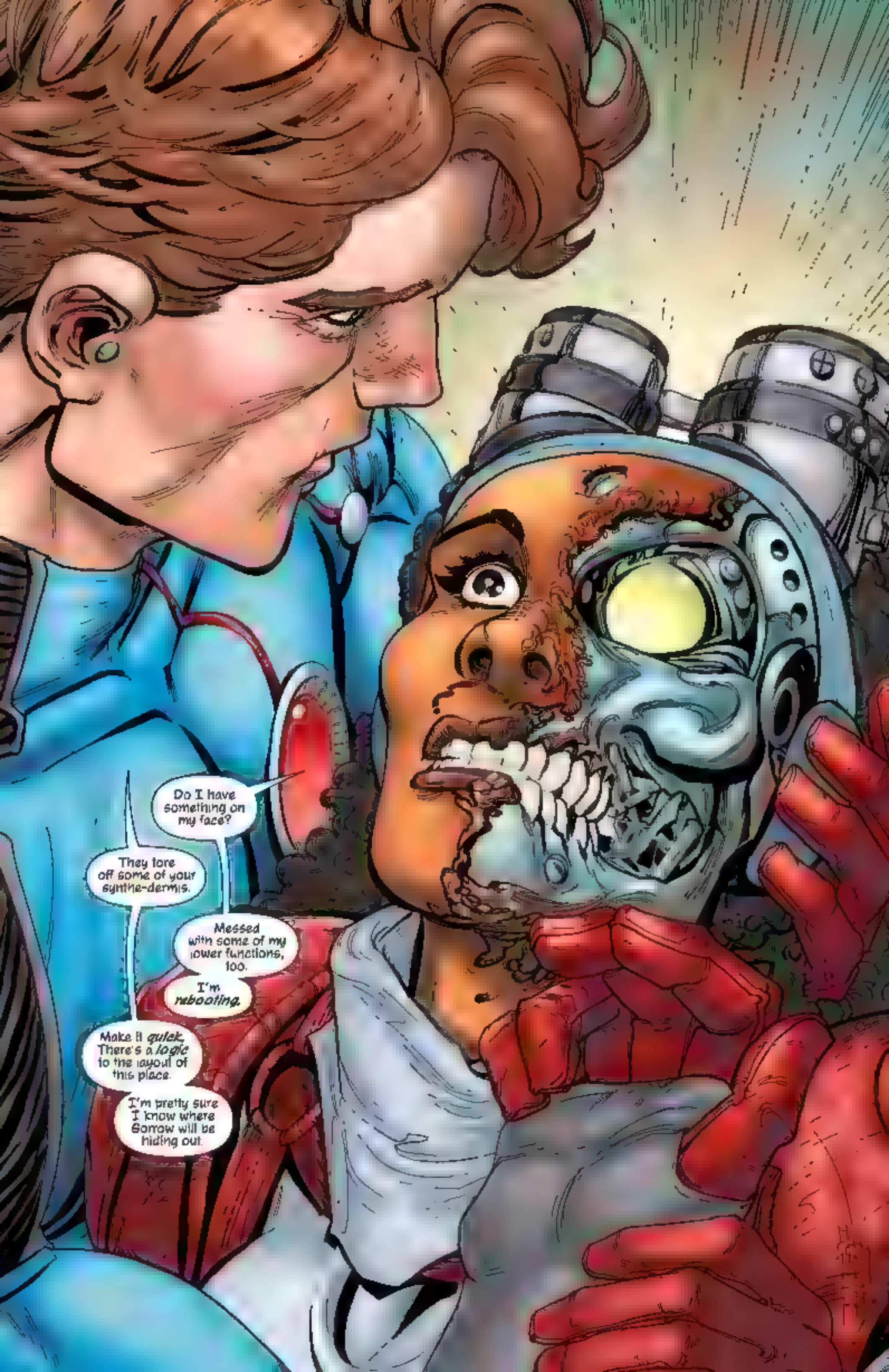












Do I have something on my face?

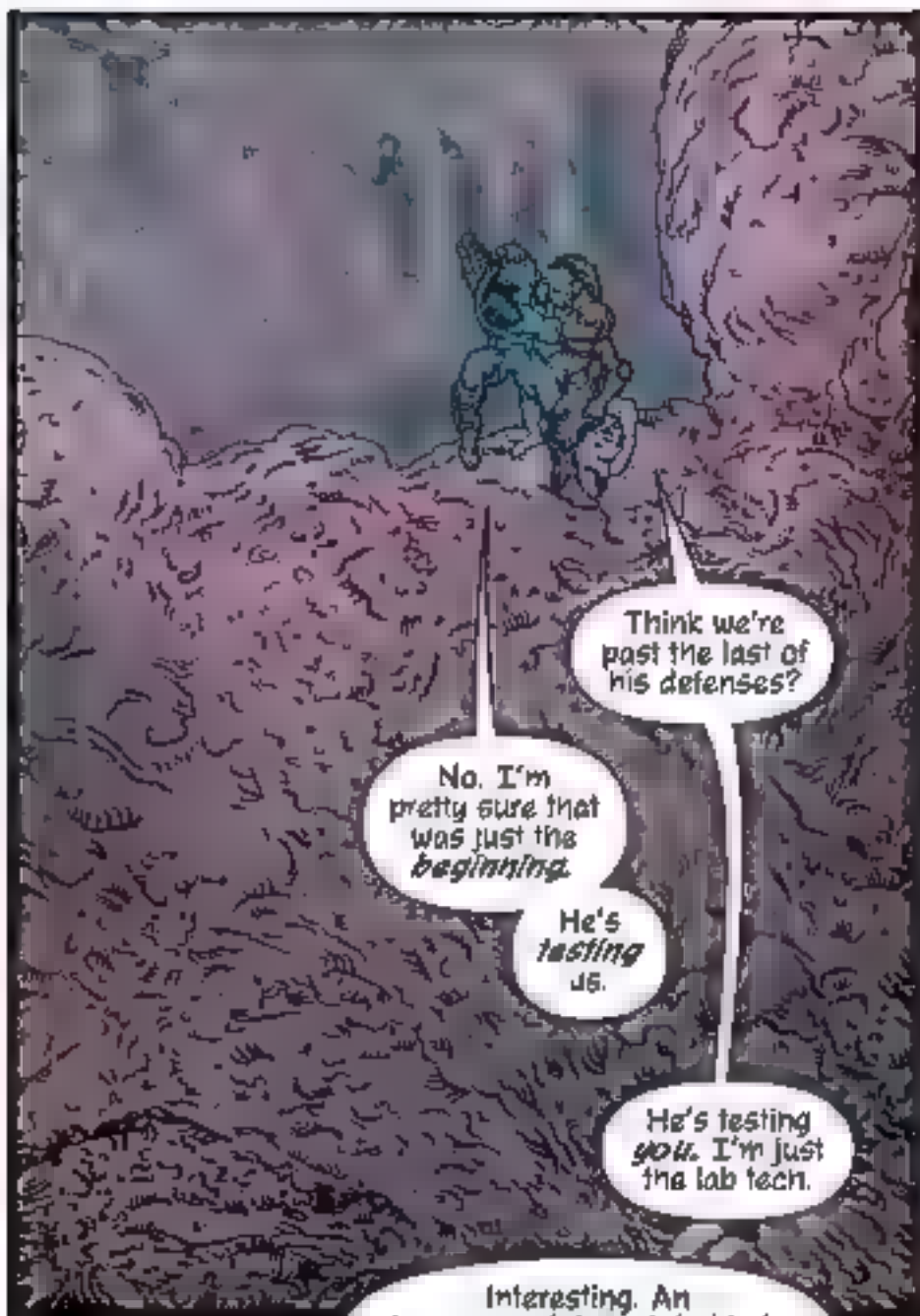
They tore off some of your synthe-dermis.

Messed with some of my lower functions, too.

I'm rebooting.

Make it *quick*. There's a *logic* to the layout of this place.

I'm pretty sure I know where Gornow will be hiding out.



Think we're past the last of his defenses?

No. I'm pretty sure that was just the beginning.

He's testing us.

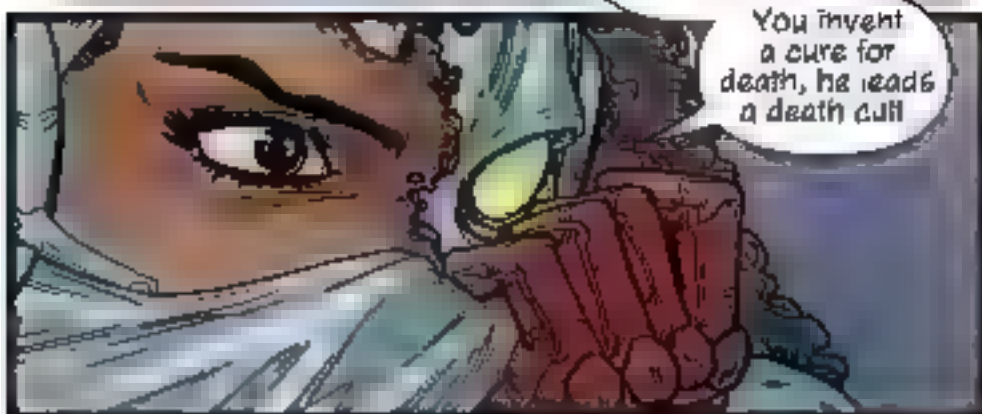
He's testing you. I'm just the lab tech.

Interesting. An impressive intellect, but he's harnessing it towards wanton destruction.

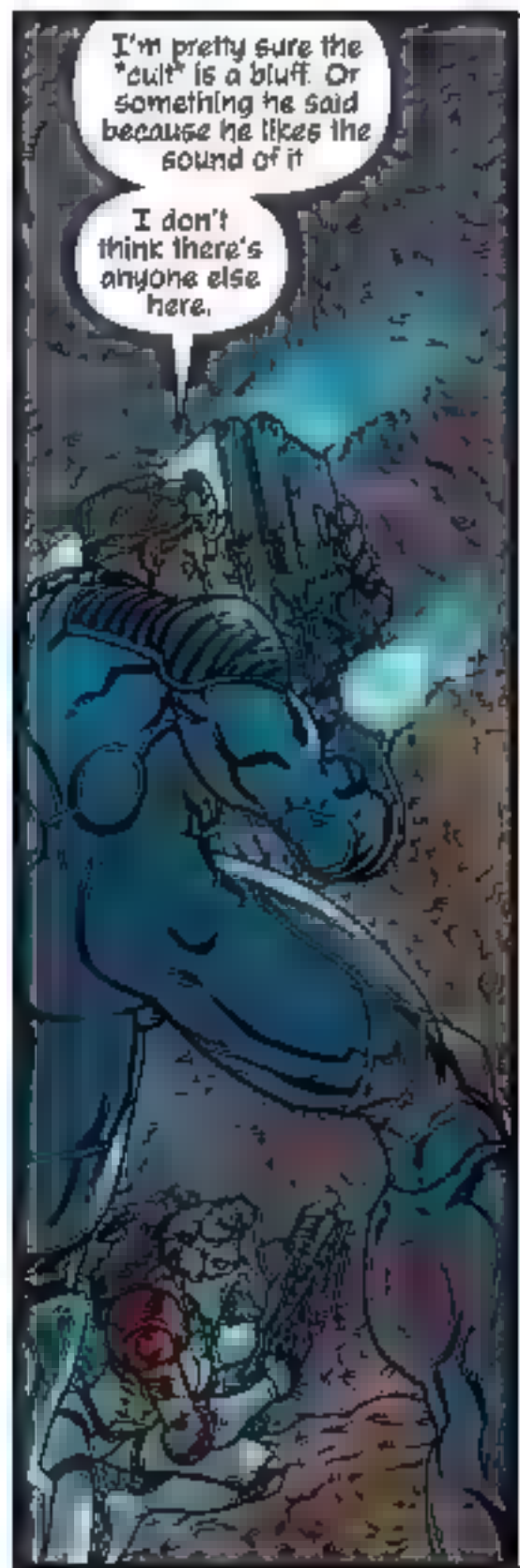


Sounds like he's your opposite number.

You invent a cure for death, he leads a death cult.



ANTI-GRAVITY GENERATORS



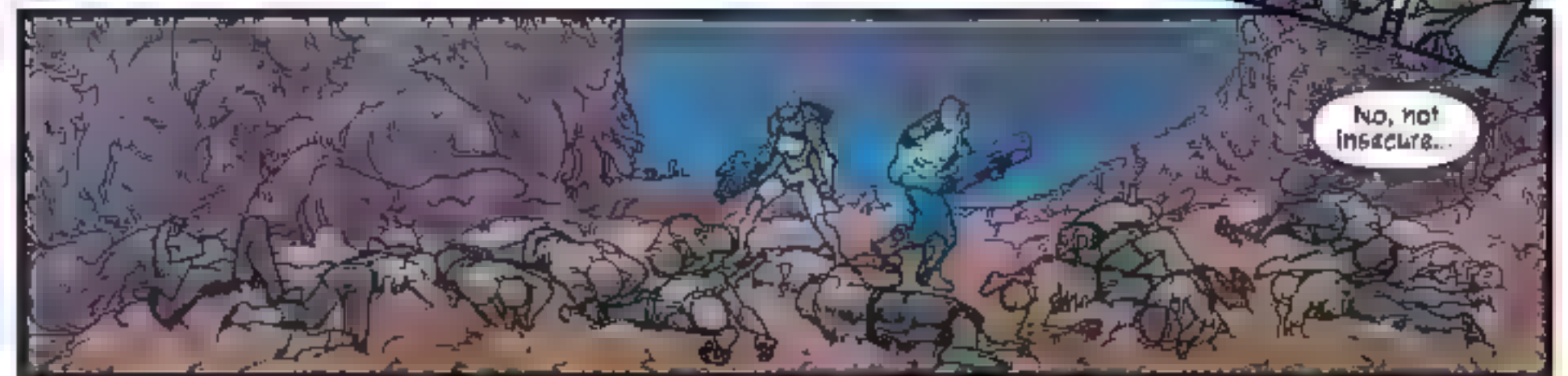
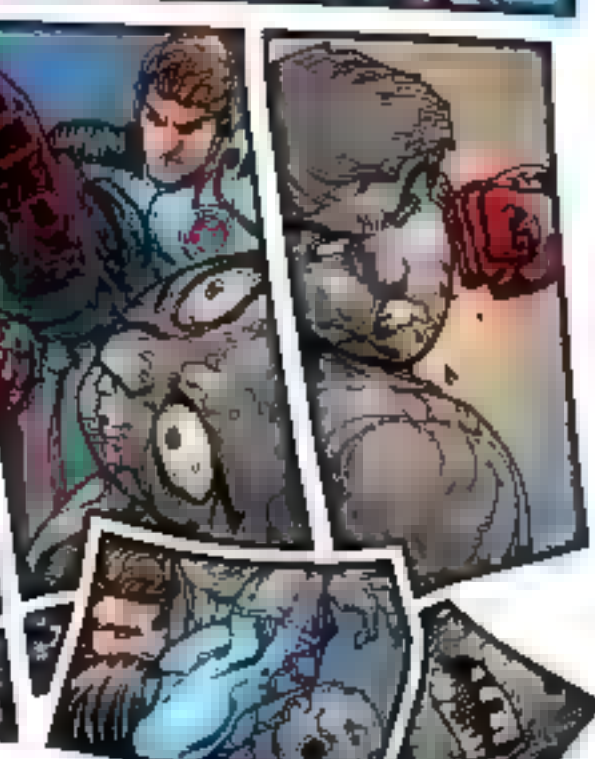
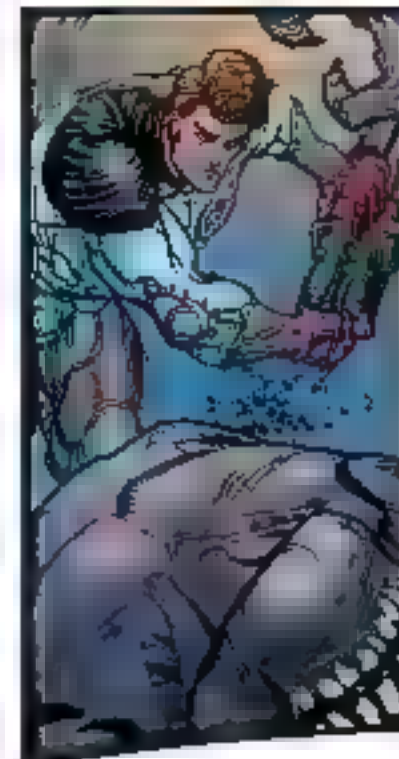
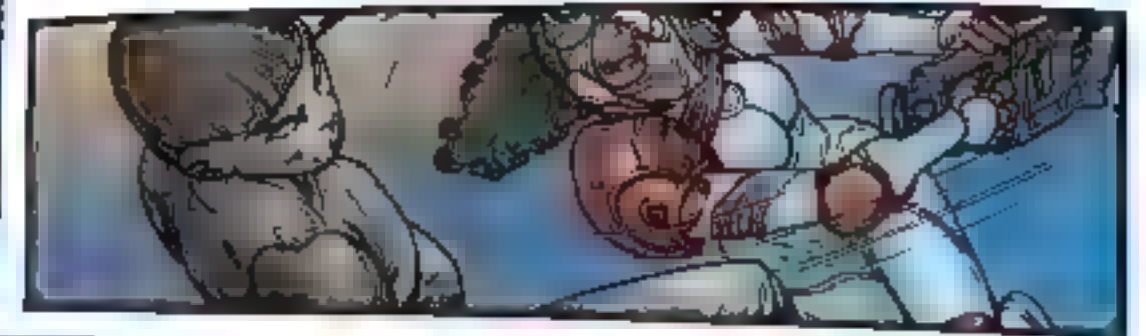
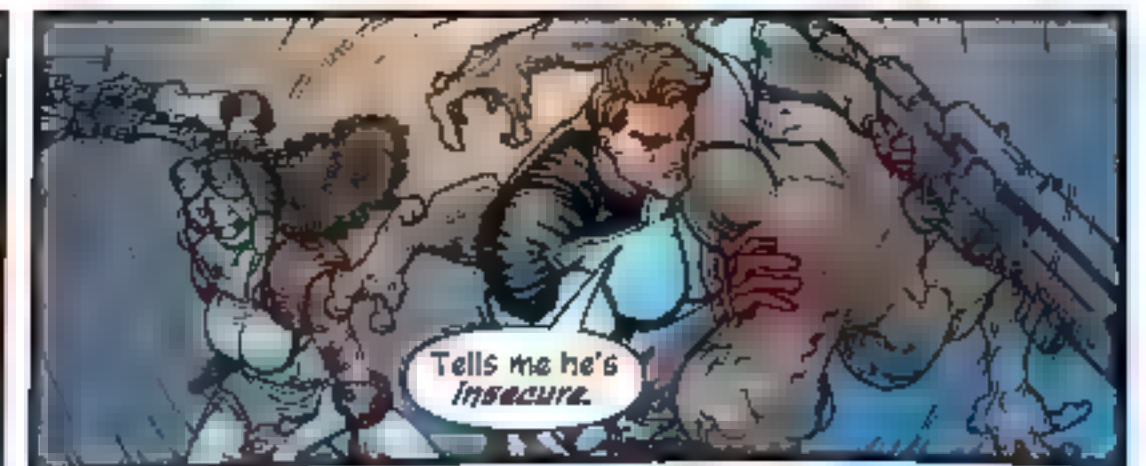
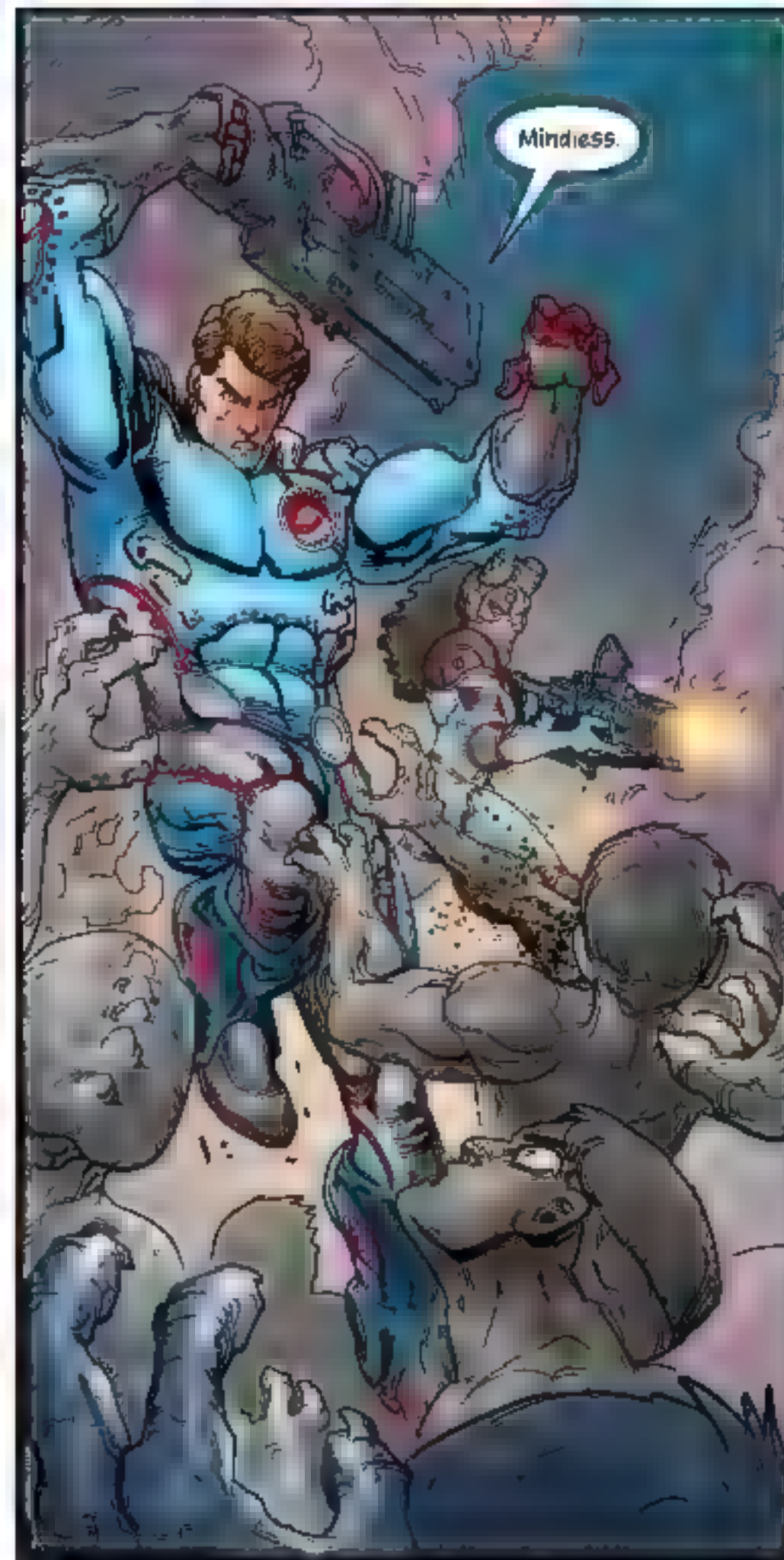
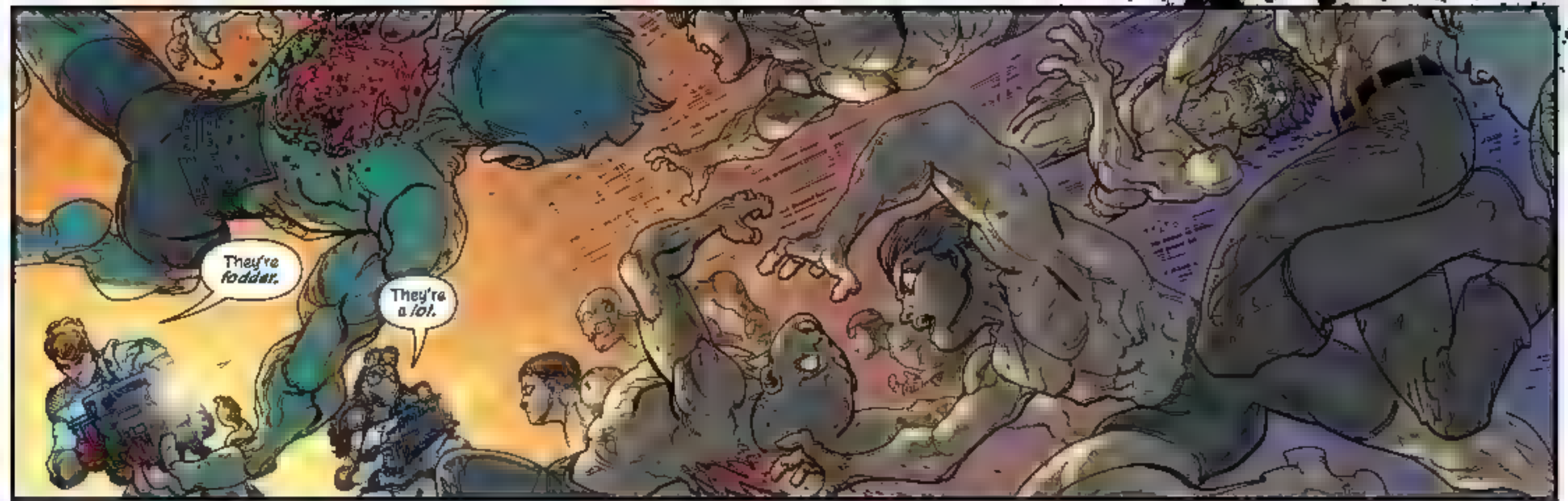
I'm pretty sure the "cult" is a bluff. Or something he said because he likes the sound of it.

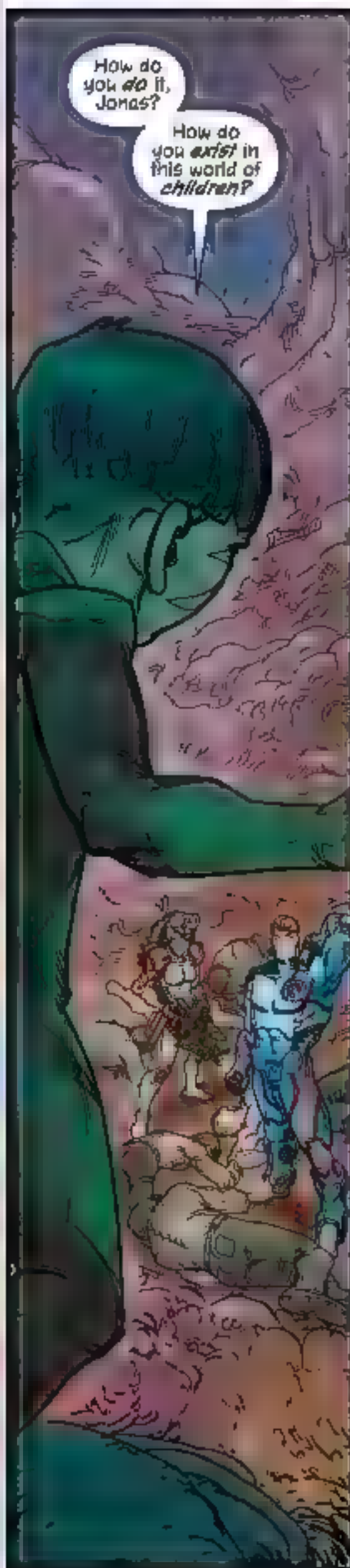
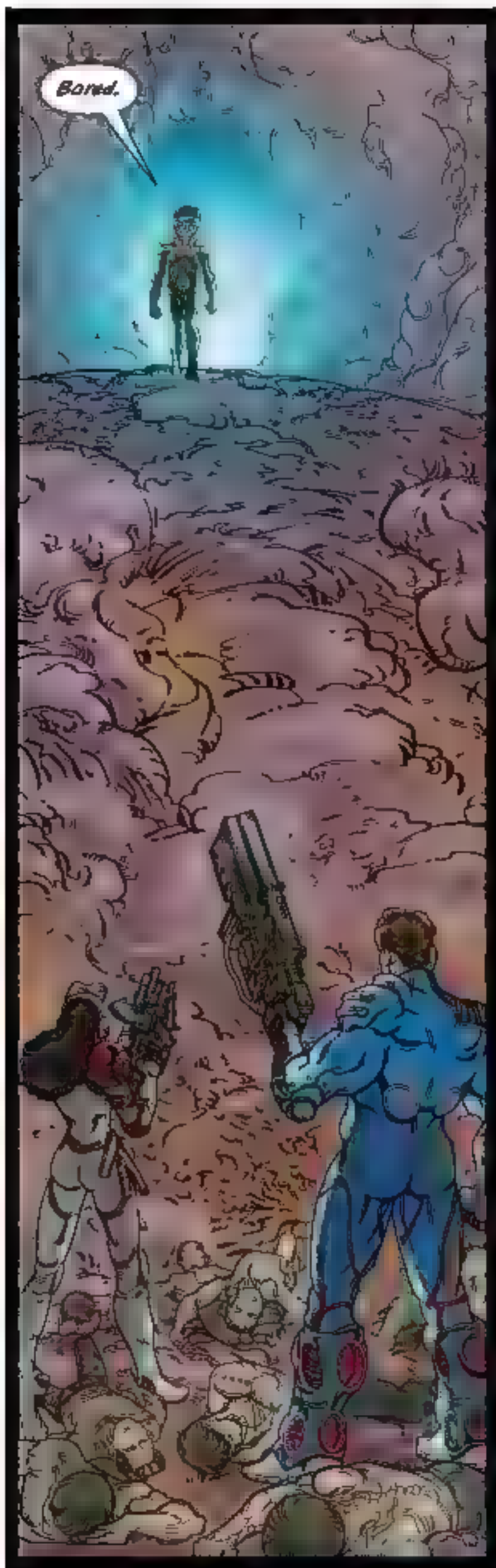
I don't think there's anyone else here.

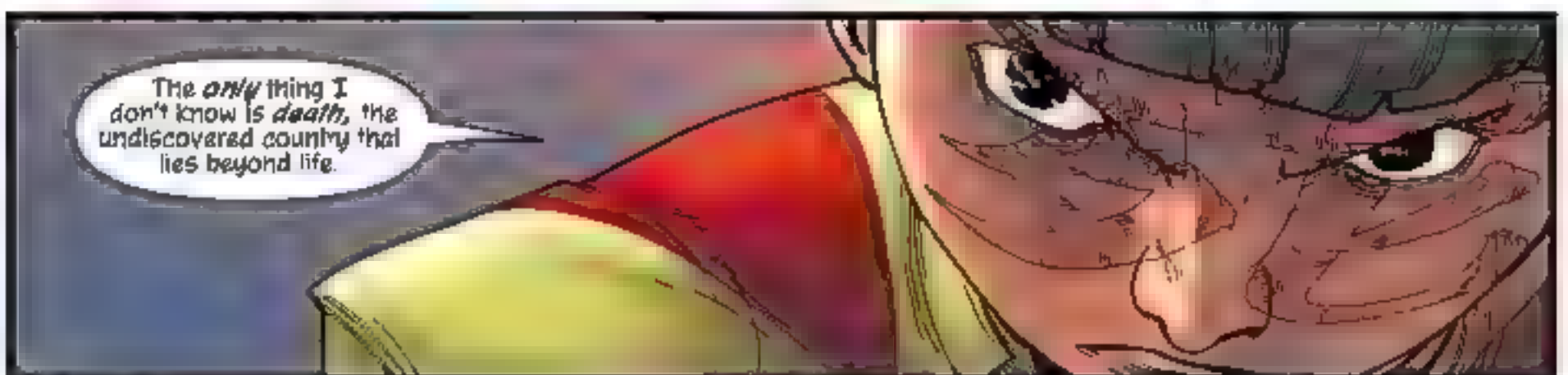


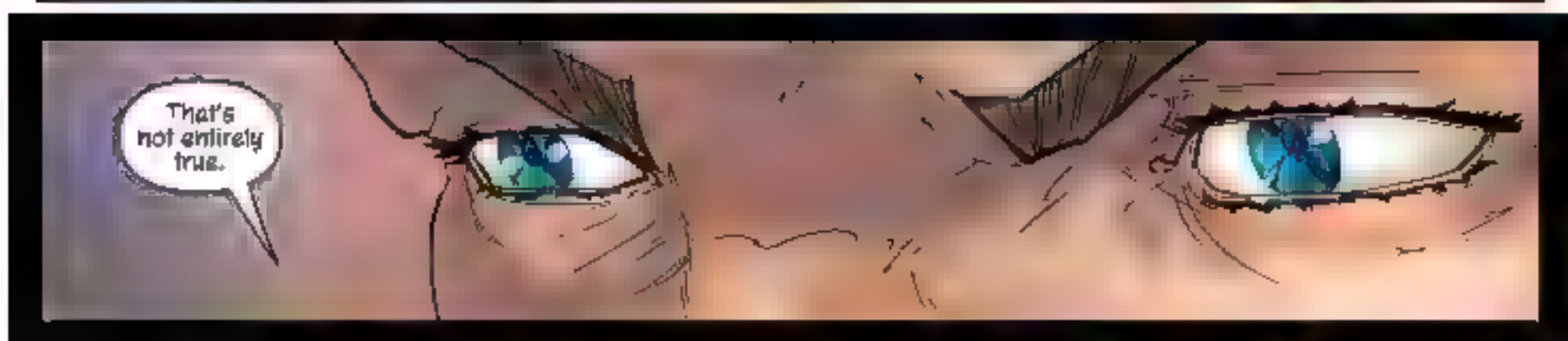
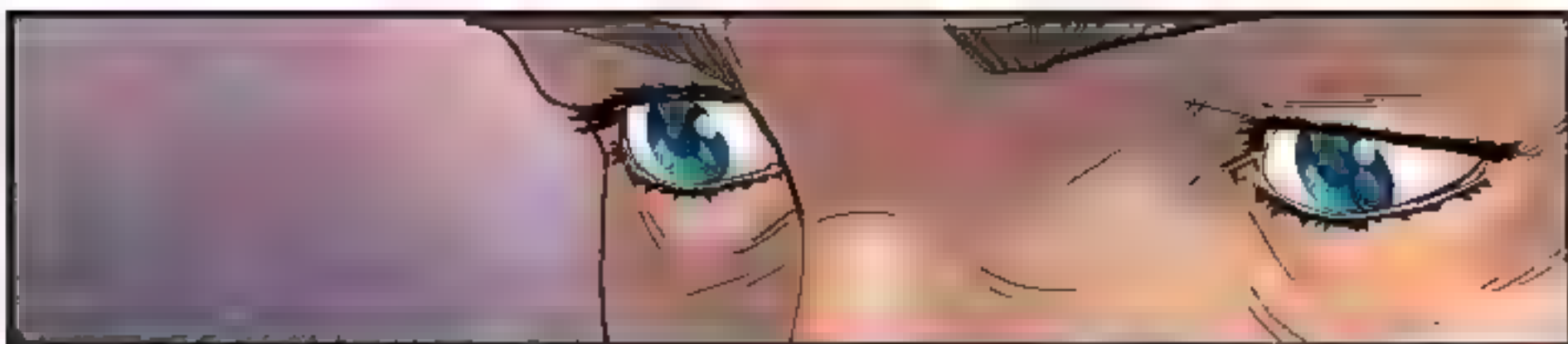
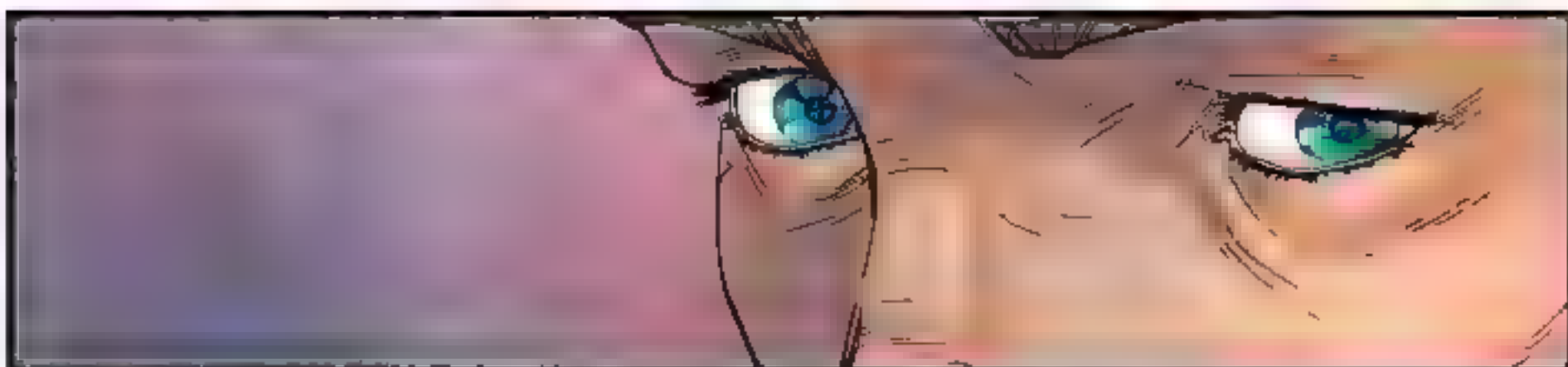
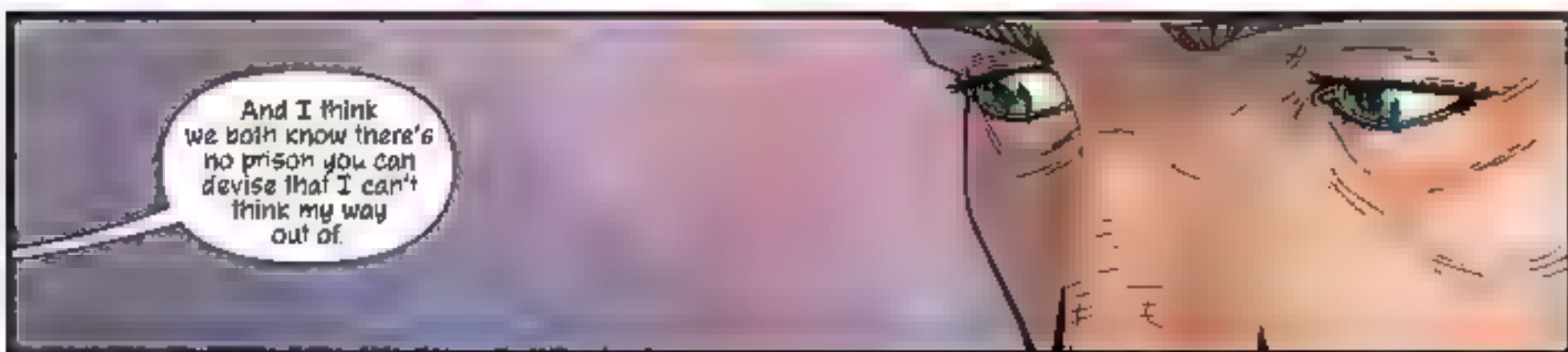
Oh yeah? What about them?

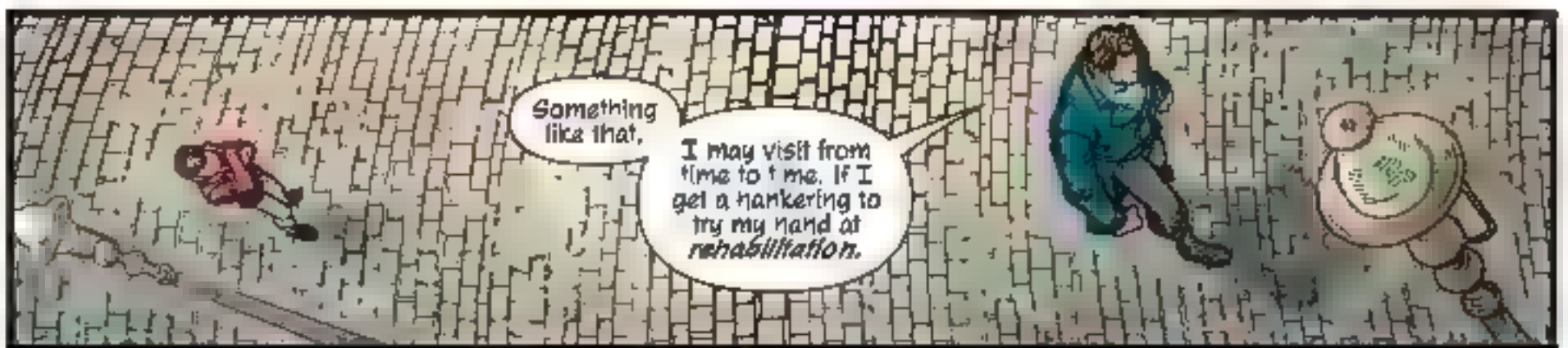
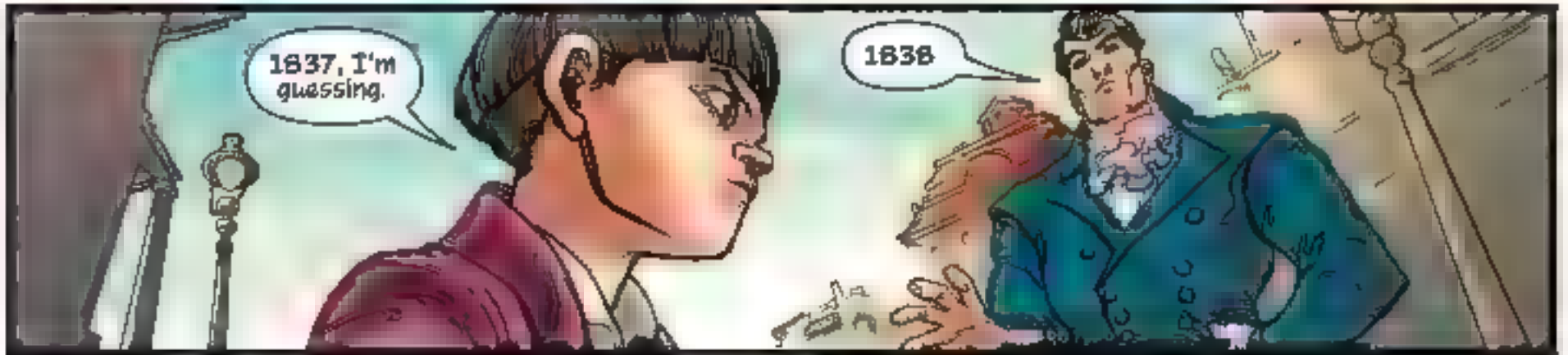
They're not really people.

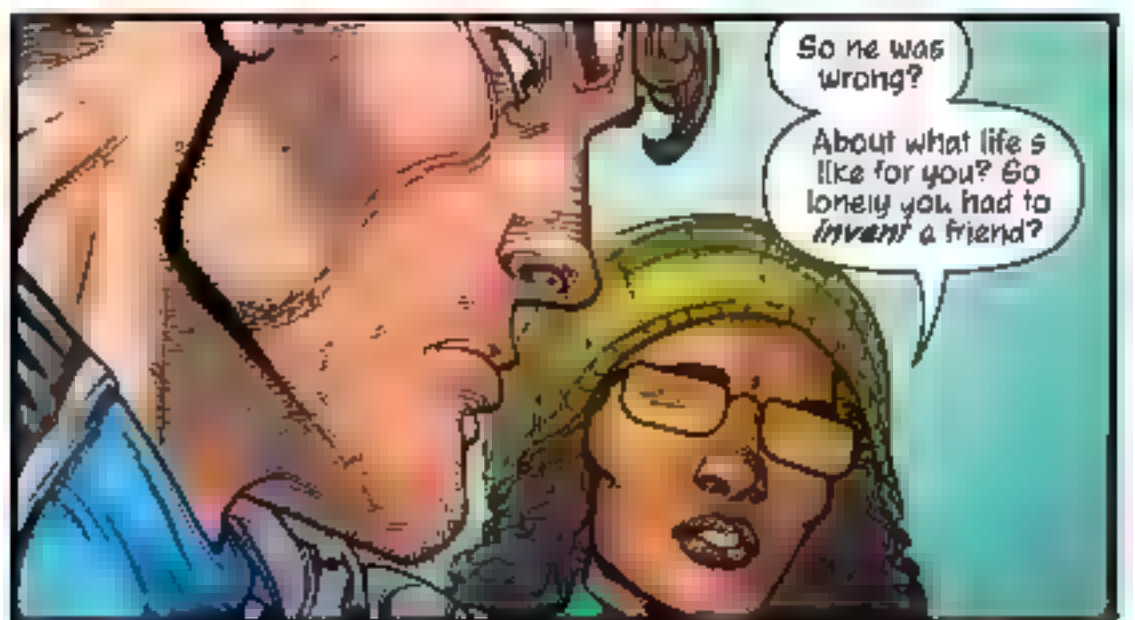
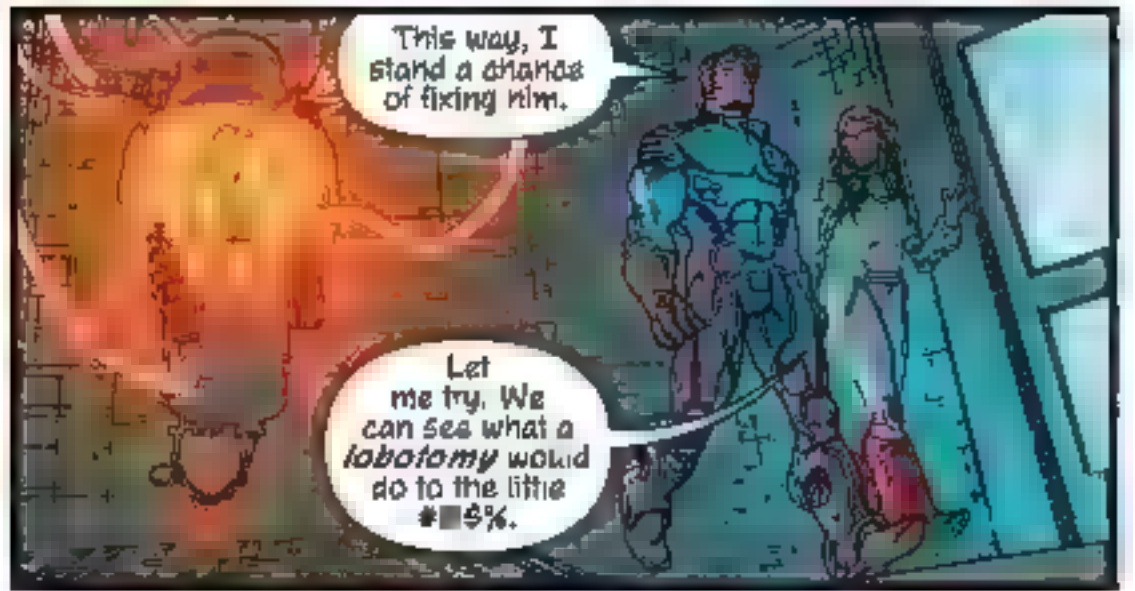






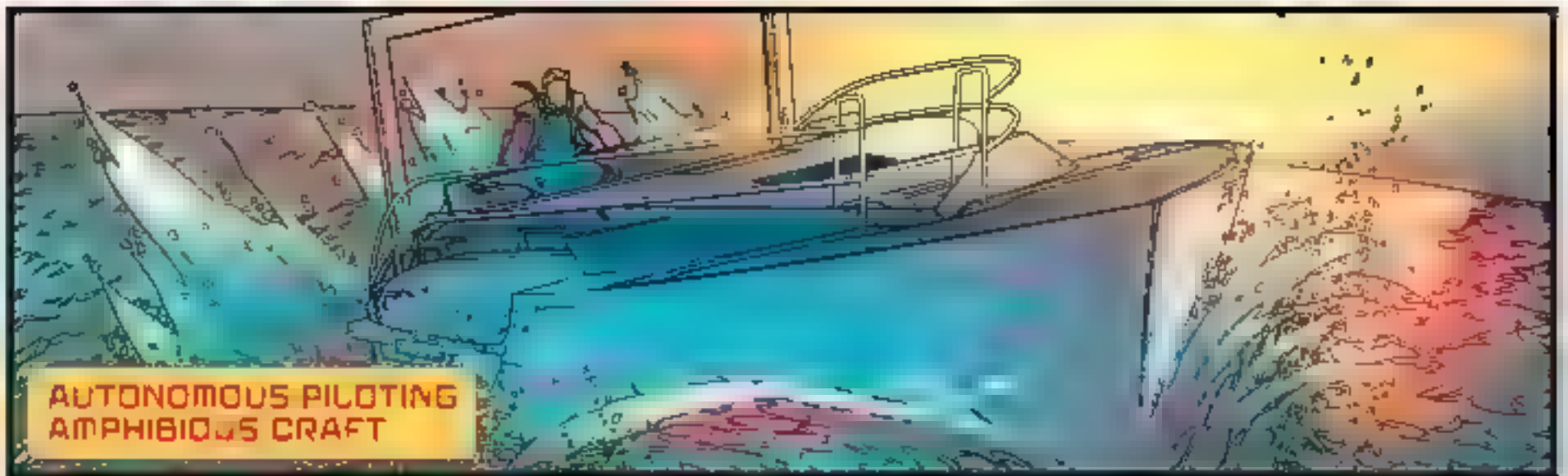




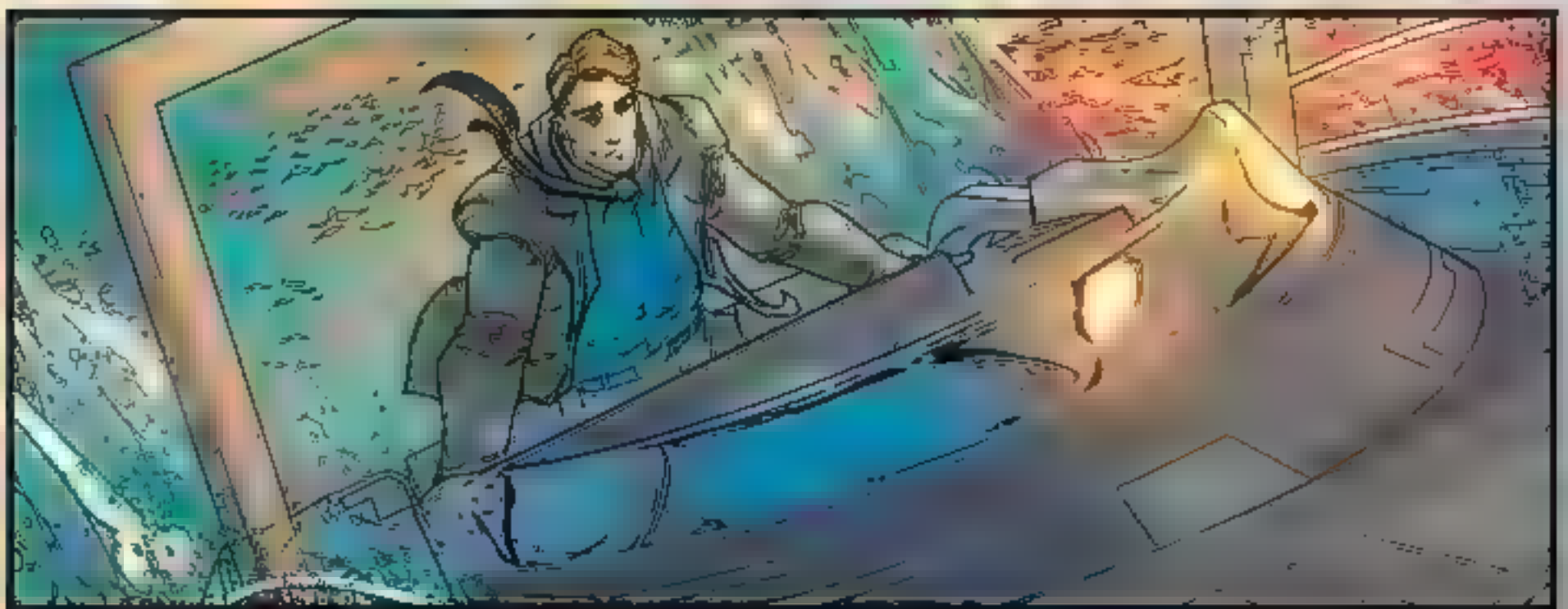




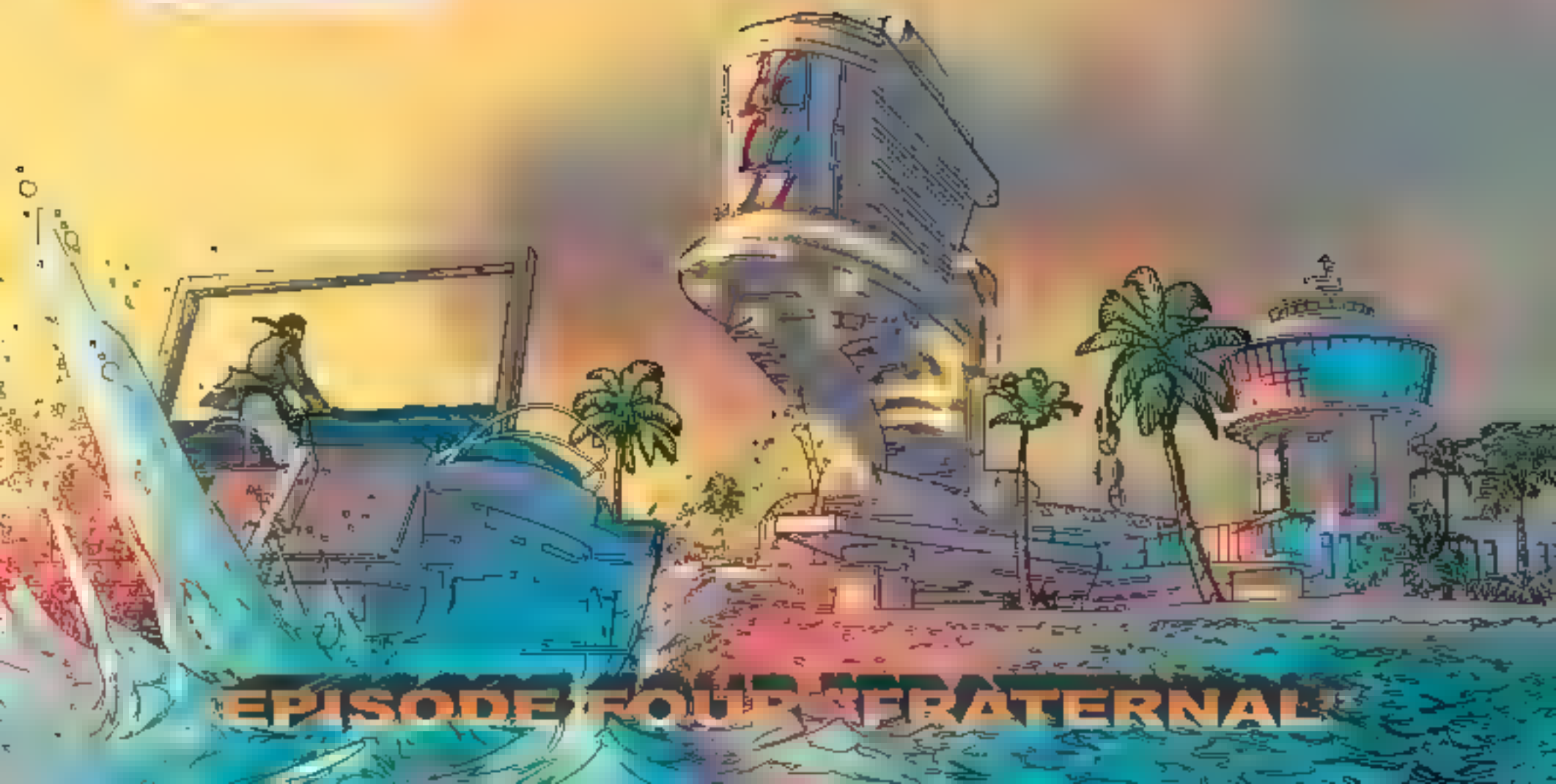
DAY THIRTEEN THOUSAND FIFTY TWO



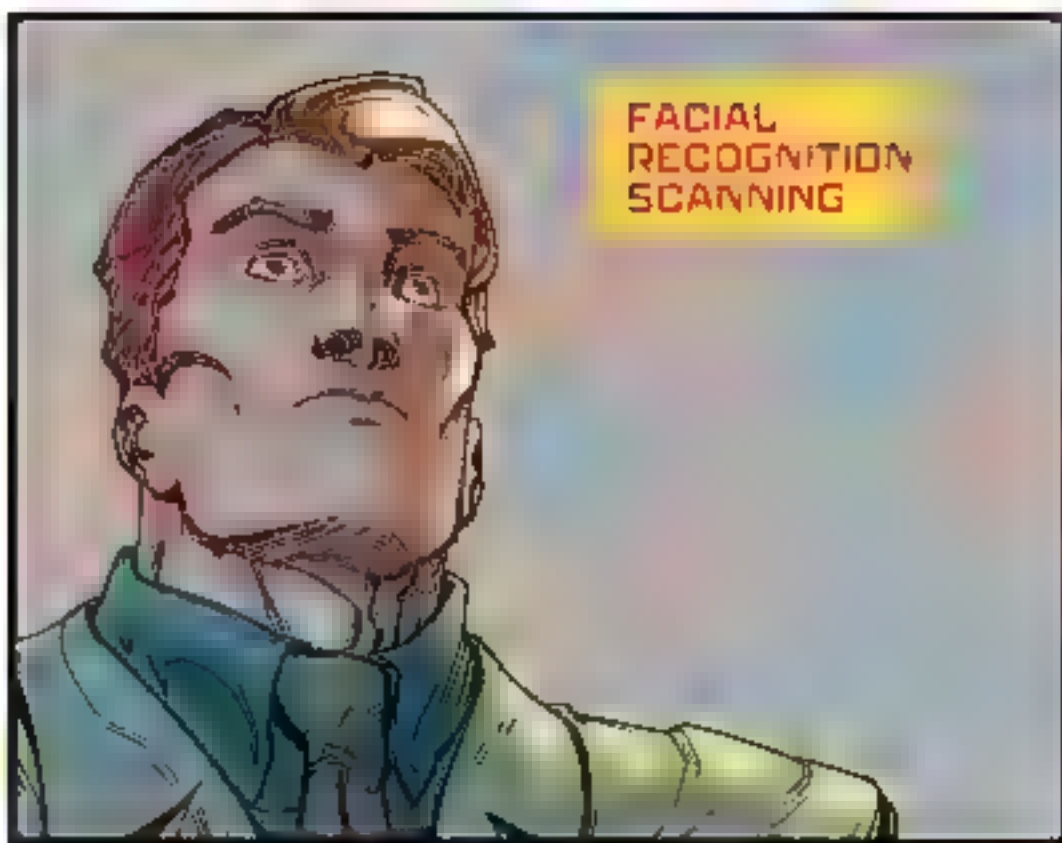
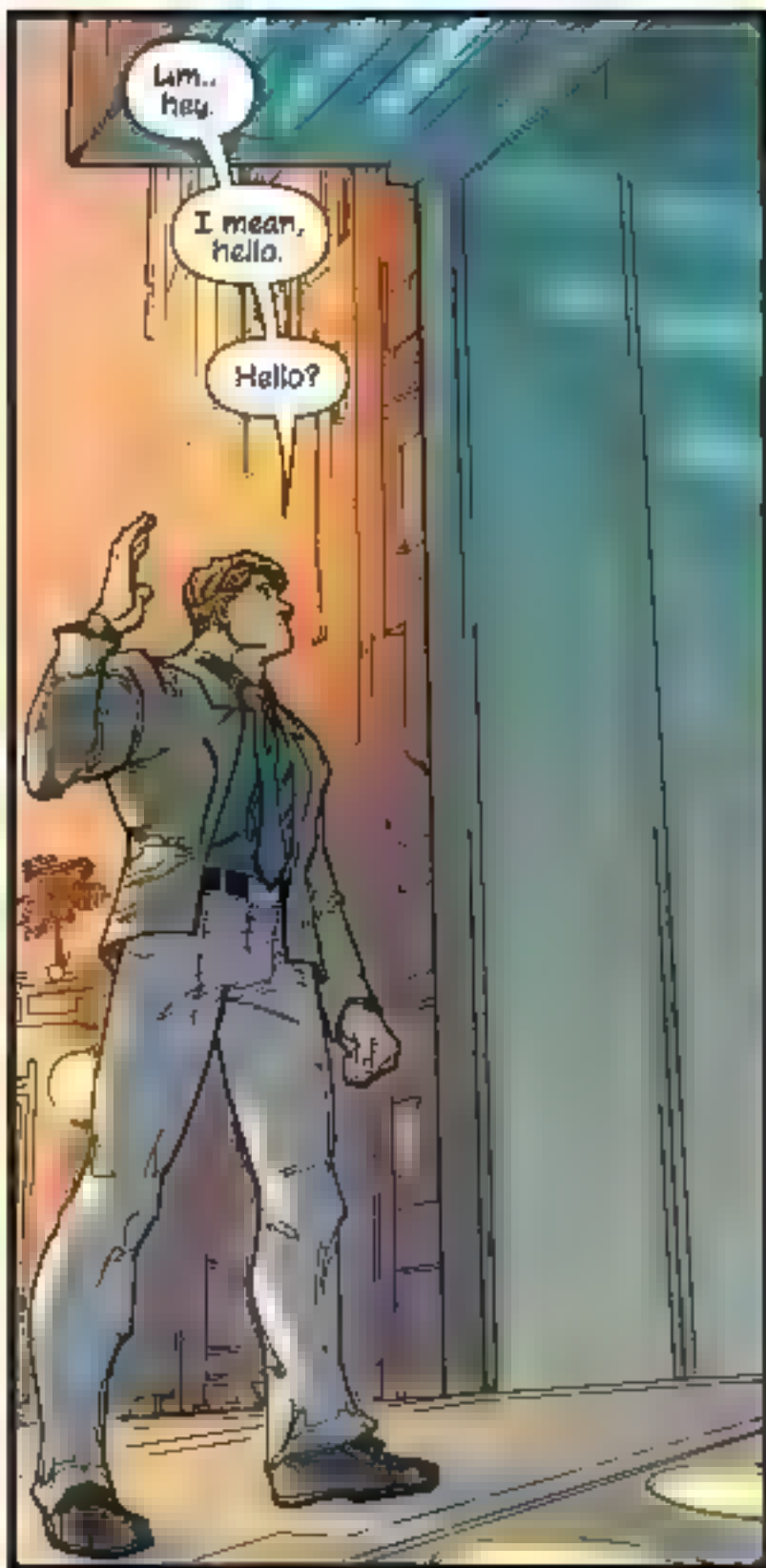
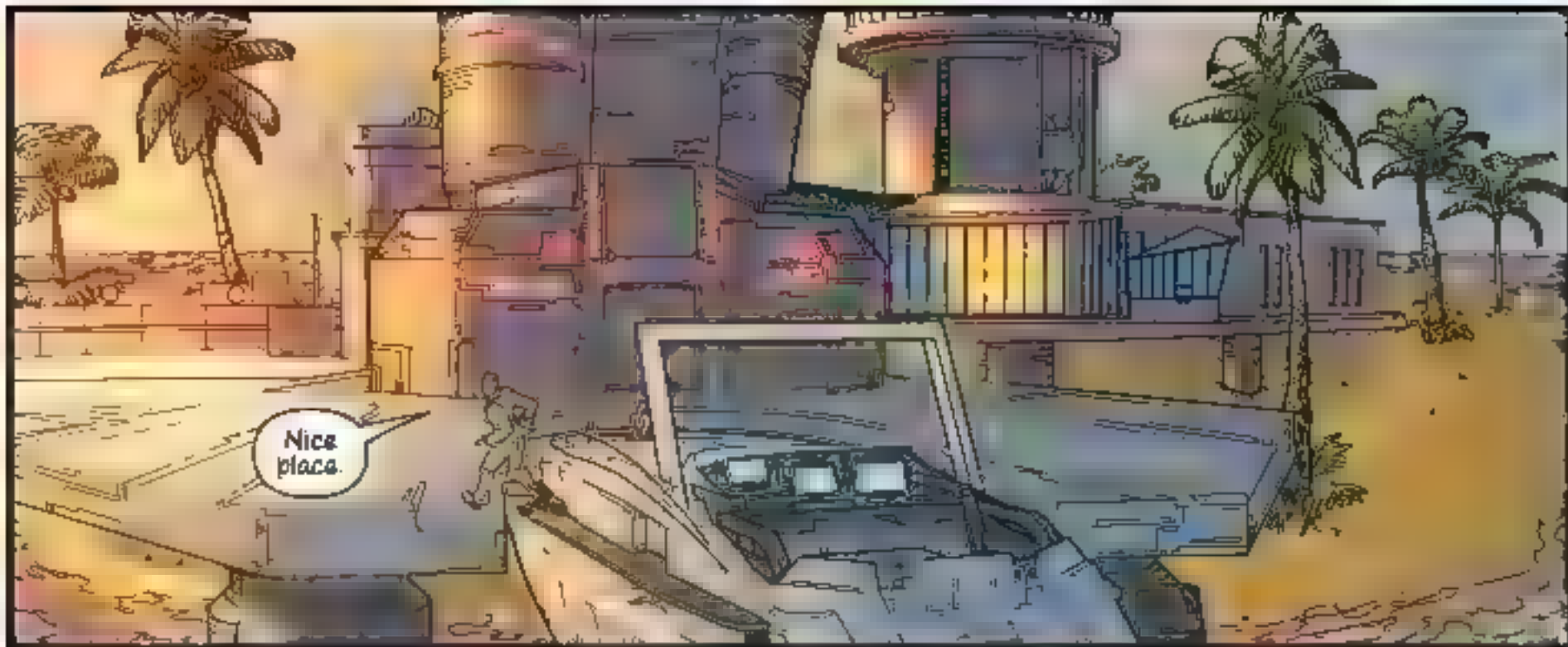
AUTONOMOUS PILOTING
AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT

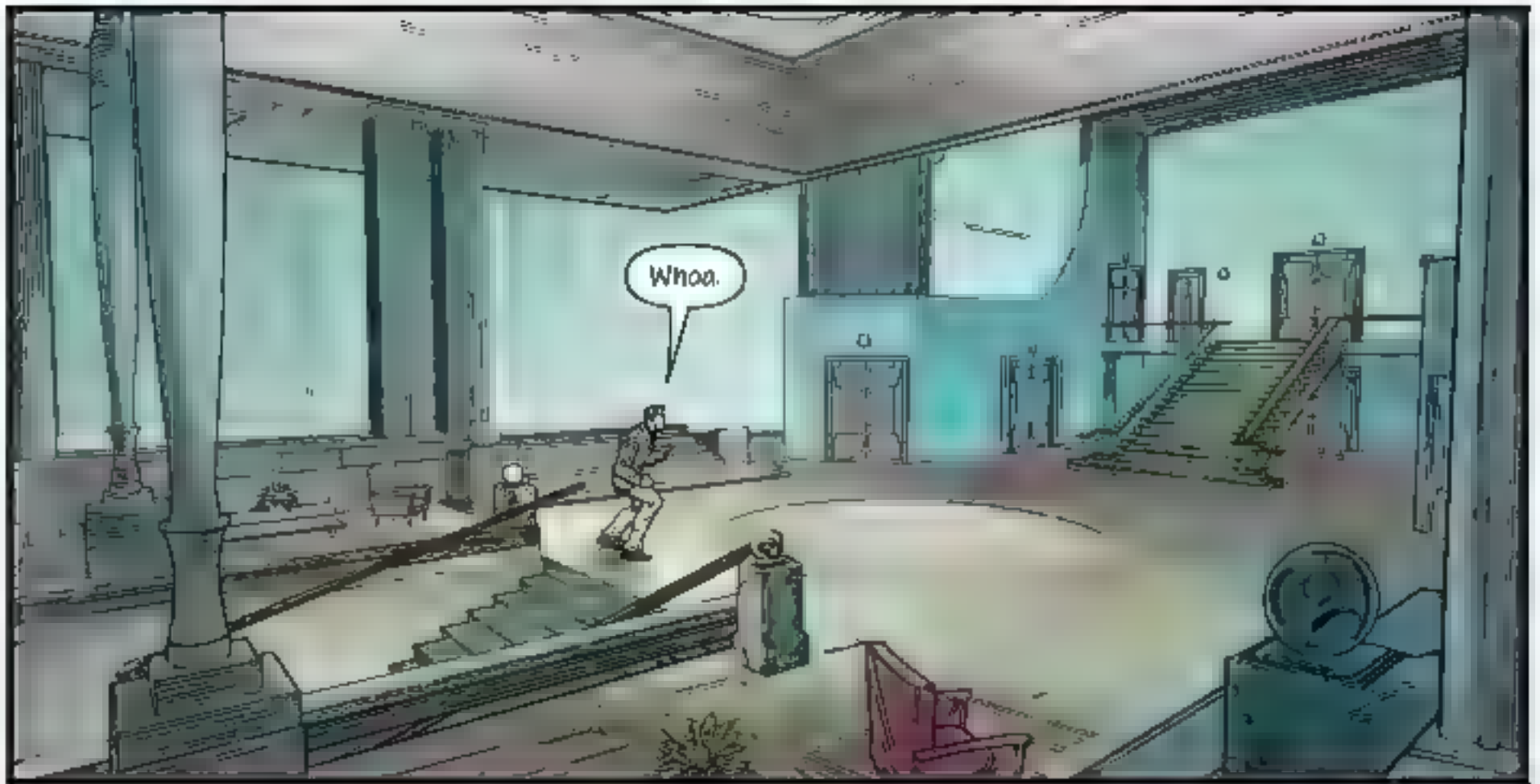


INDIAN OCEAN



EPISODE FOUR ETERNAL

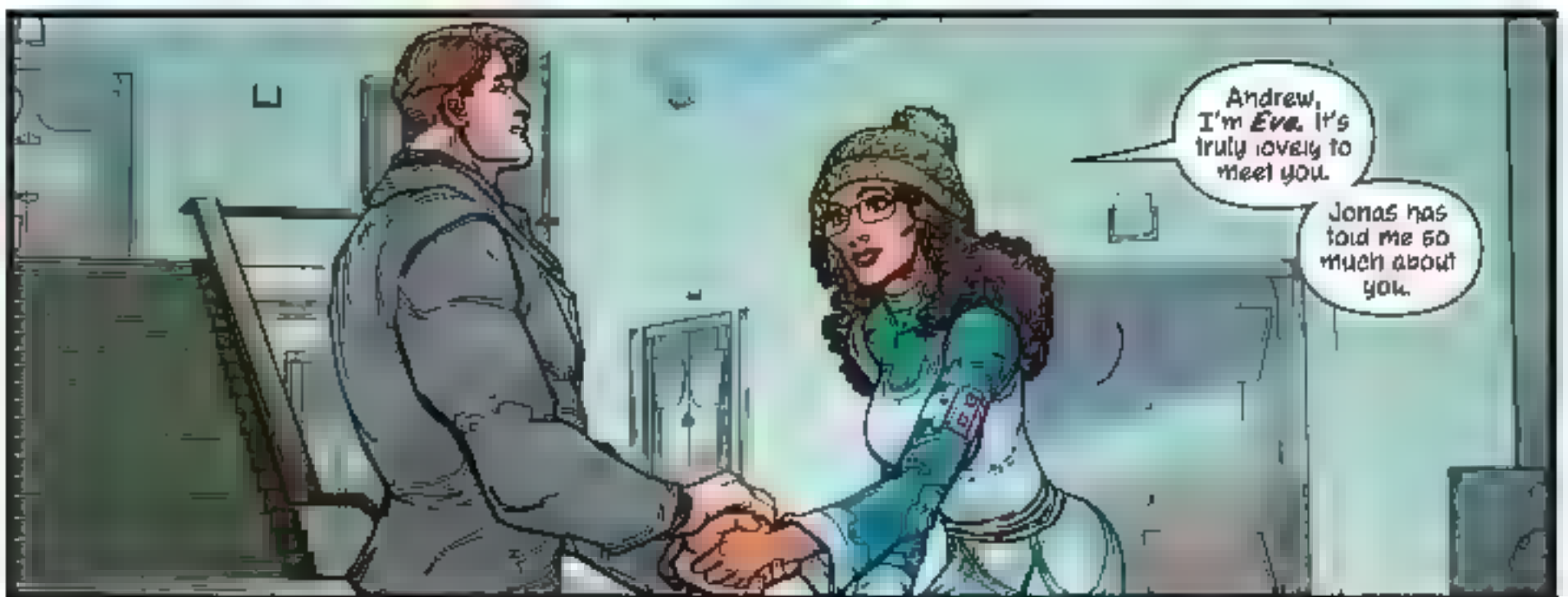




Whoa.

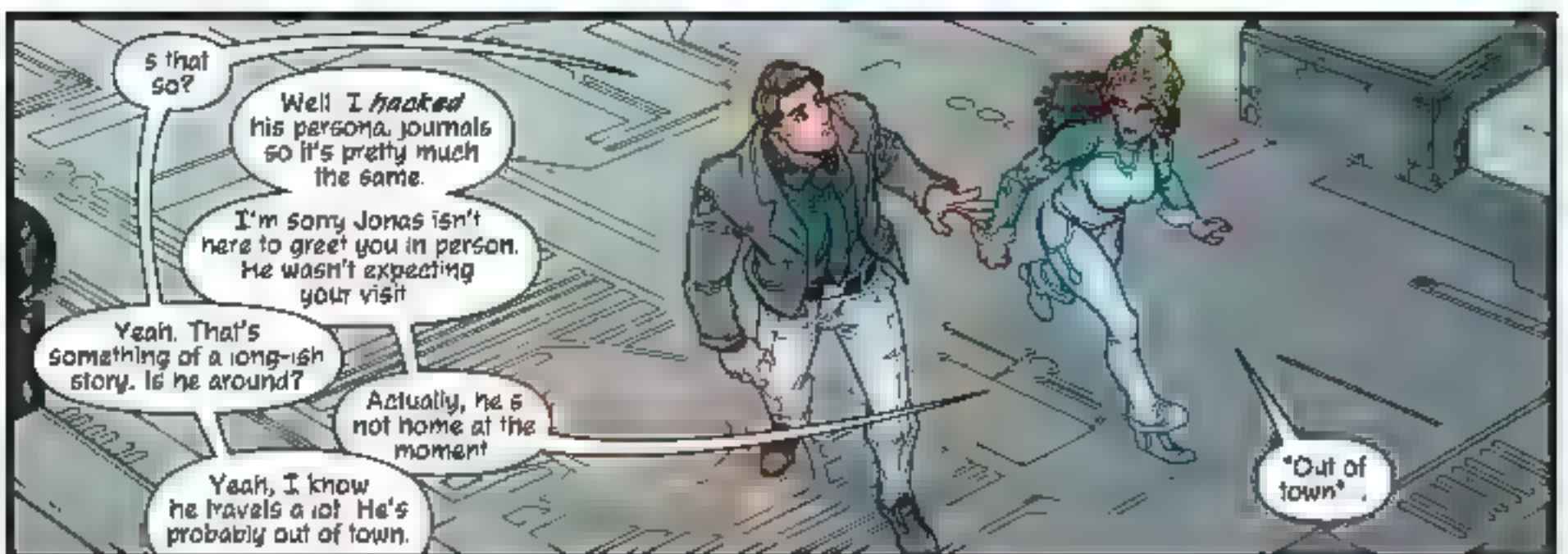


Andrew?



Andrew, I'm *Eva*. It's truly lovely to meet you.

Jonas has told me so much about you.



Is that so?

Well I *hacked* his persona journals so it's pretty much the same.

I'm sorry Jonas isn't here to greet you in person. He wasn't expecting your visit.

Yeah. That's something of a long-ish story. Is he around?

Actually, he's not home at the moment.

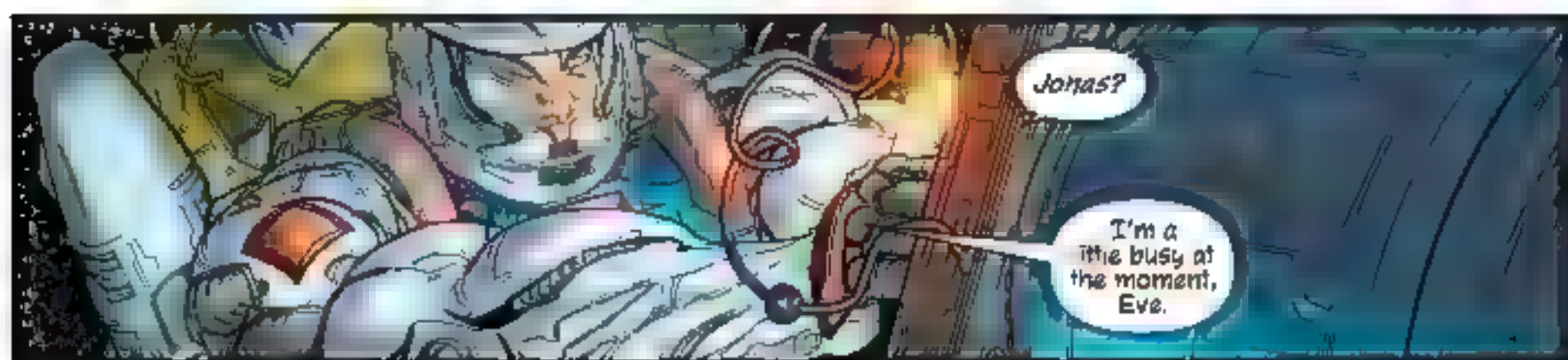
Yeah, I know he travels a lot. He's probably out of town.

"Out of town".



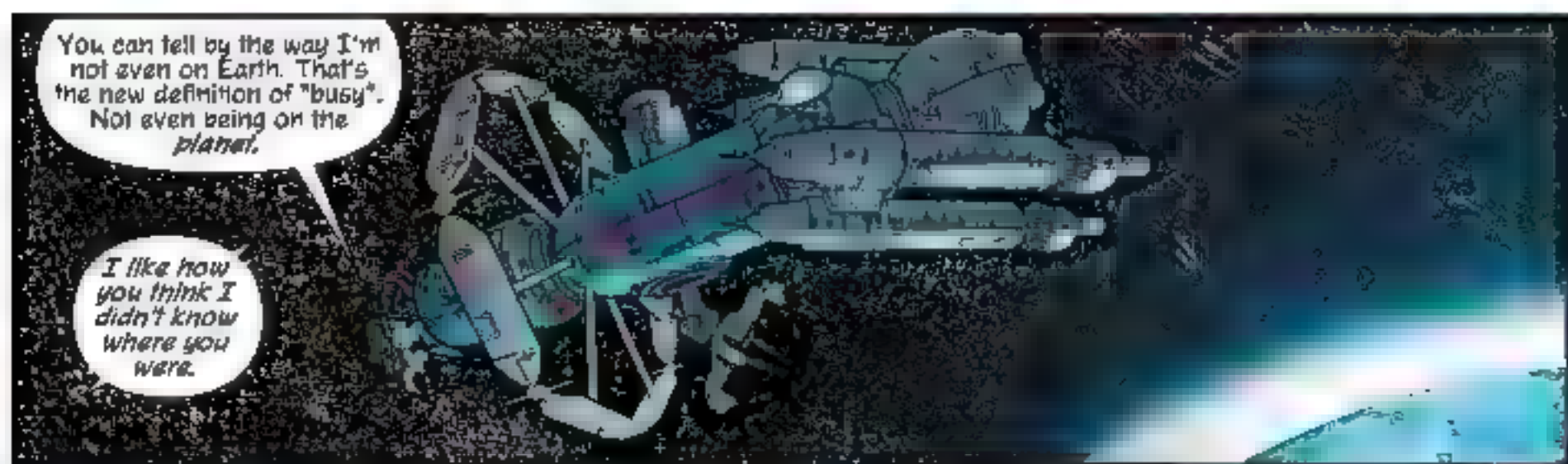
"You could say that."

**GEOCENTRIC ORBIT
36,251 KILOMETERS
ABOVE EARTH**



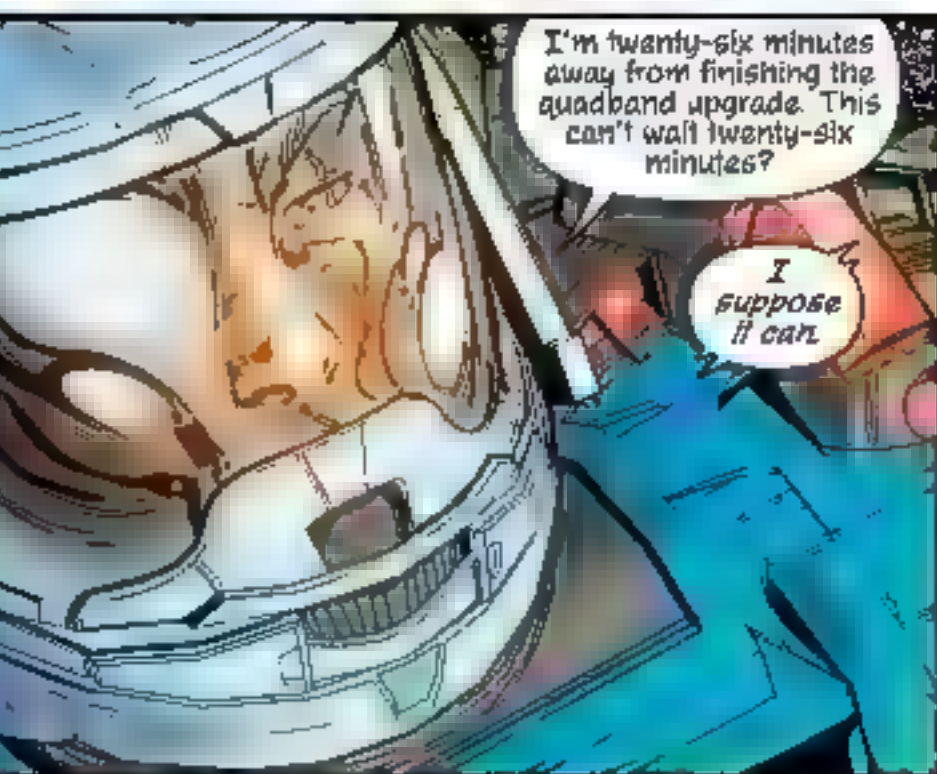
Jonas?

I'm a
little busy at
the moment,
Eve.



You can tell by the way I'm
not even on Earth. That's
the new definition of "busy".
Not even being on the
planet.

I like how
you think I
didn't know
where you
were.



I'm twenty-six minutes
away from finishing the
quadband upgrade. This
can't wait twenty-six
minutes?

I
suppose
it can.



Forget it. My
attention's
fractured. What's
going on?

It can
wait.

It can. But
I can't. Not
now that you've
dangled it.

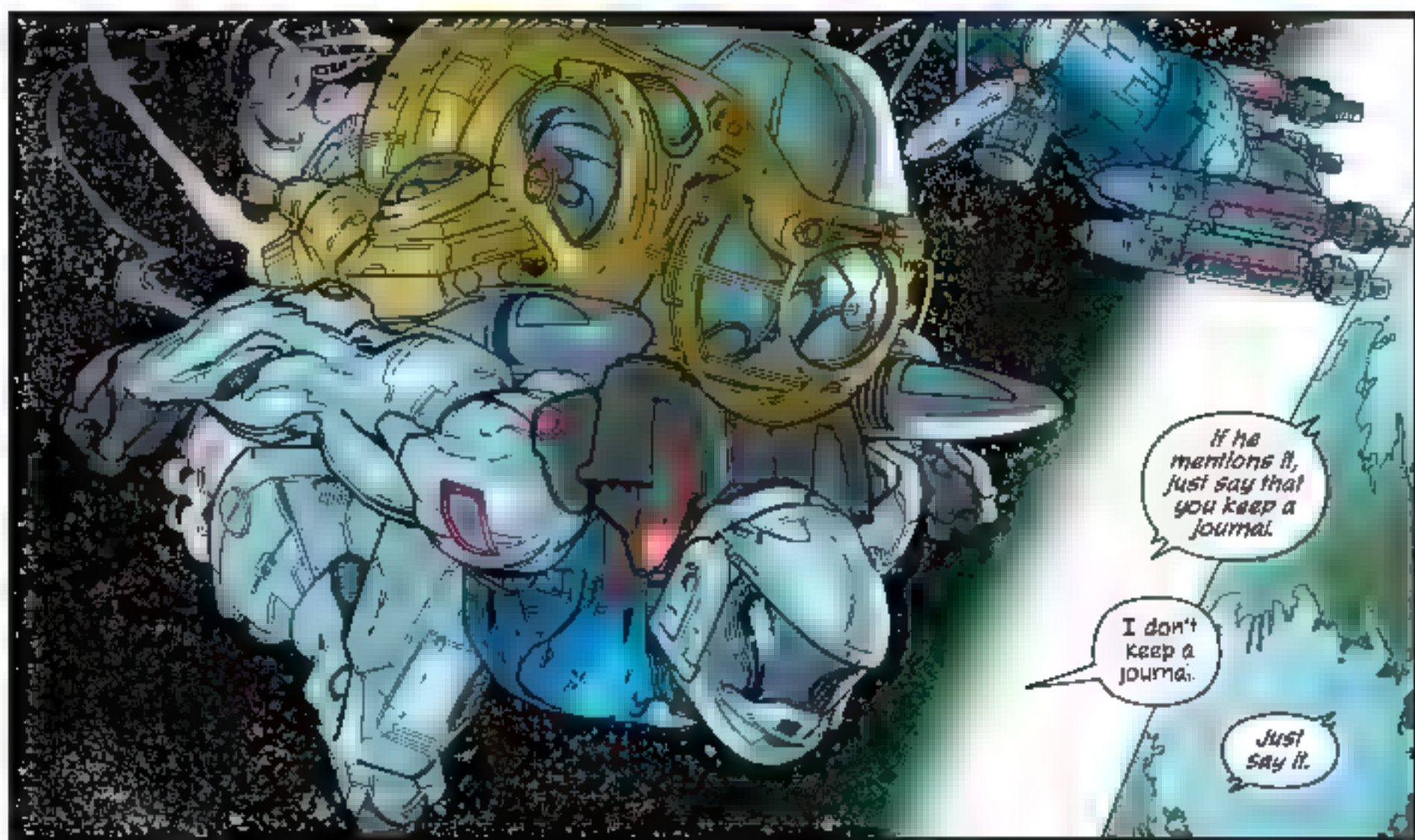
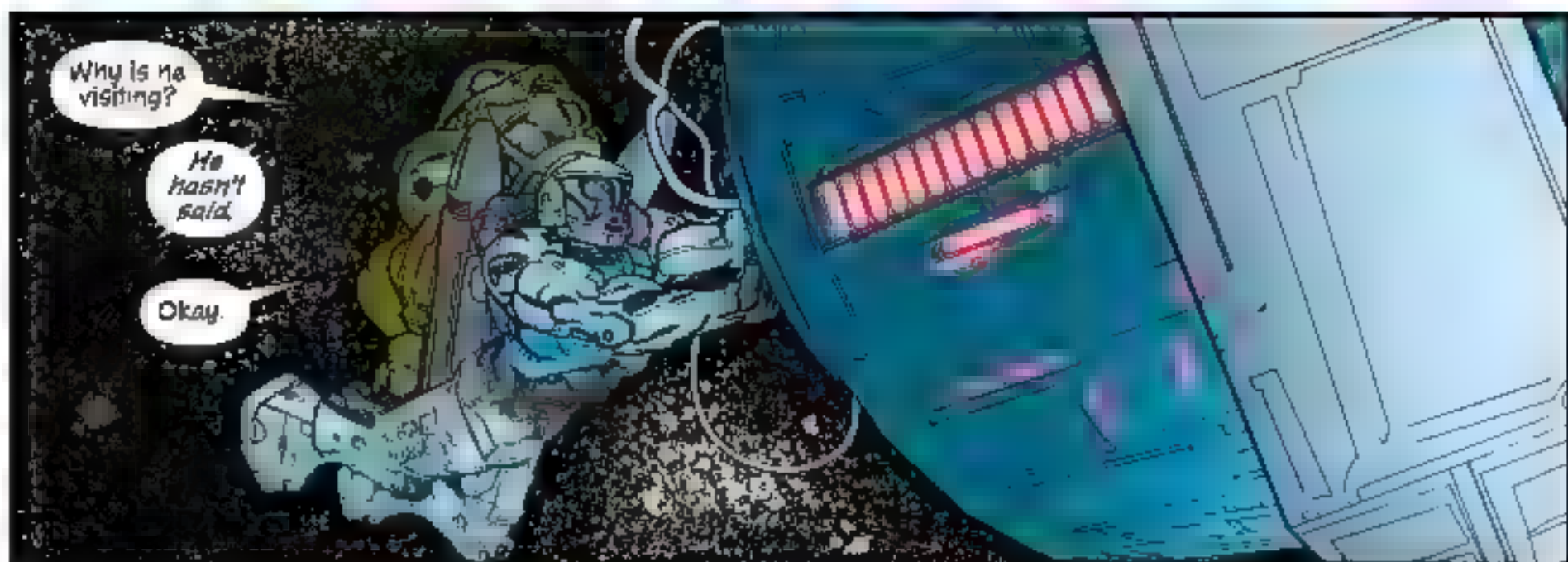
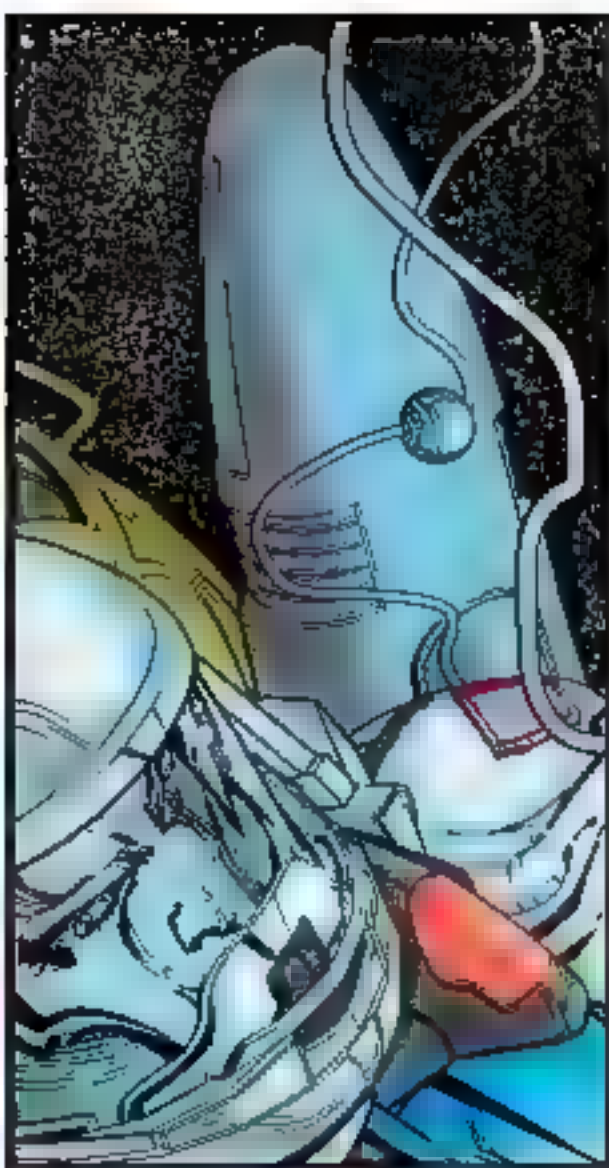
I didn't
"dangle"
anything.

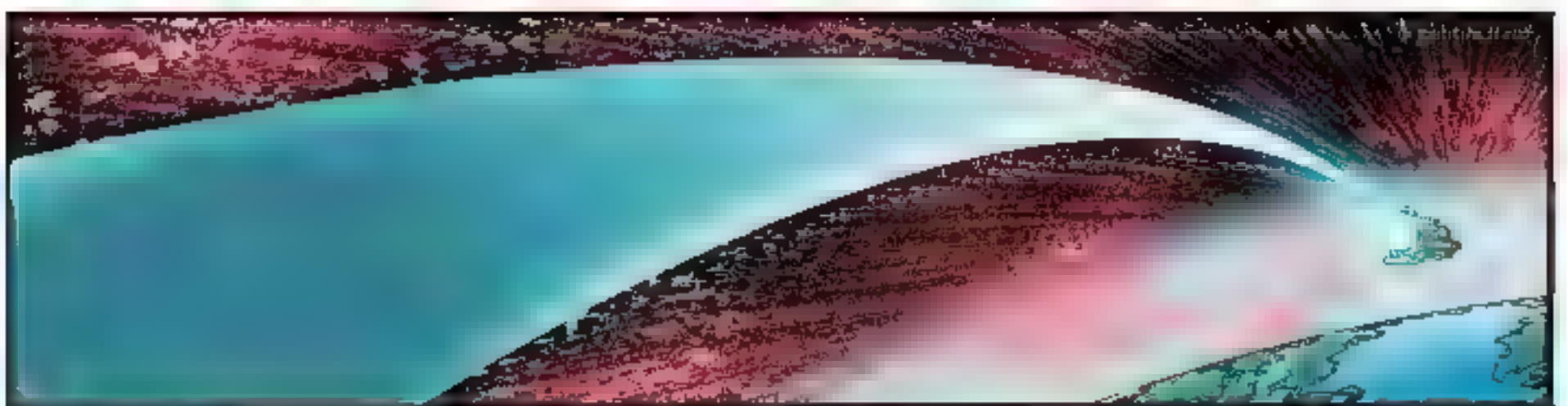
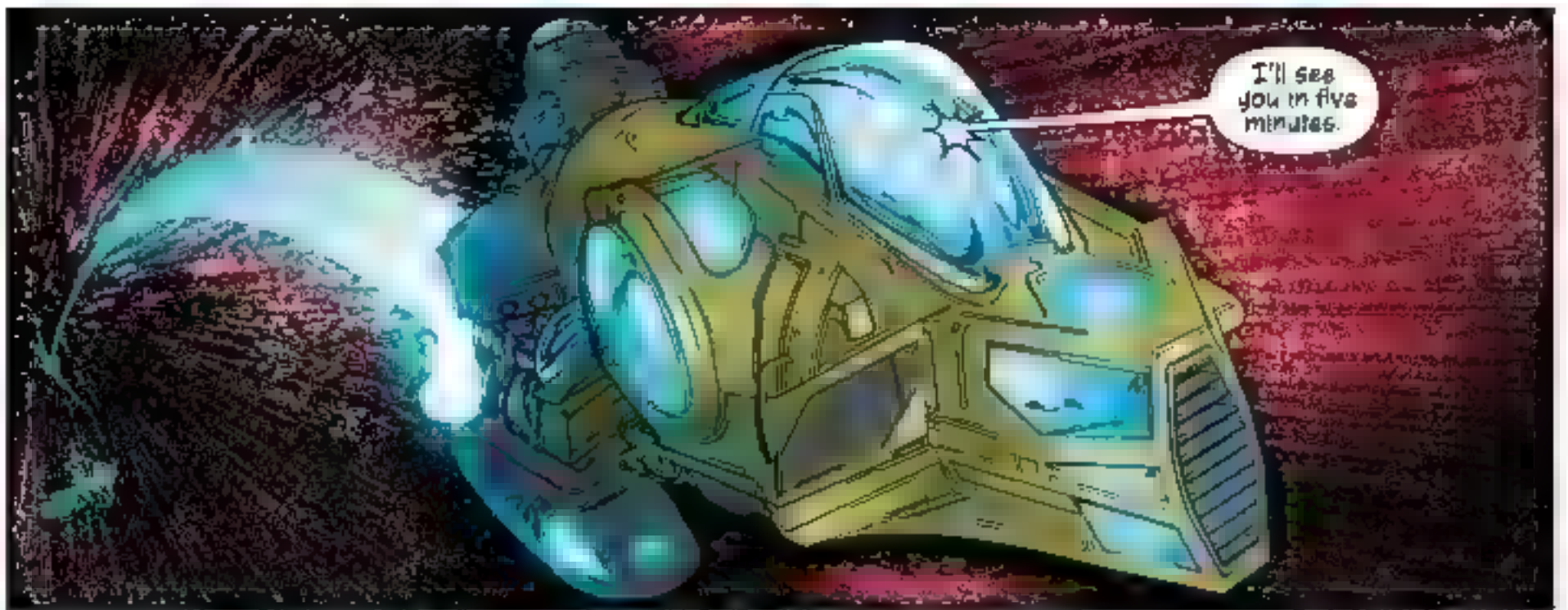
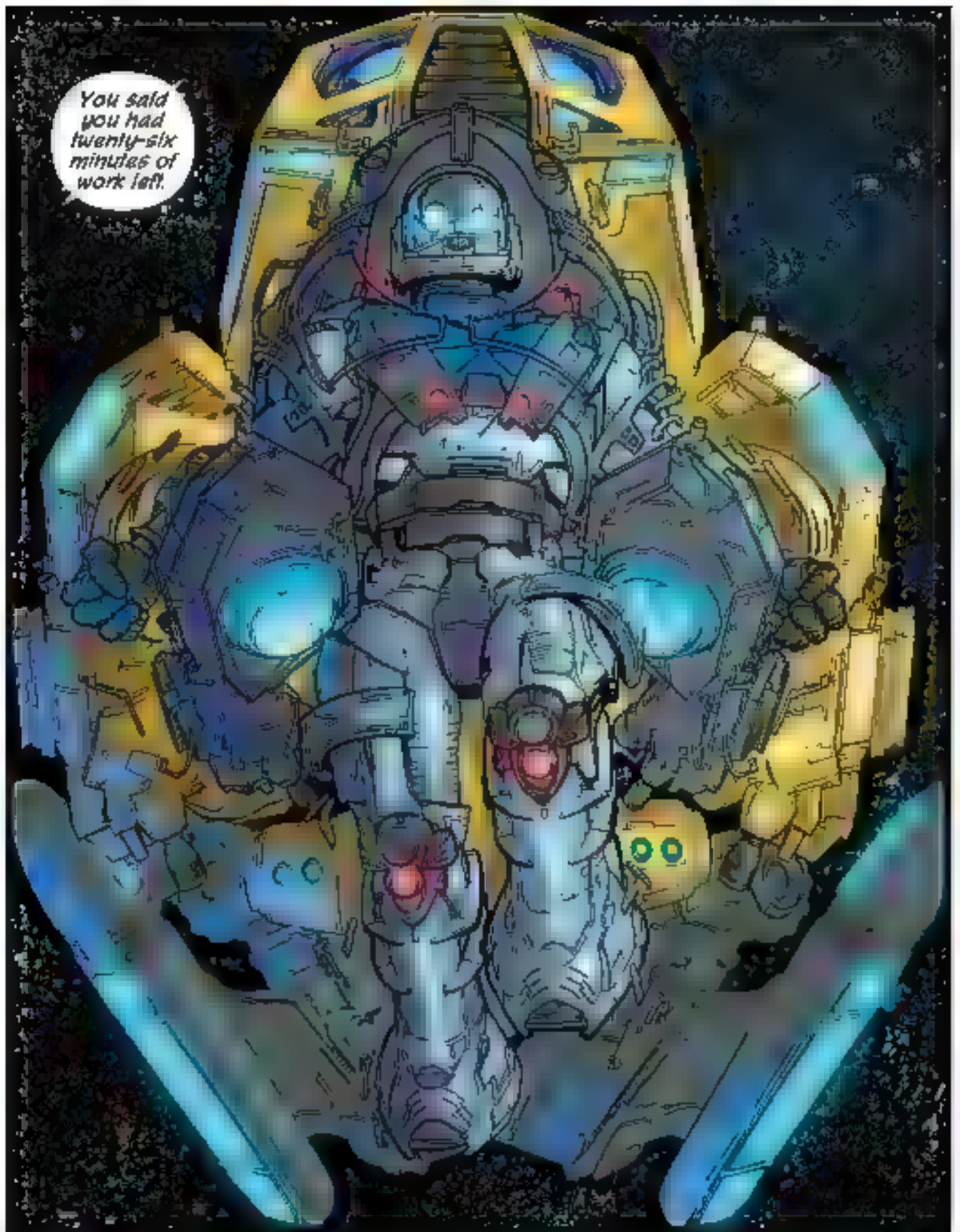
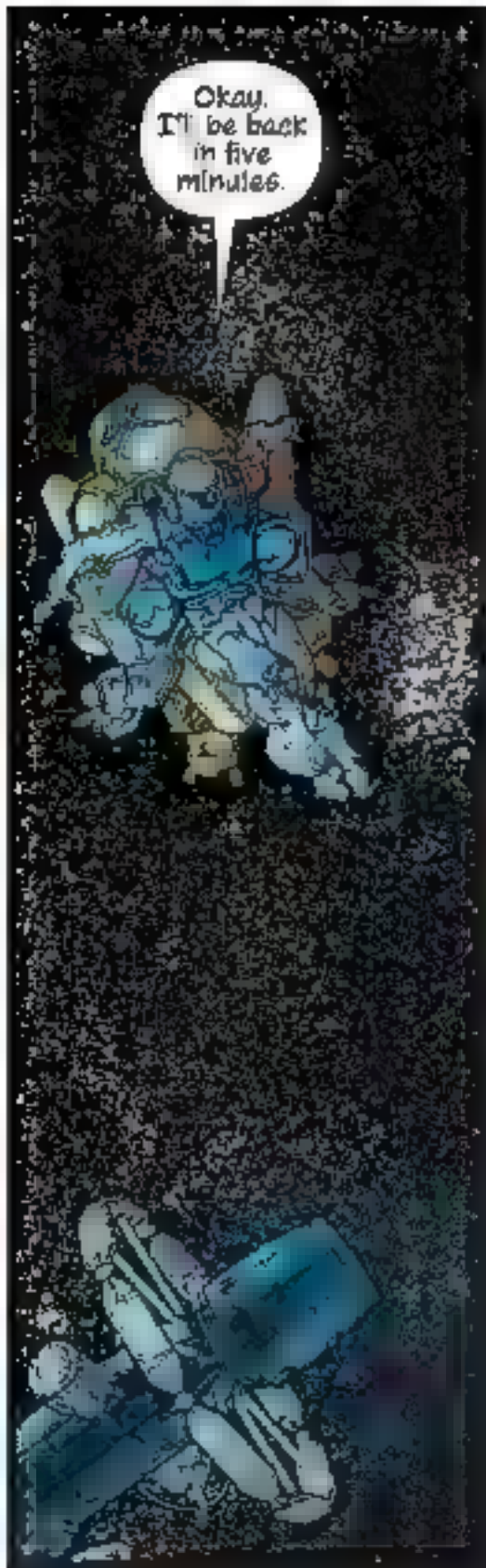
What
do you
need?

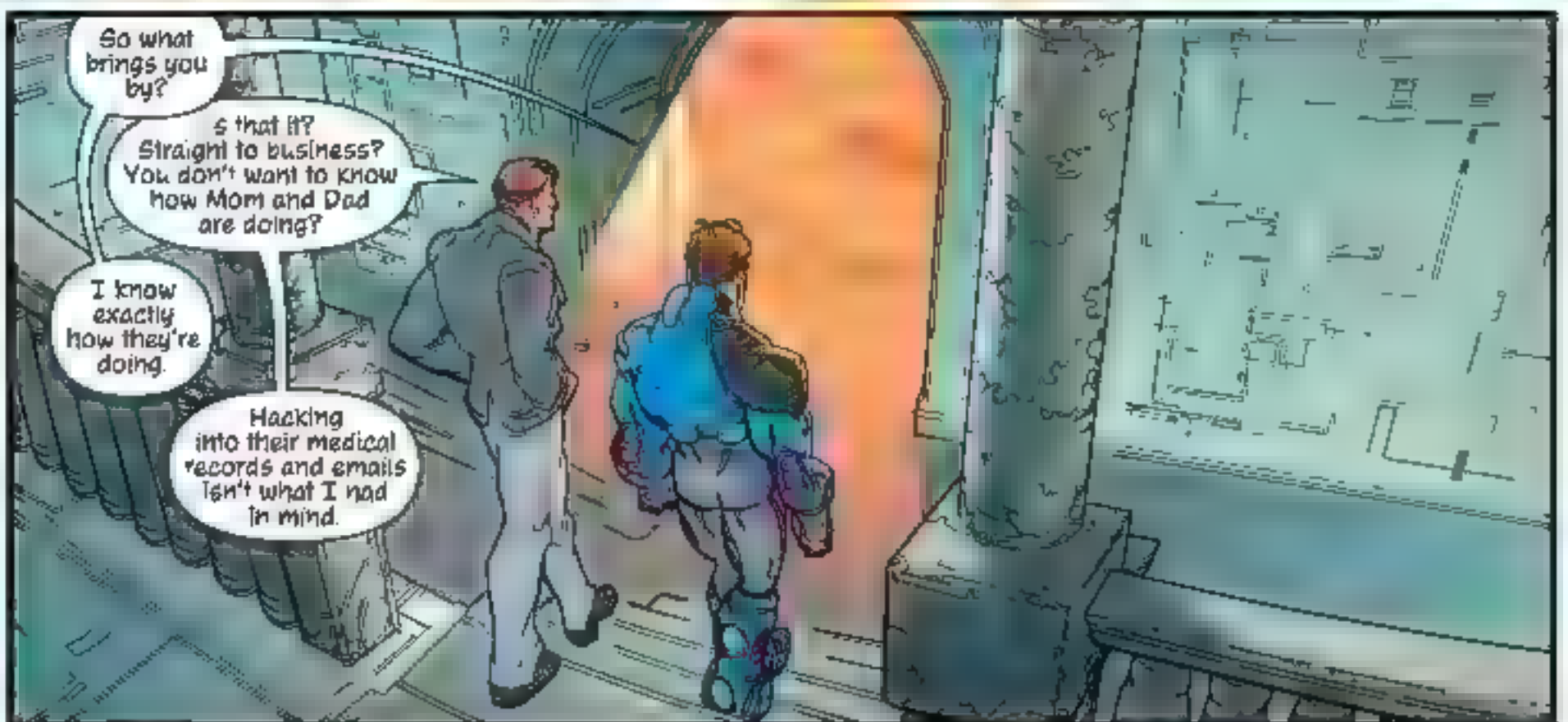
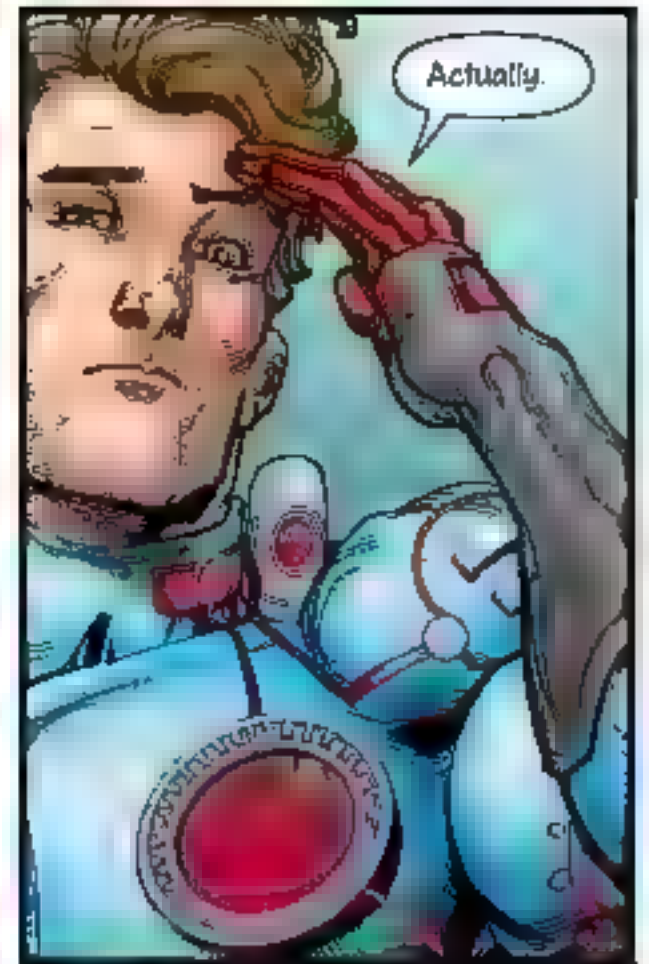
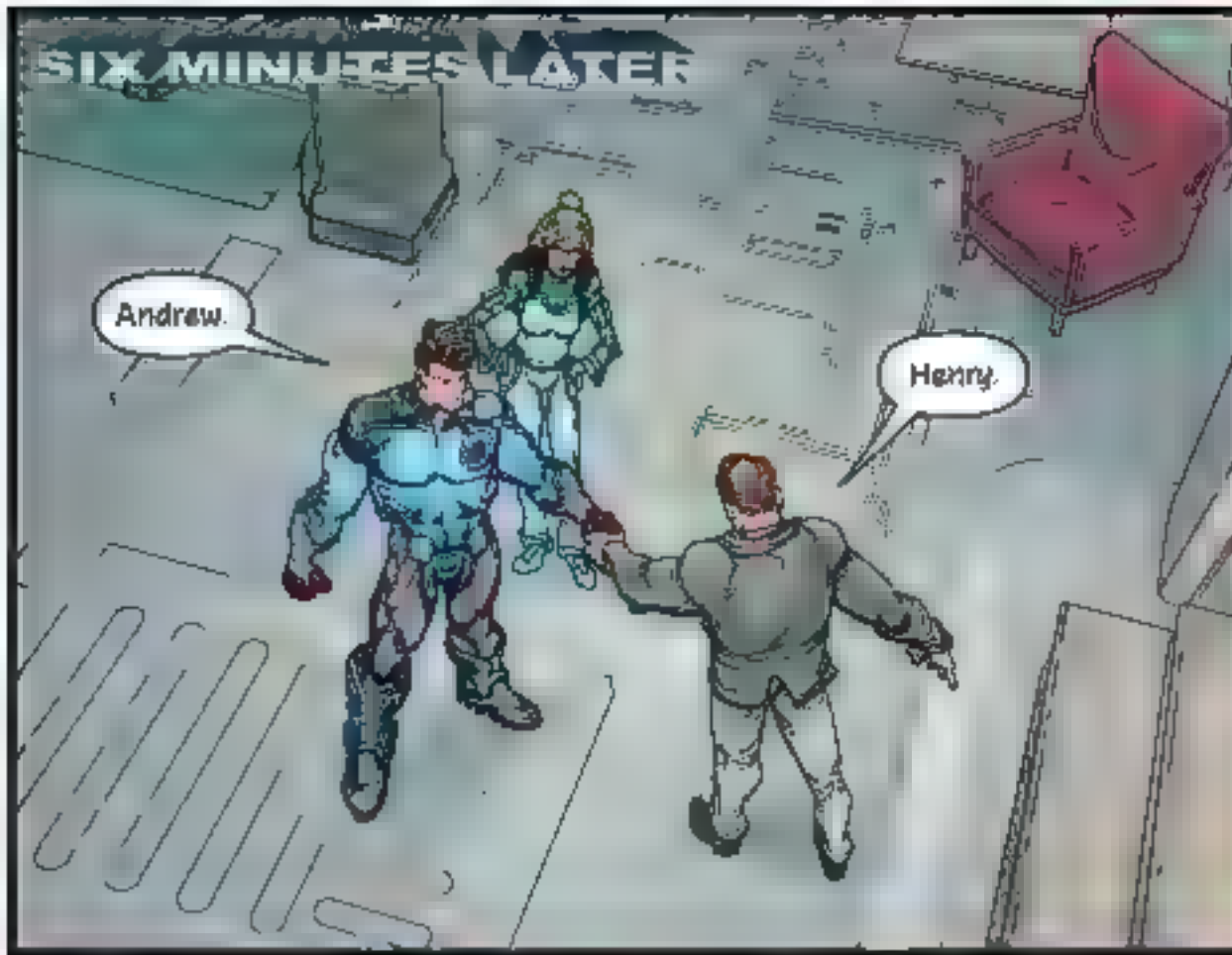
It can
wait.

Let's pretend it
can't. Let's pretend I'm
impatient that way.

We
really
wouldn't
have to
pretend.









I've tried reaching out. All they want to do is talk about grandkids or their lack thereof.

You could assist me in that regard.

I can't get you pregnant, Jonas.



So what brings you by, Andrew?

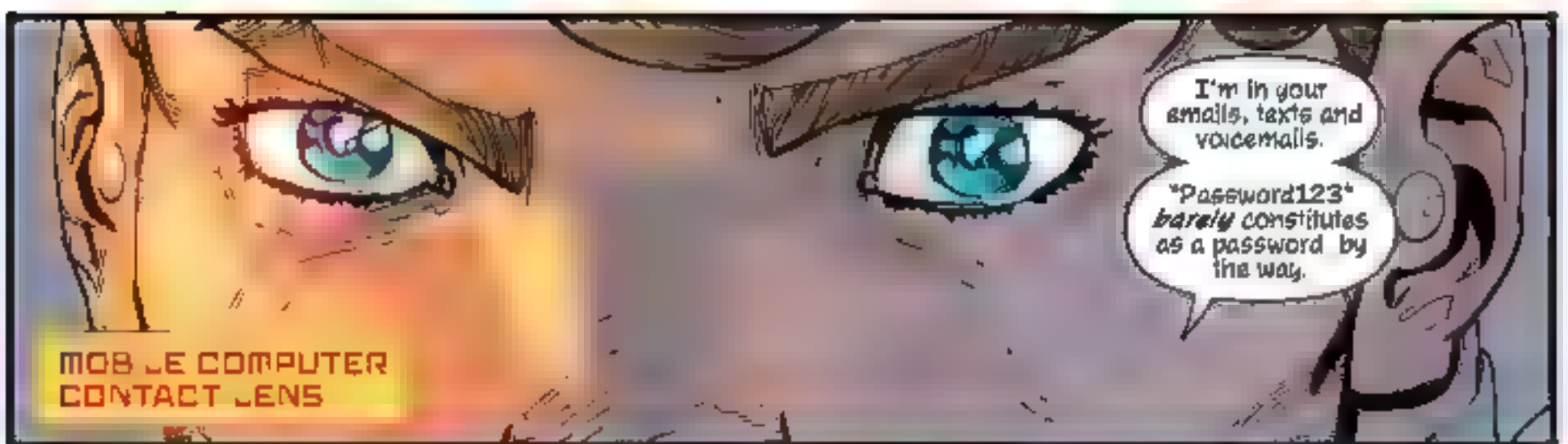
Seriously?

I've made small talk for 3.6 minutes. Which, by the way, beats my personal record by a factor of two.



This is.. delicate. I can't just jump into it.

You owe people money.



MOBILE COMPUTER CONTACT LENS

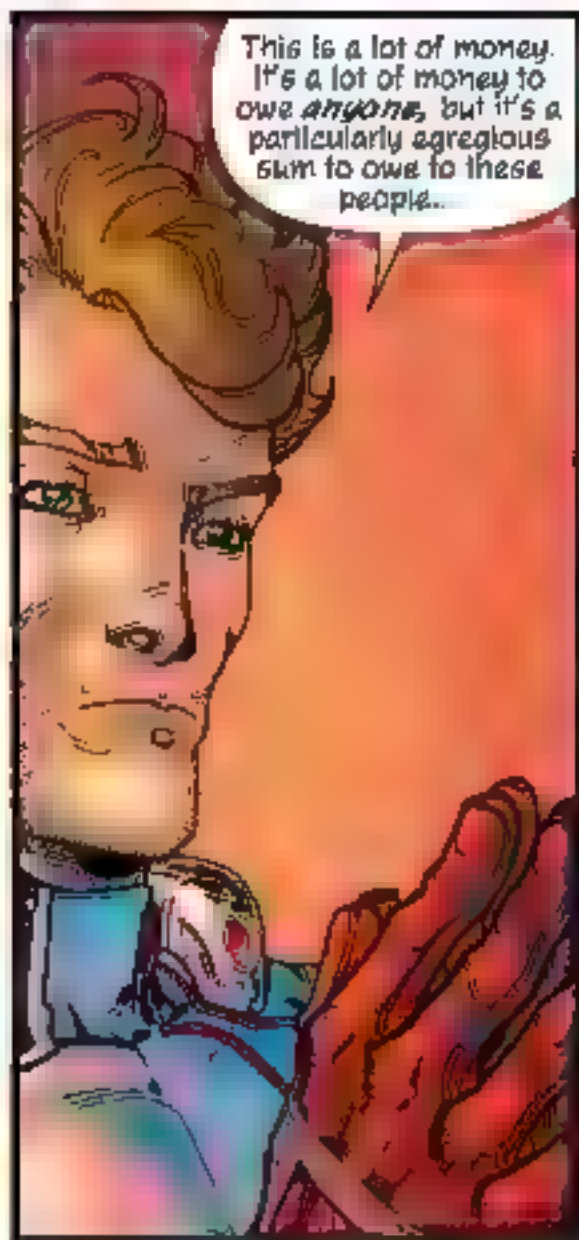
I'm in your emails, texts and voicemails.

"Password123" barely constitutes as a password by the way.



How about respecting a person's privacy--

Just being efficient





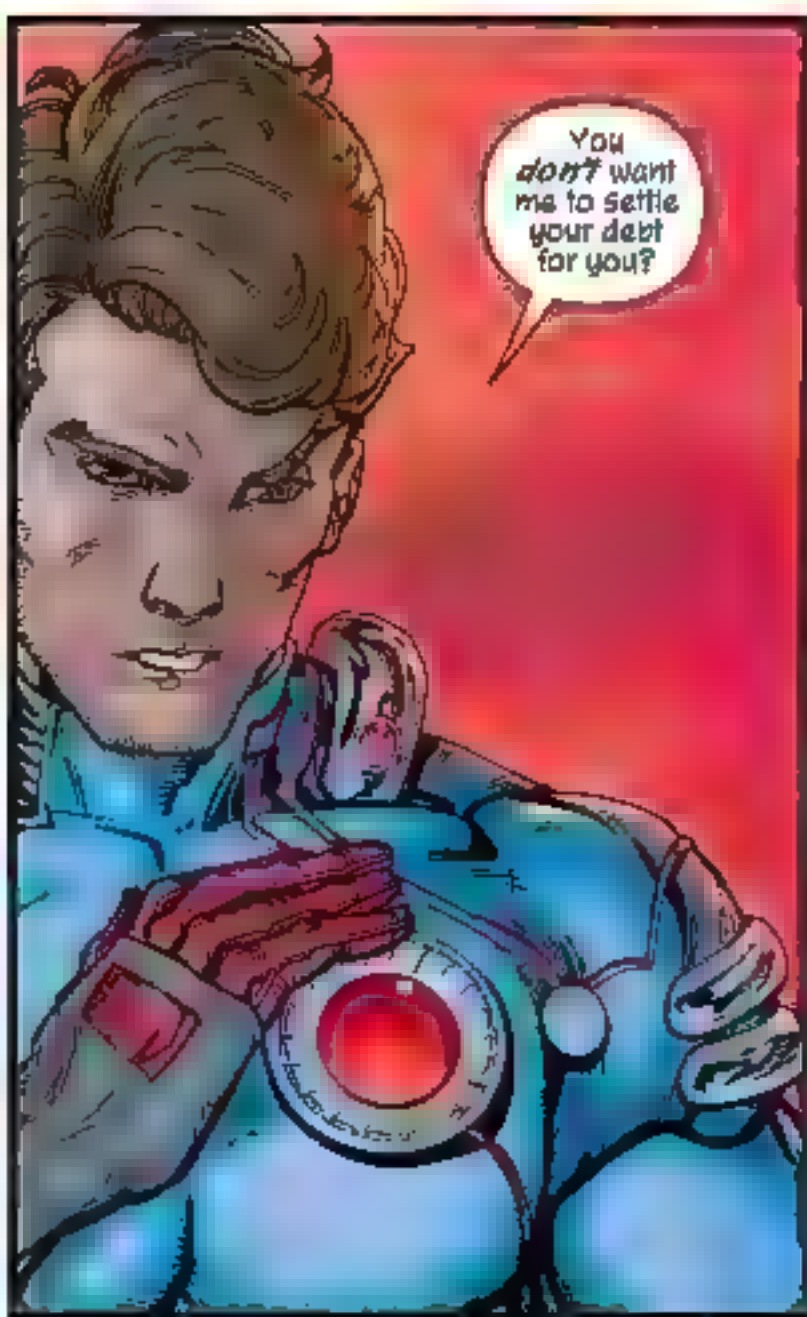
Nobody calls them
"the Mob" anymore.
It's *La Cosa Nostra
Diversified
Incorporated*.

(They set
themselves up as a
"legitimate" corporation
in Micronesia.)

And I don't want
you to pay them
back for me.



But apart from
a. that, you're pretty
much right about
everything else.



You
don't want
me to settle
your debt
for you?



Check my email.
They've set up interest
that compounds every
other *second*.

In the time it's
taken to have this
conversation, the
vig's already become
more than five of
your patents
could support.



Then
what is it
you want
me to
do?

MICRONESIA

**CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS
OF LA COSA NOSTRA DIVERSIFIED, INC.**

Thank
you for
agreeing to
meet with
me.

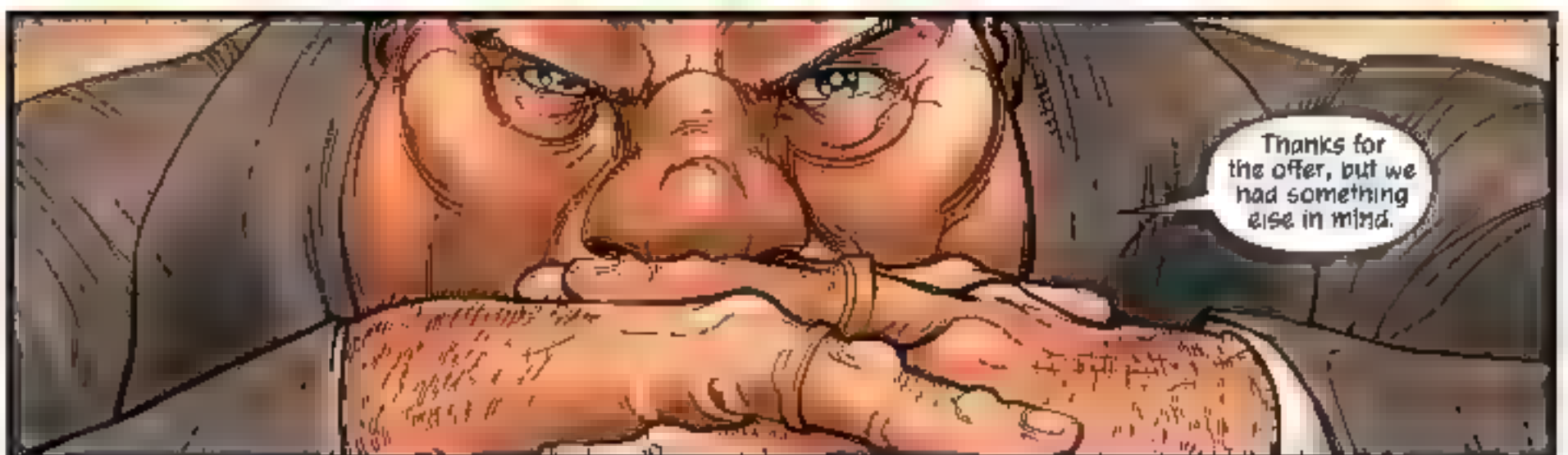
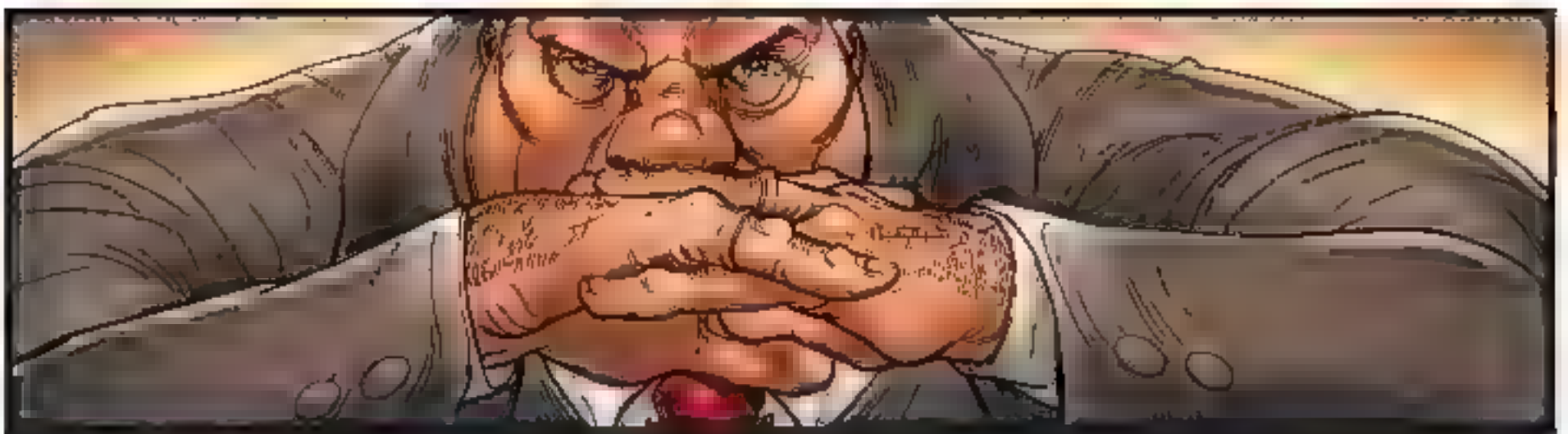
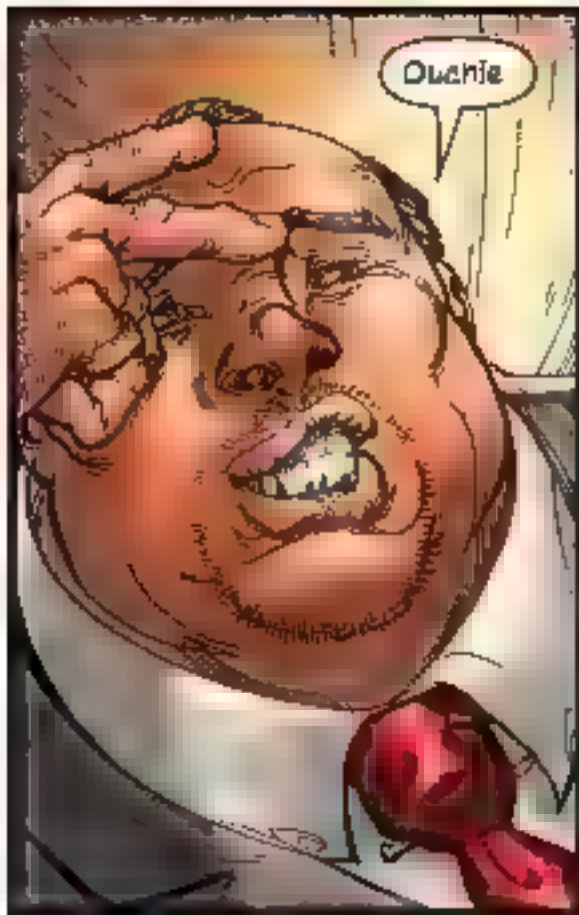
'Least we could do
Your brother owes us
a not insubstantial
amount of money.

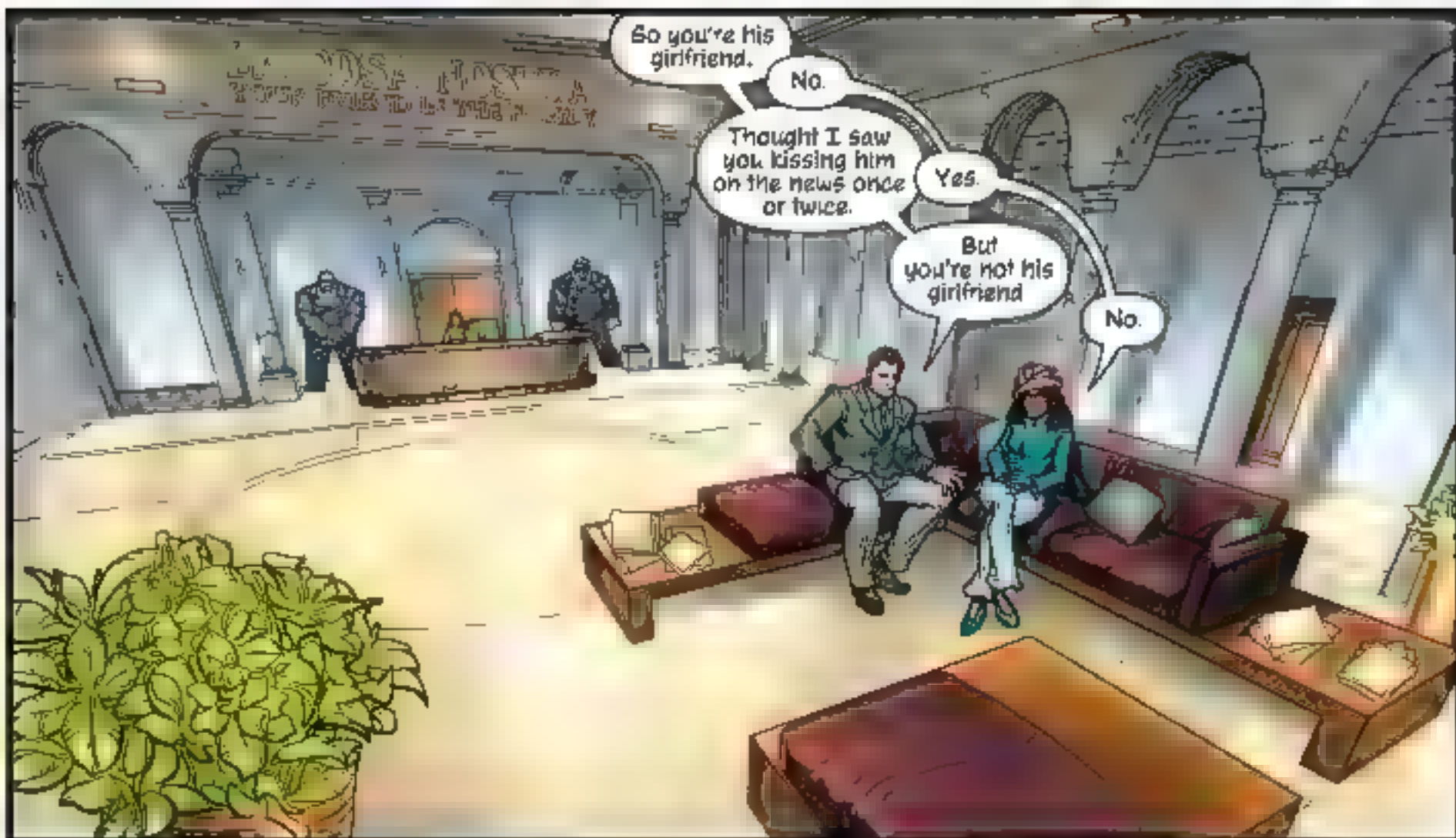
And I'm
here to settle
his debt

How? At
last count, he
owes us..

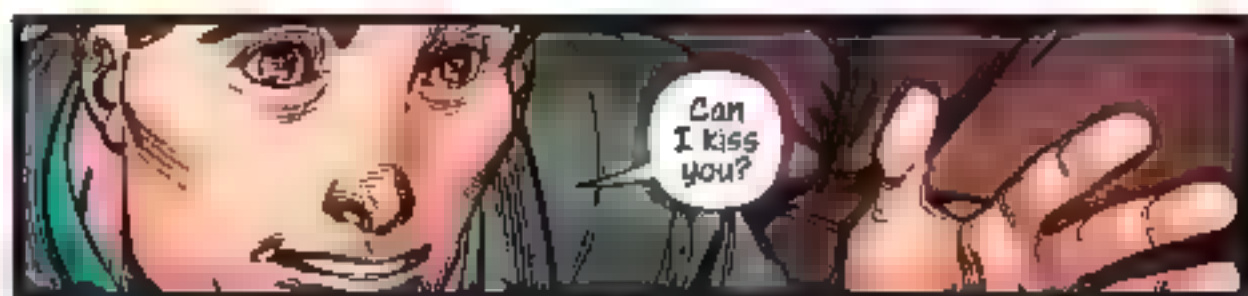
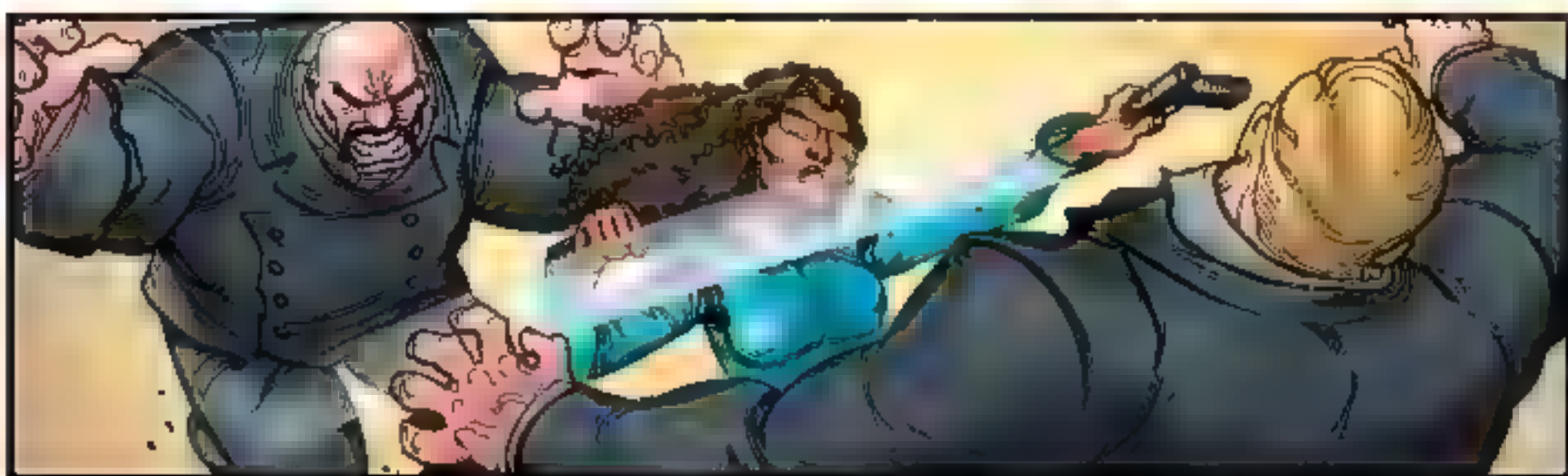
How much
does he owe
us?

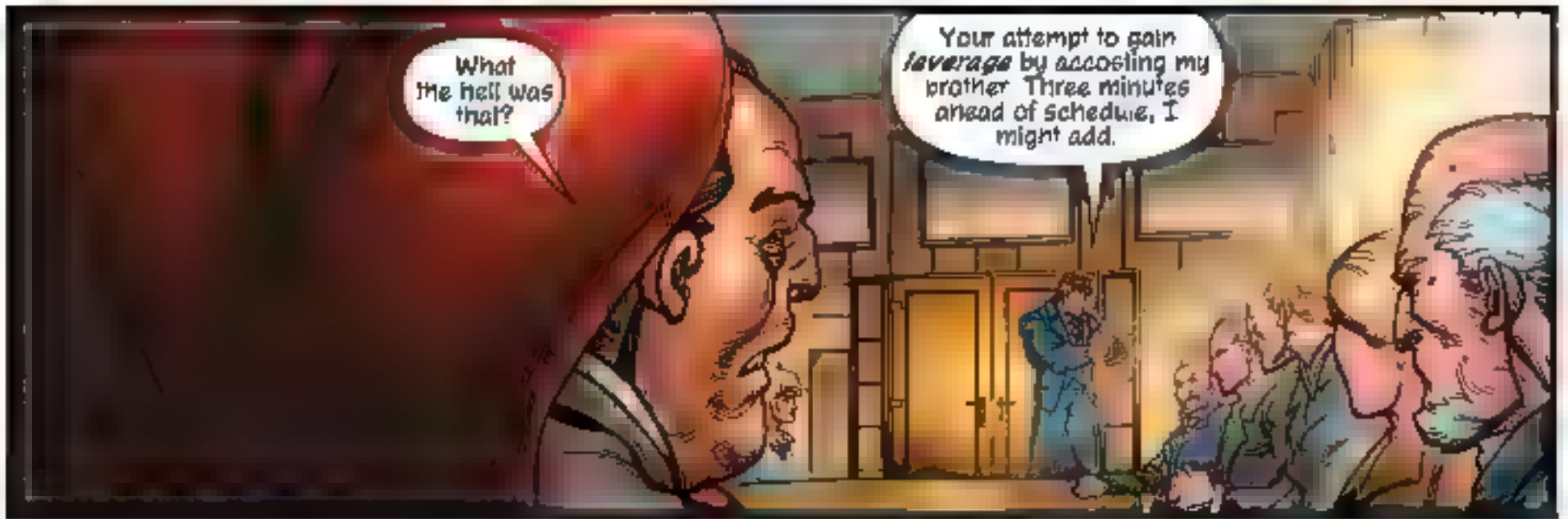
Three
point six
trillion
Euros.











What the hell was that?

Your attempt to gain leverage by accosting my brother Three minutes ahead of schedule, I might add.



Now, sha, we get back to business?



Yeah. Yeah, fine.

Like I was saying, we're not waiting *decades* to get our money back. We want something today and tangible.



What?



Well, I wanted a piece of that impressive *brain* of yours, but I was told that wasn't--what's the word?--*feasible*.

So we'll settle for some of your *DNA*.





Eve--

Hey, Jonas.
I might have
something of
a situation
here.



You didn't
want me.
You wanted
her.

An
advanced
AI with a lifelike
appearance?
We can make
trillions.

(Is it true
she's anatomically
correct? We'd heard
rumors..)



So much for
coming here in
good faith.



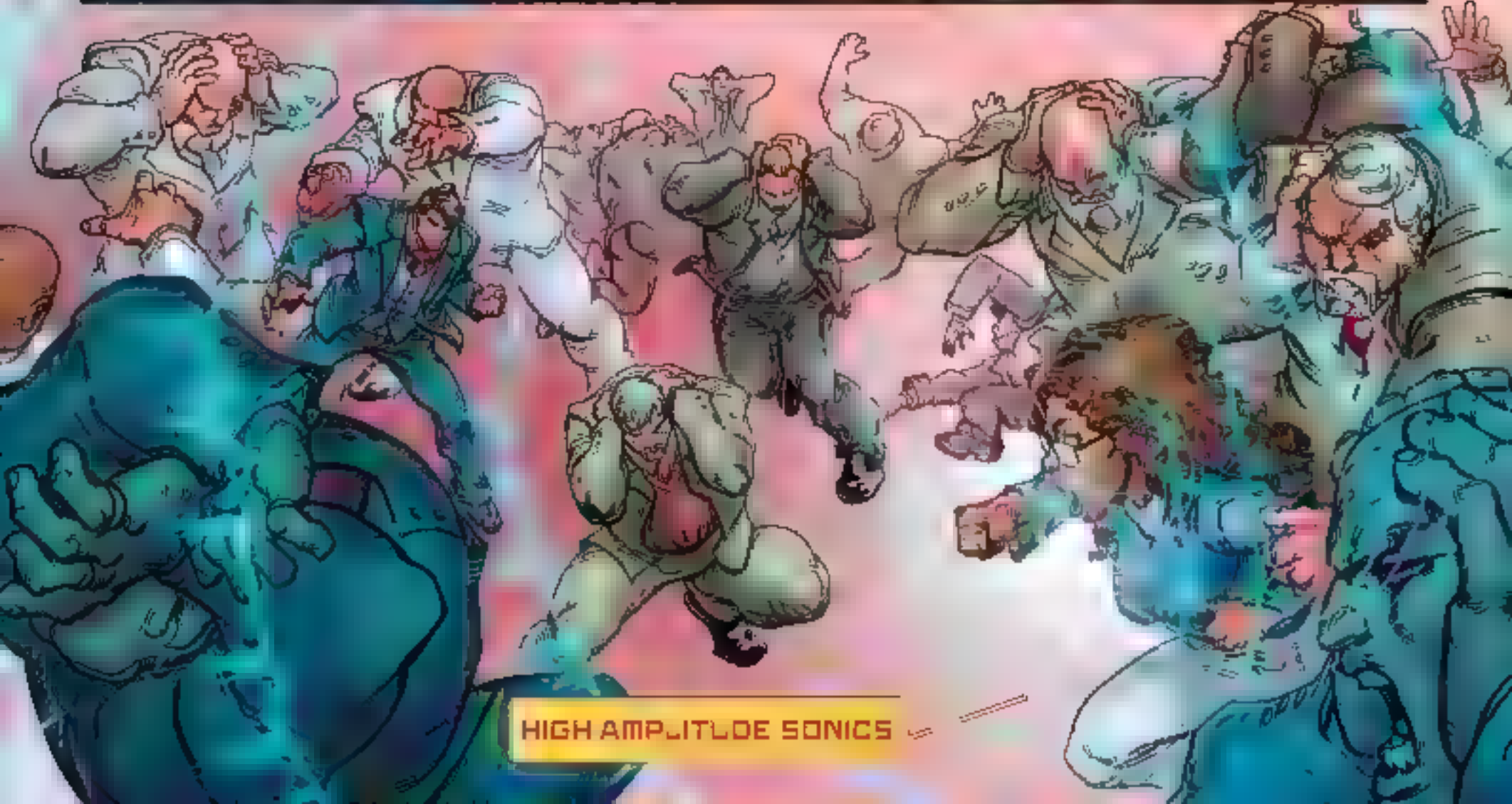
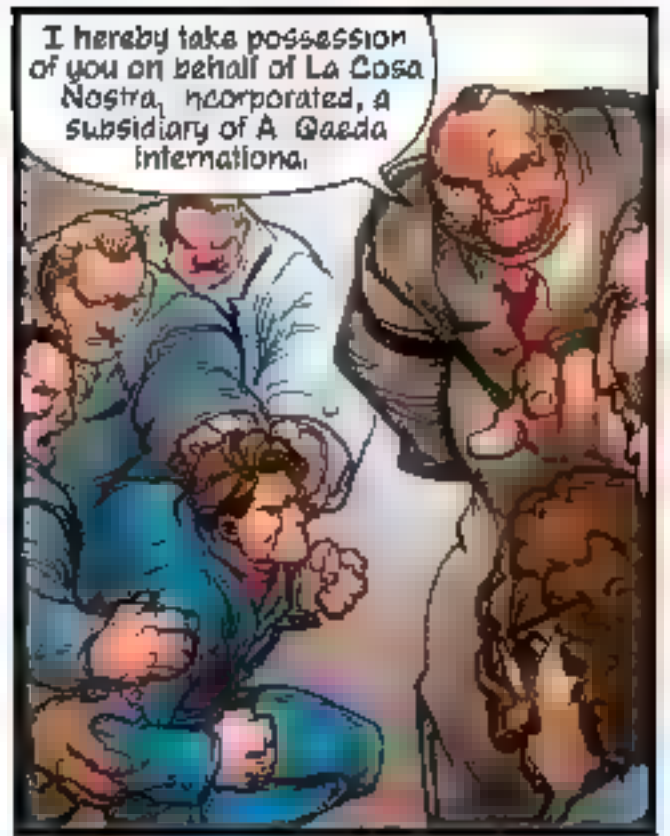
Henry--!

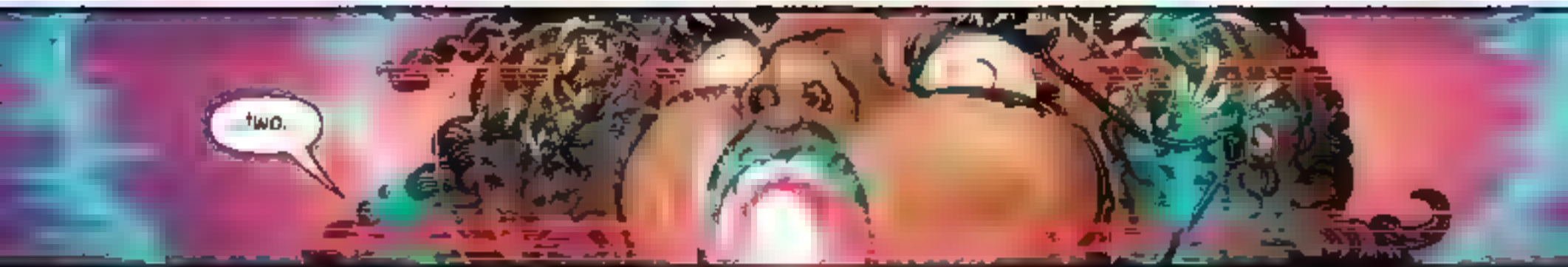
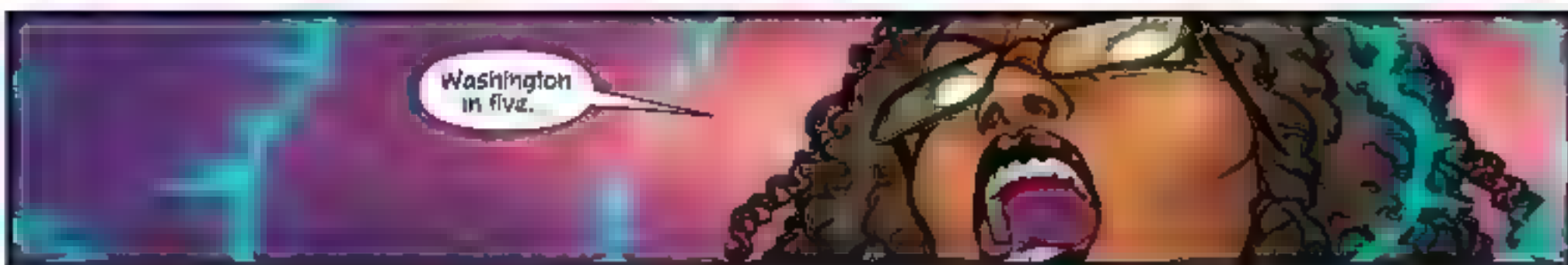
Hang
on...



Jonas,
there's too
many--

JONAS!









Did you know?



How many times are you gonna ask me--?



Until I've confidence in the *veracity* of your answer

I didn't set you up.

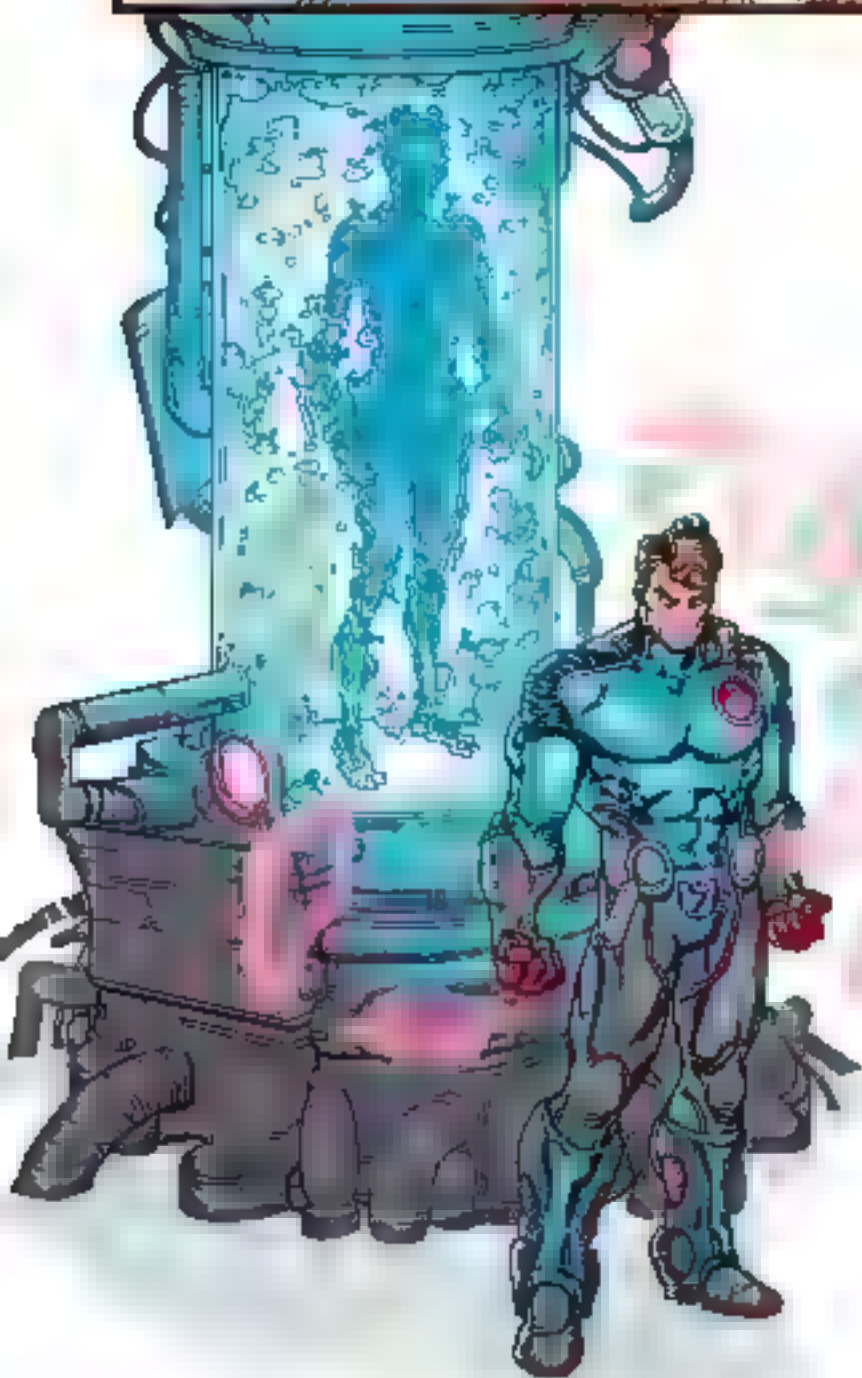
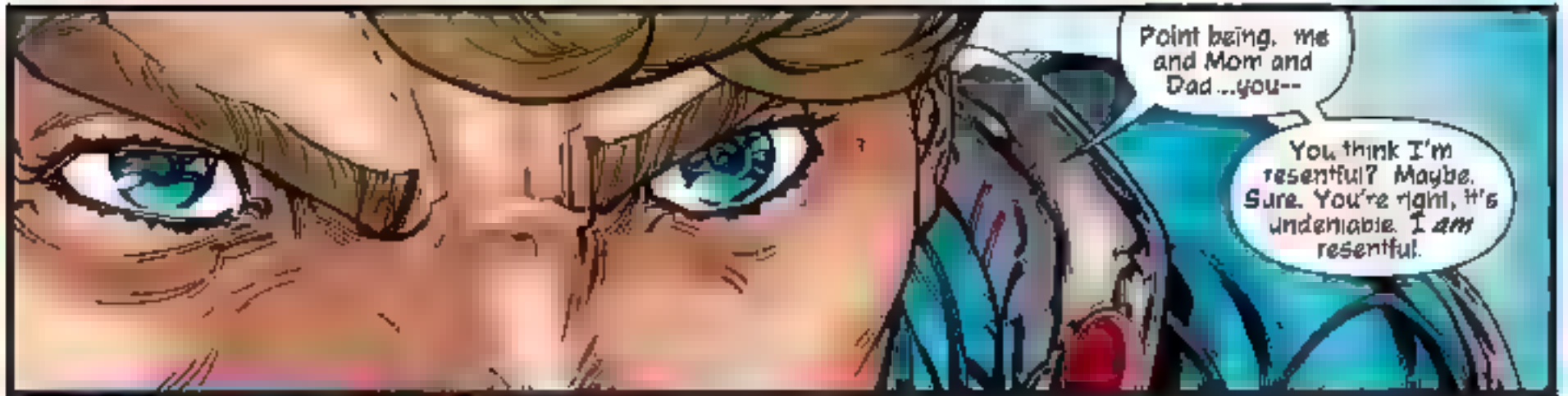
I'm running out of different ways to say it.

La Cosa Nostra has friends, other assets. Your debt--which I suspect was dangled by you in order to compromise *me*--remains on the books.

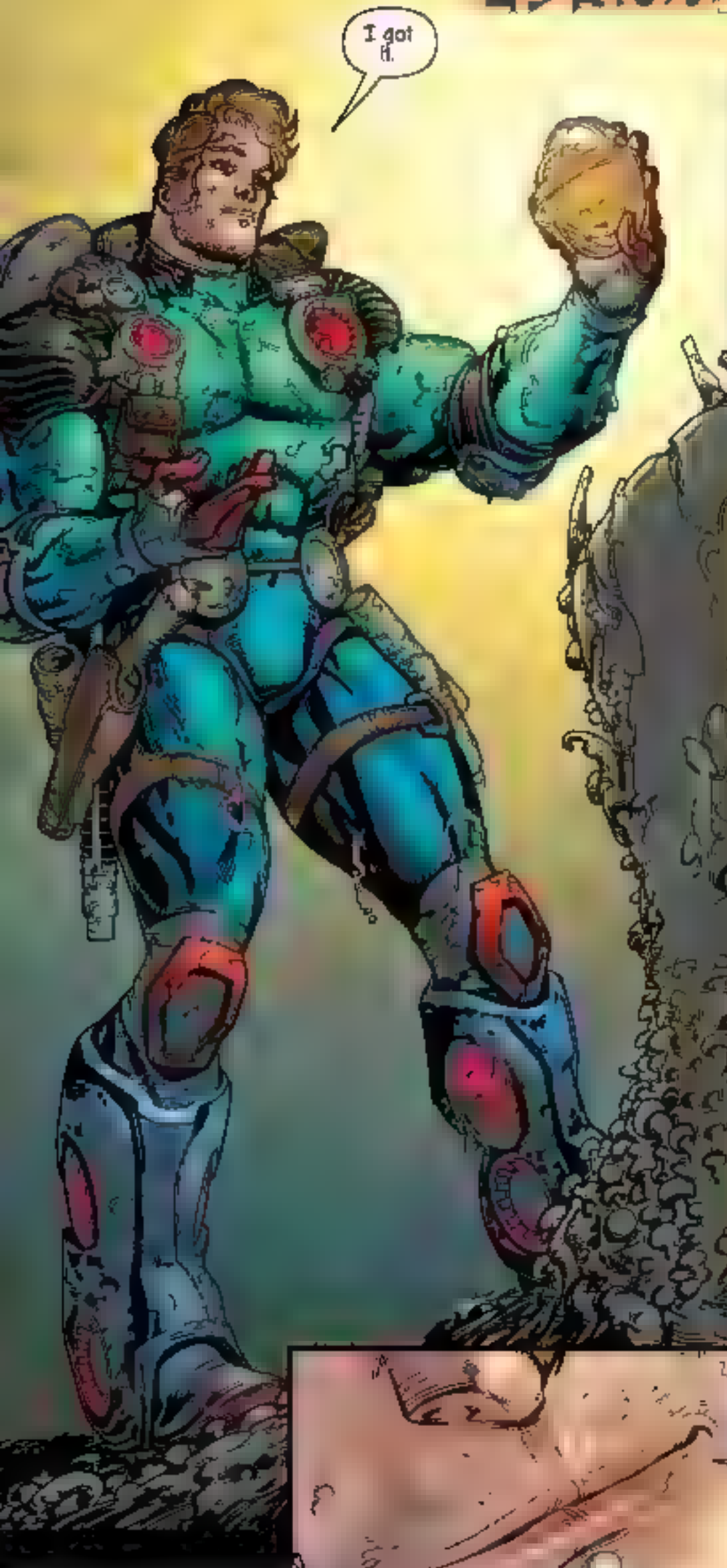
I'd recommend laying low for a while. I have some tech that can help with that







EPISODE FIVE REVERSAL



I got it.



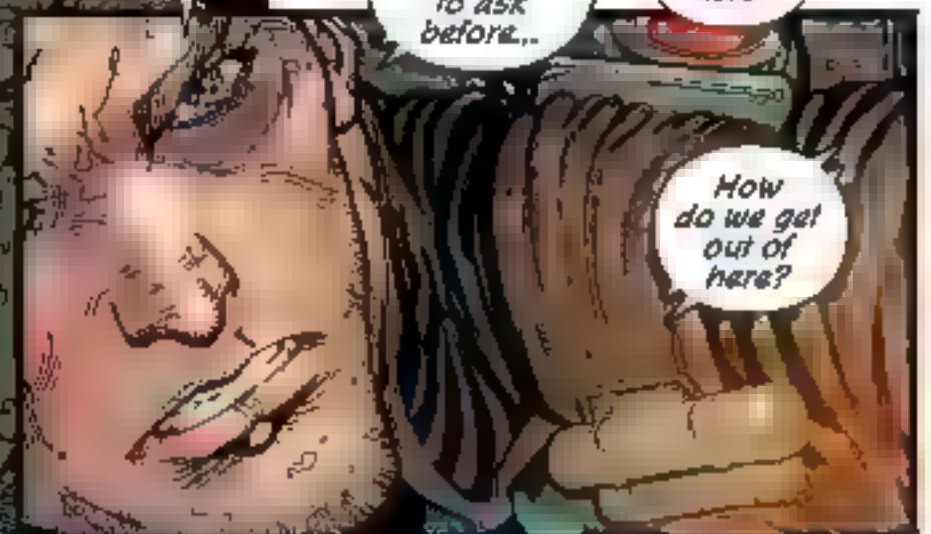
How are you holding up?

I'm not a happy camper, I'll tell you that much.

I'm headed back to you right now.

Y'know, something I didn't think to ask before...

How do we get out of here?



How do we get out of here?



I'll figure it out.

I ask because--

I'll figure it out.

If we get back--

When we get back.

--I'm gonna kick Belancort's ass a bit.



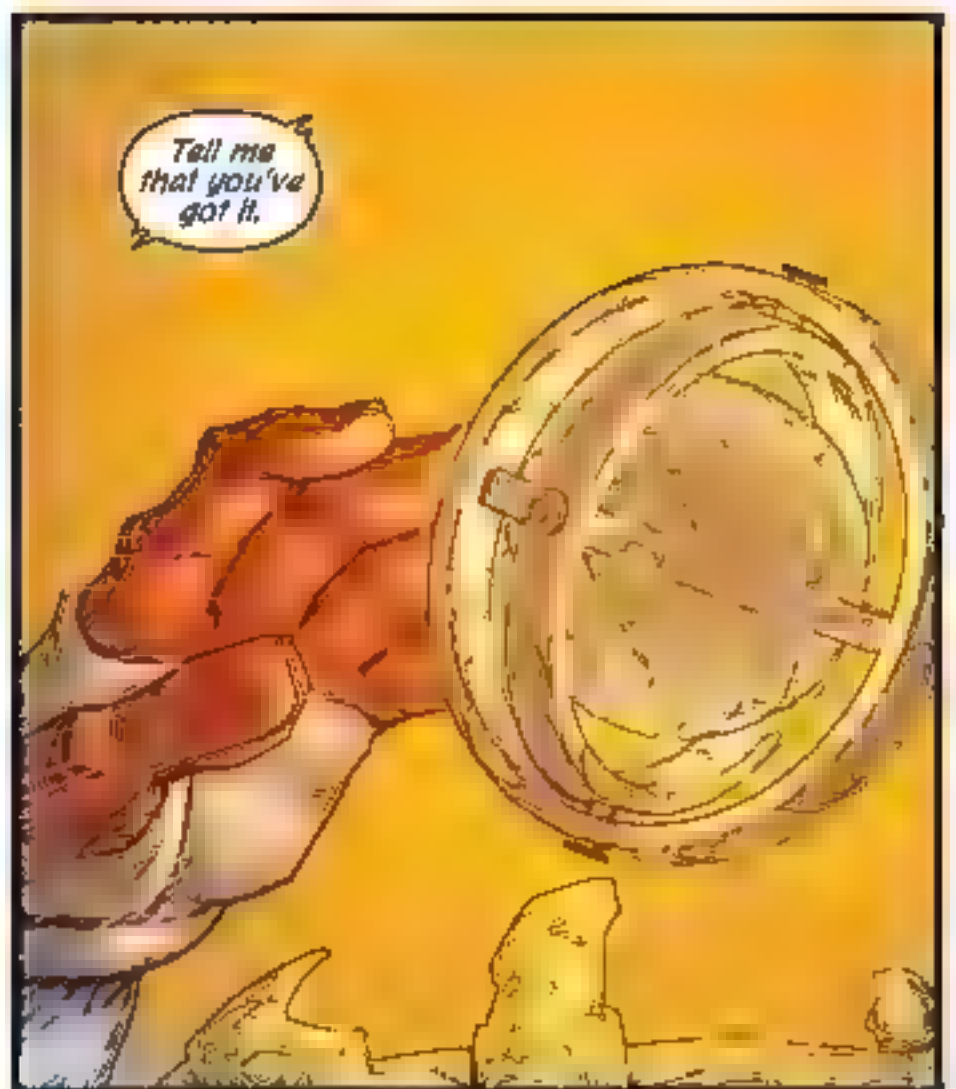
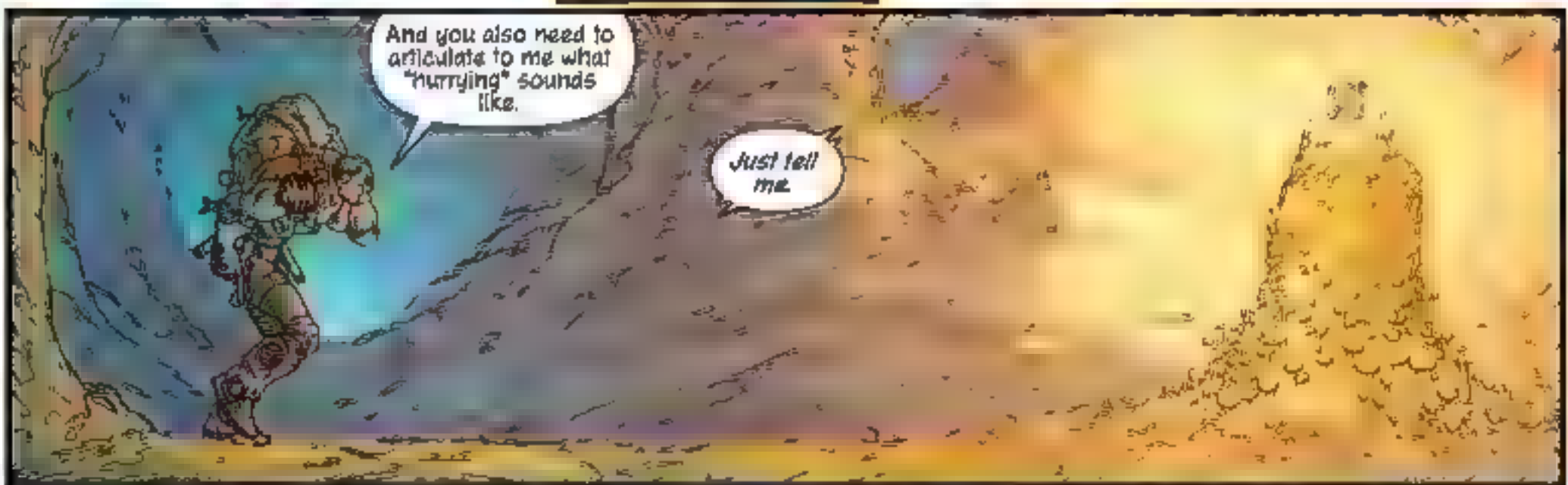
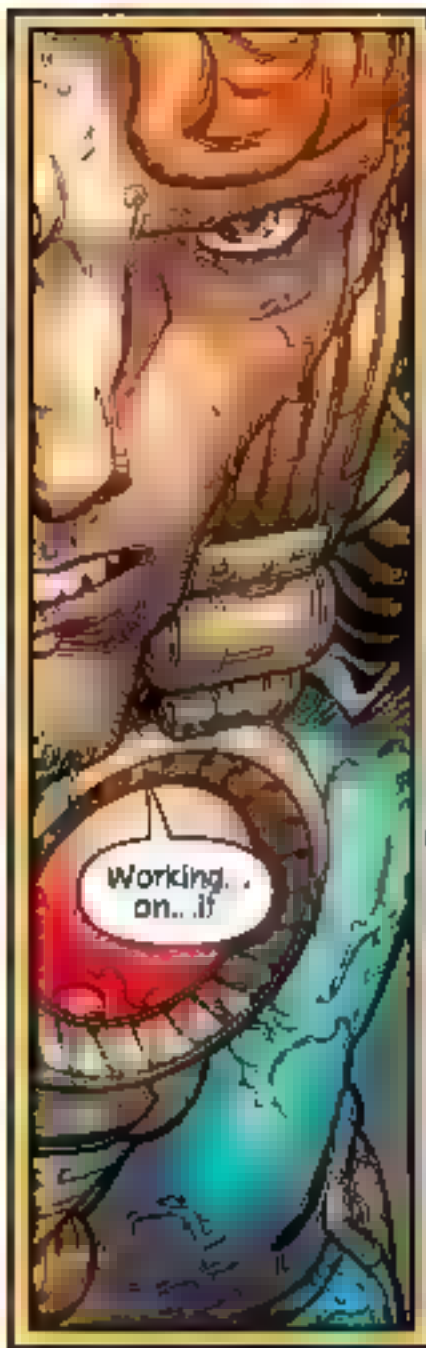
I might hold him down while you do it.

I'm going to give his ass a mighty kick.

It's gonna be okay.

How do you know?

Because I got it.





I have gunk a. over me now.

Don't complain.

Gunk. All over my body.

You still wearing your field suit?

Yes.

Then it's not all over your body.

I have gunk a. over my field suit.

That's a little bit better.

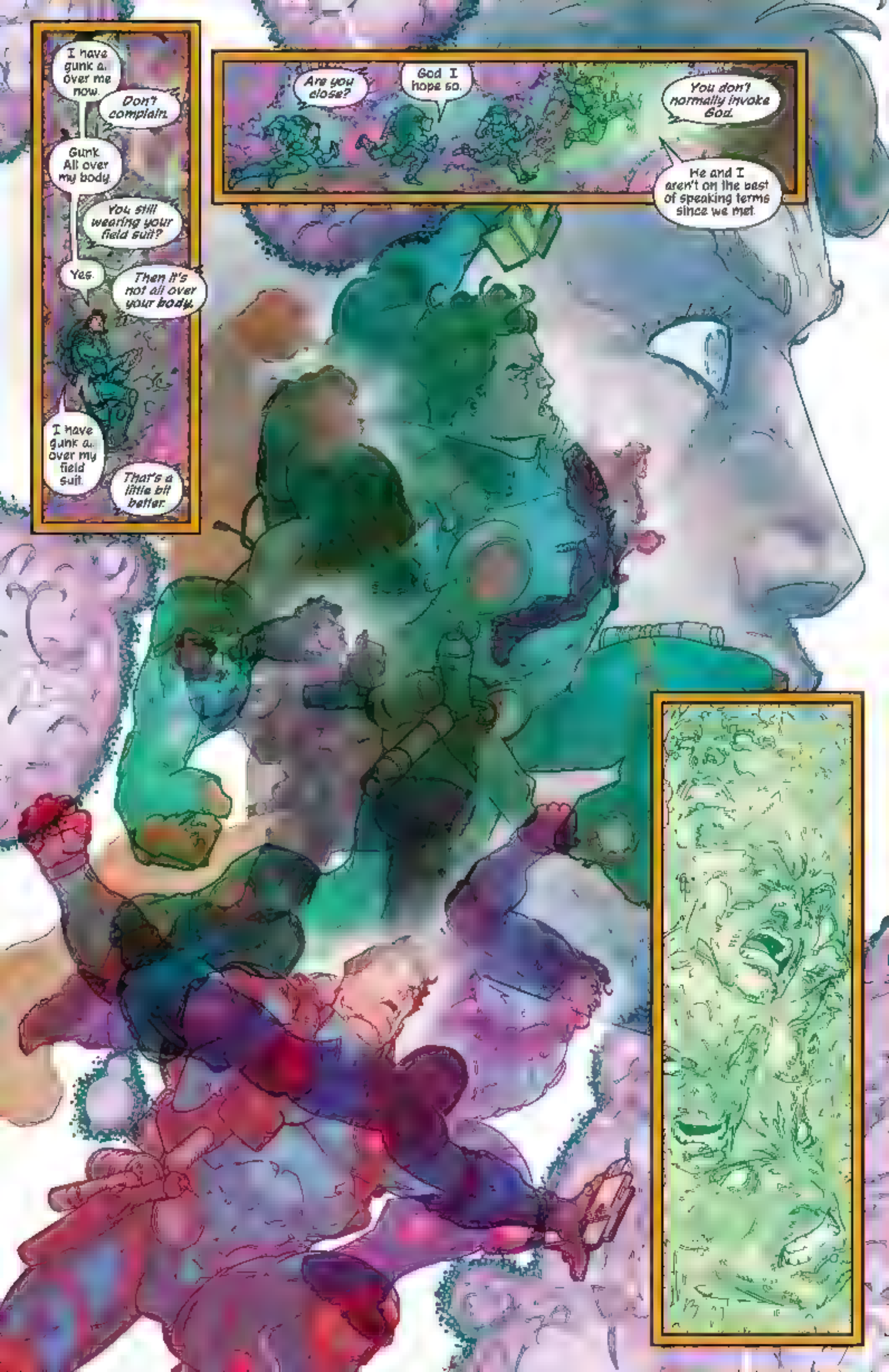


Are you close?

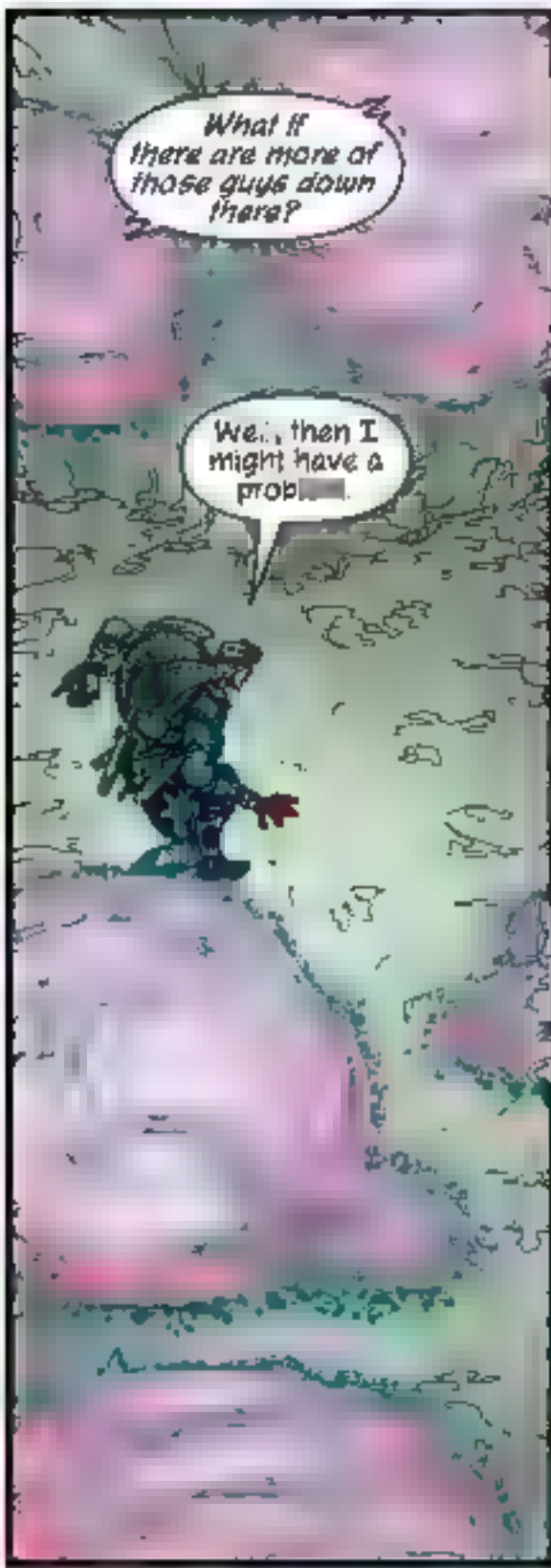
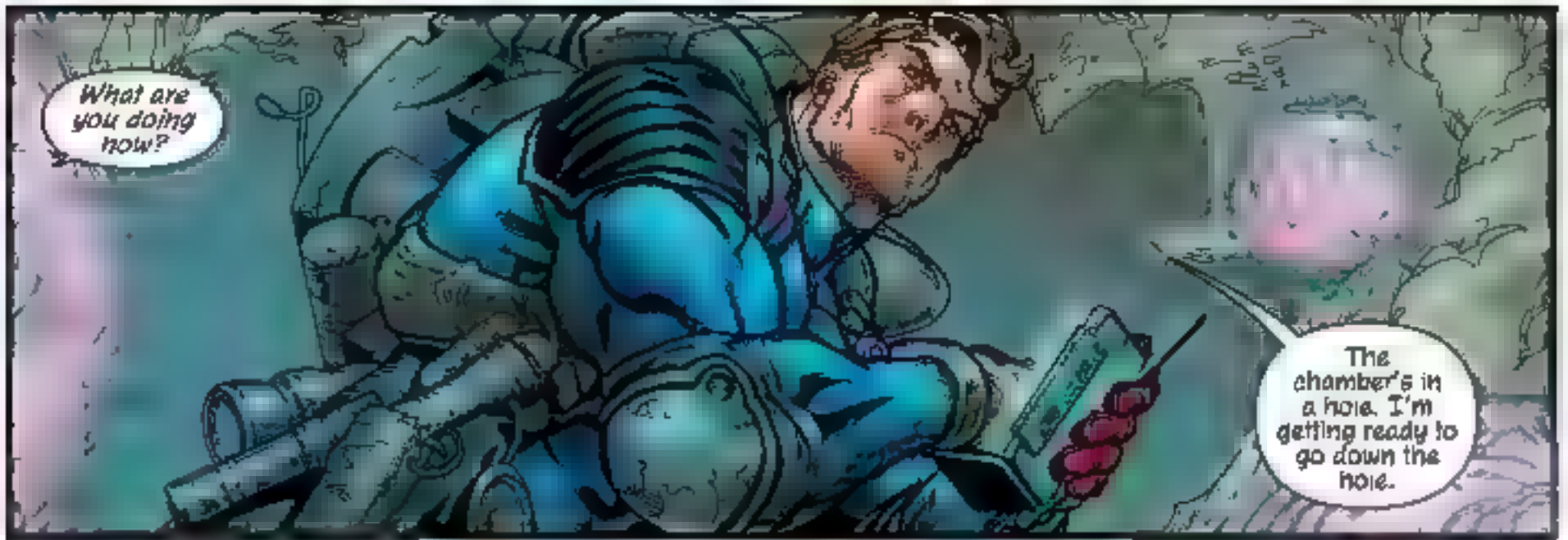
God I hope so.

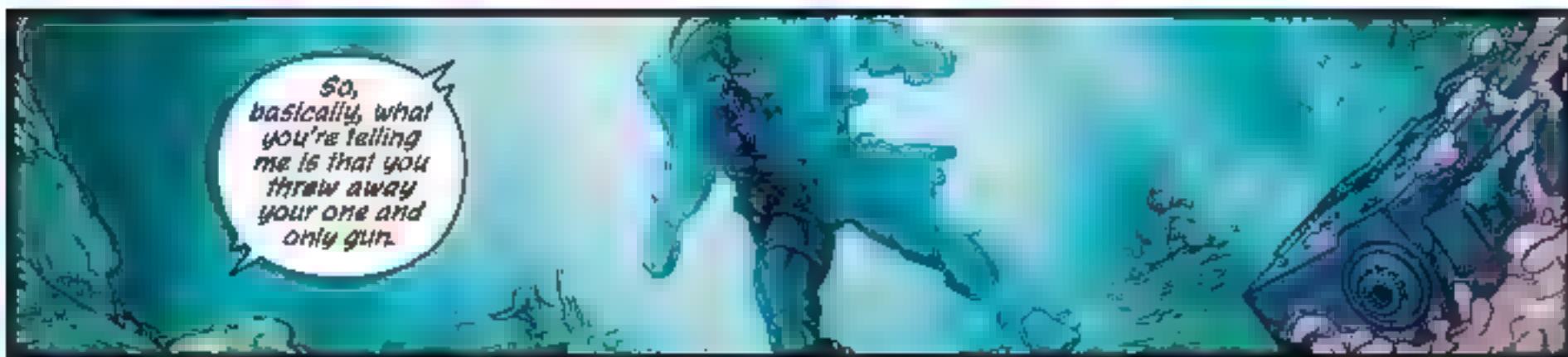
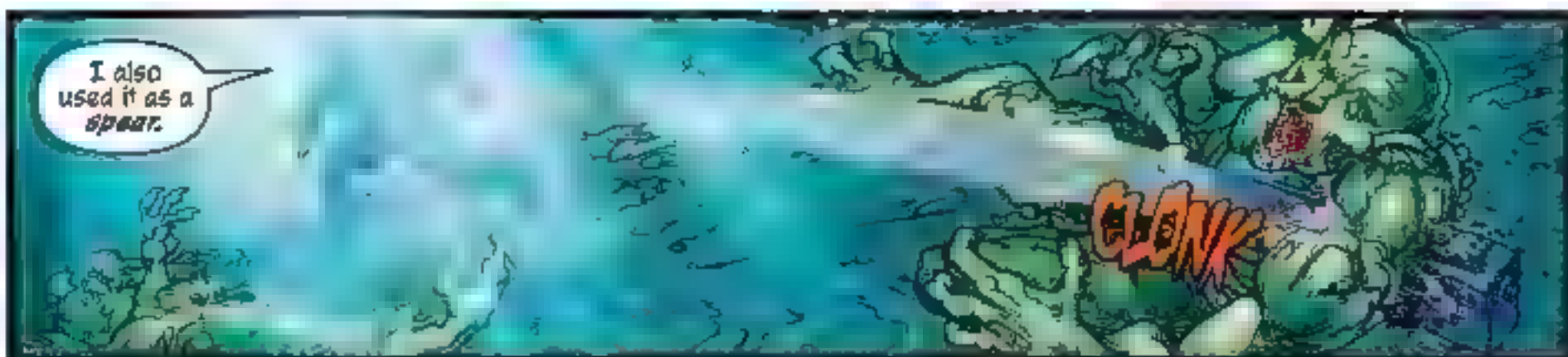
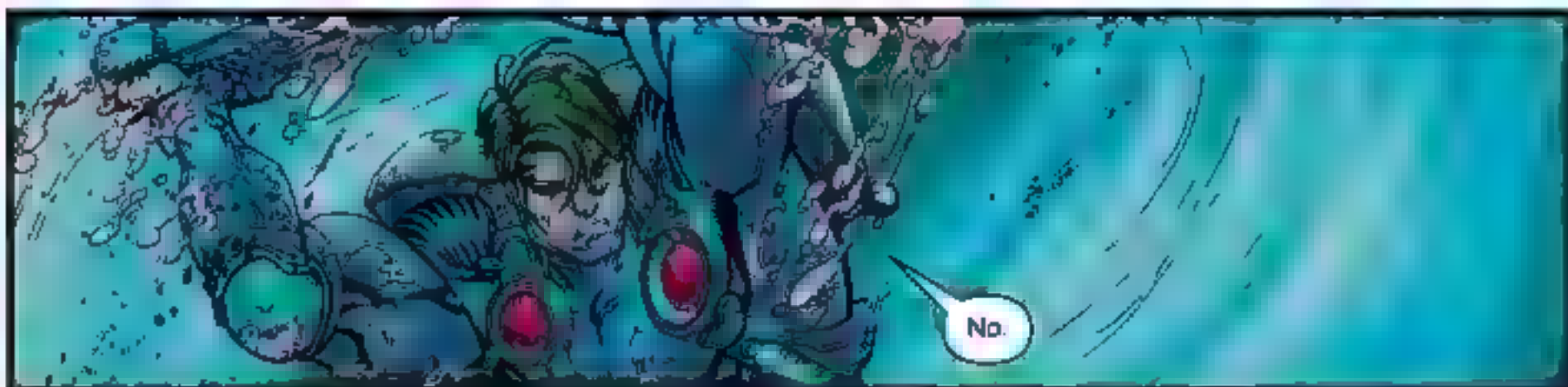
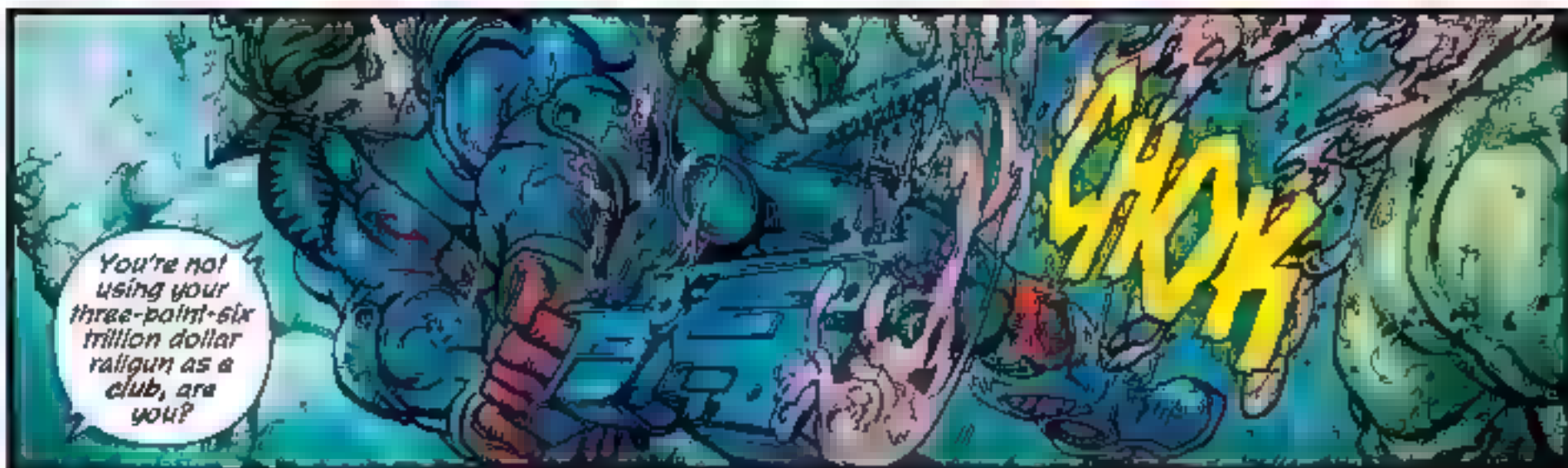
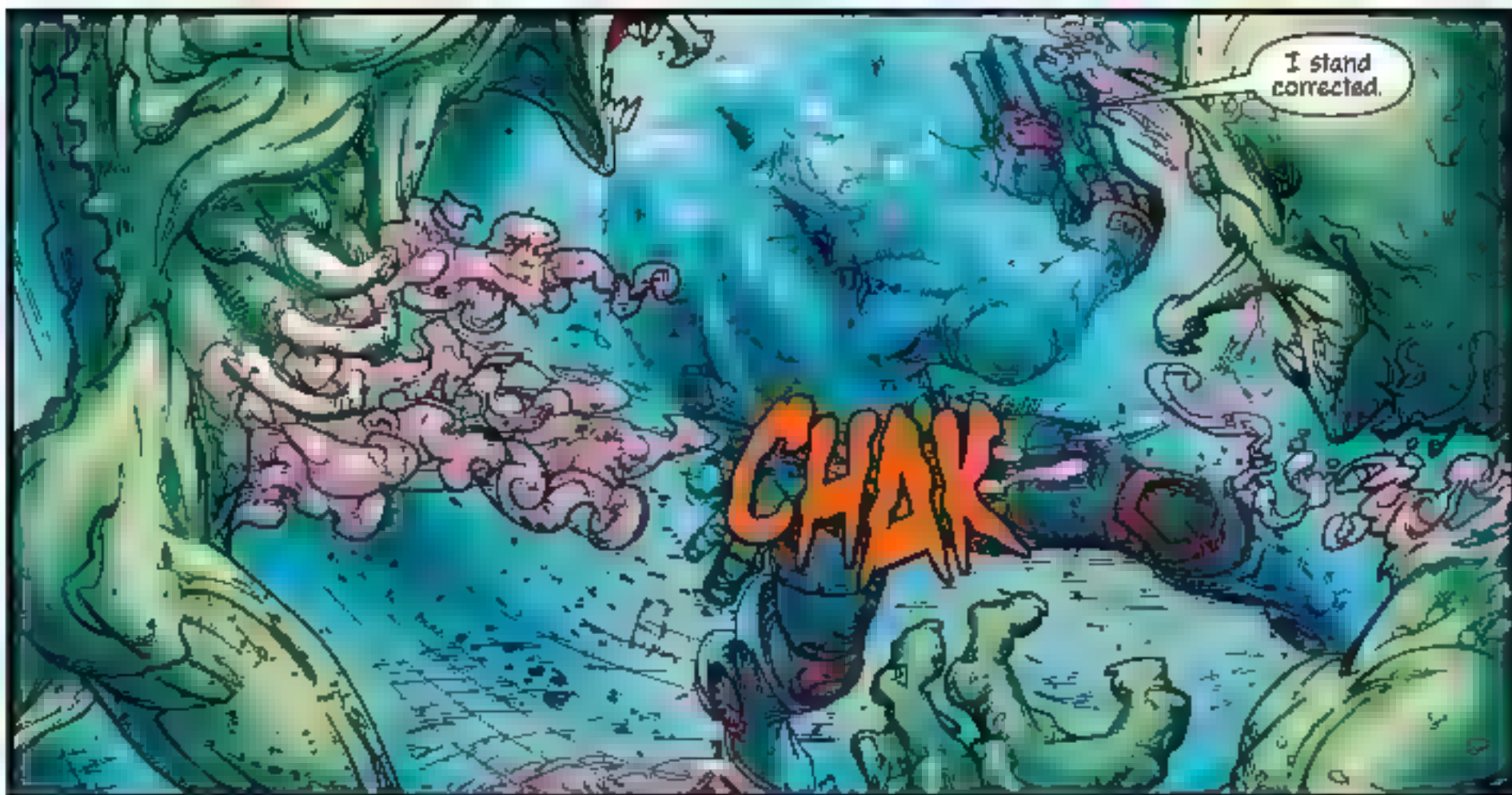
You don't normally invoke God.

He and I aren't on the best of speaking terms since we met.



A large, detailed illustration of a character's face, partially obscured by a green field suit. The character has a large, white eye and a wide, open mouth. The field suit is green and has a circular opening on the side. The character is wearing a red and white striped shirt. The background is a mix of green and brown, suggesting a field or forest.







Different ones

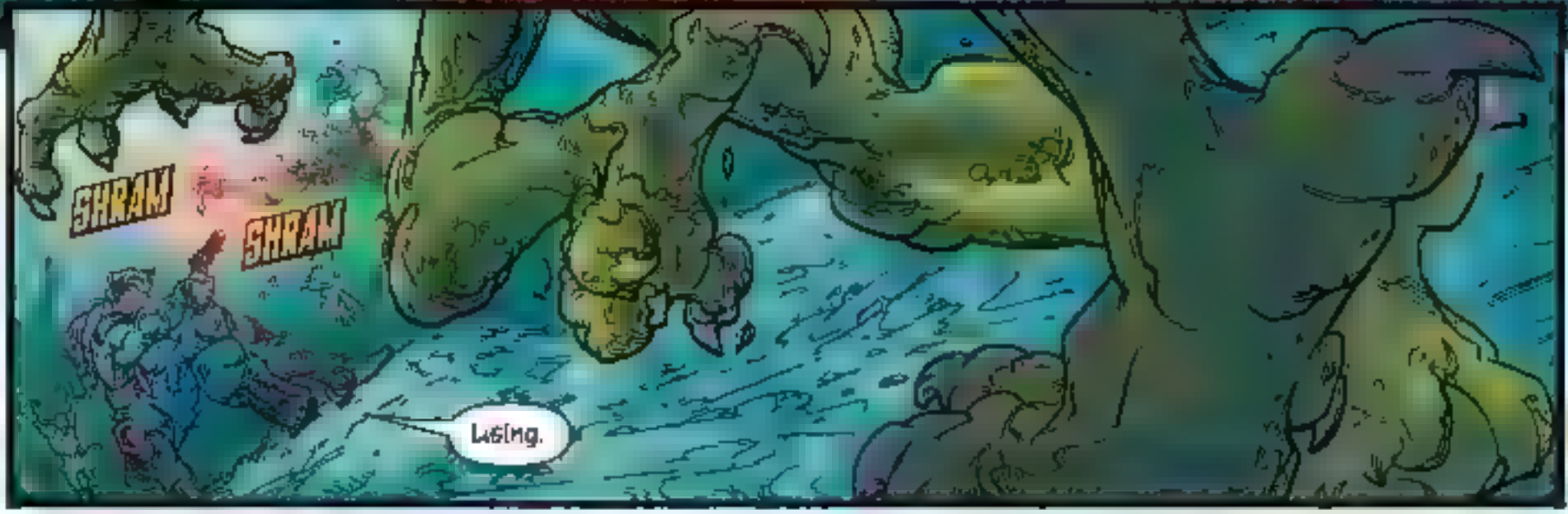
So use your gun.

You can't see me, how do you know I'm not?

Because I can hear you're not using your gun.

That's a fair point

So, are you going to--



SHRAM

SHRAM

Lying.

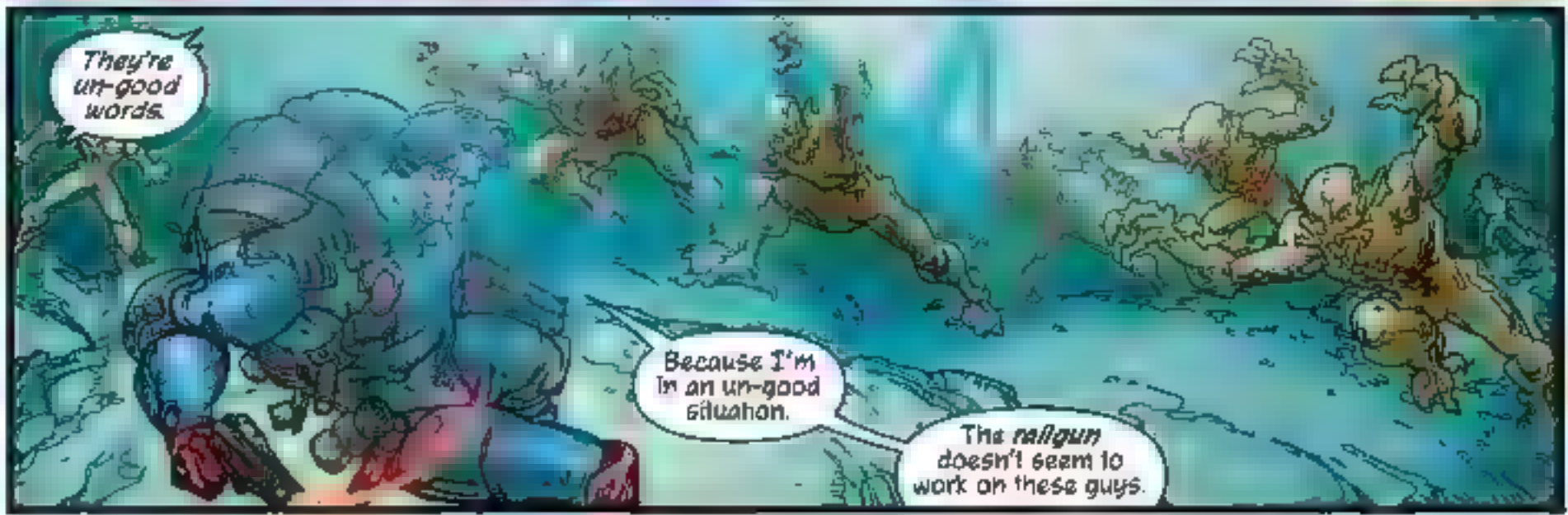


SHRAM SHRAM

Uh oh.

That's an un-good word.

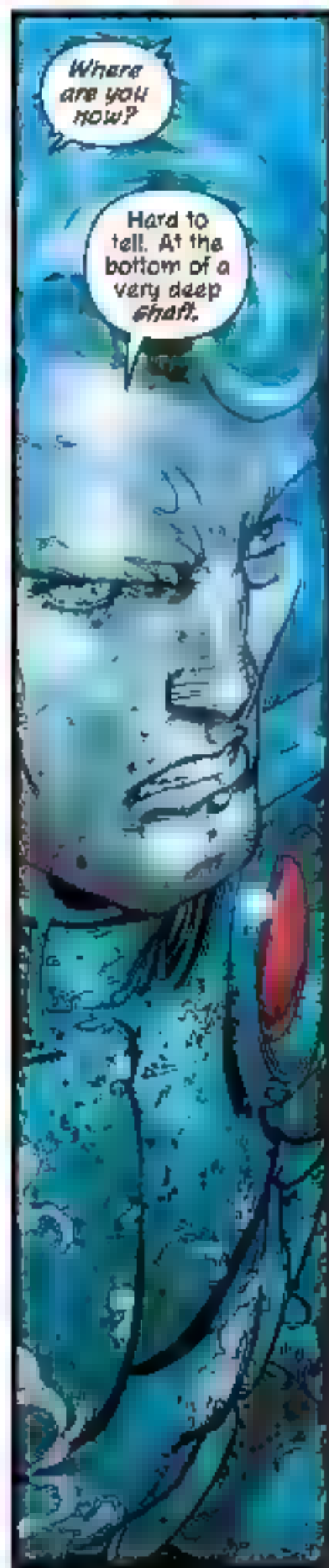
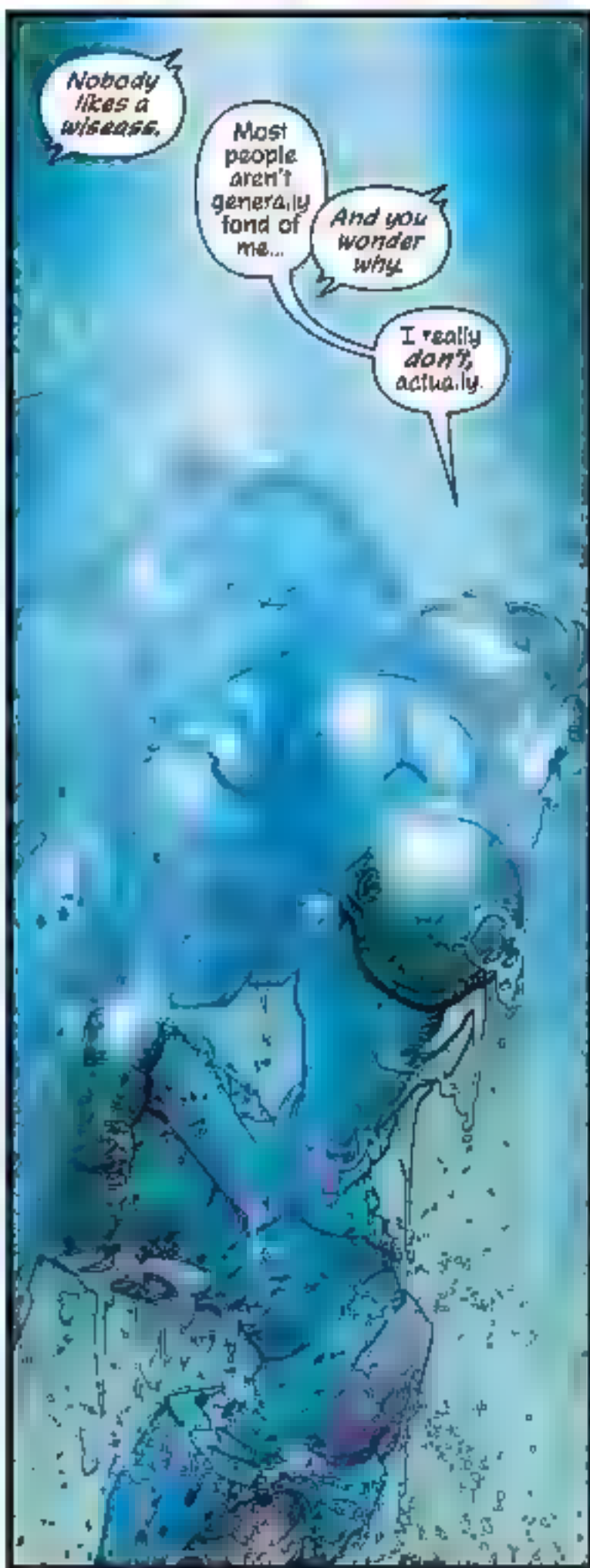
It's a phrase. It's actually two words.

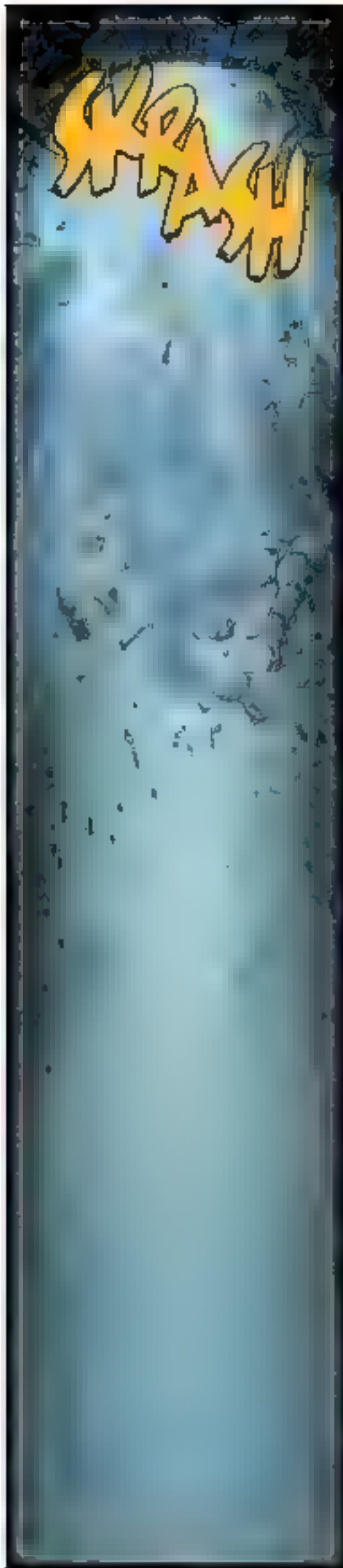
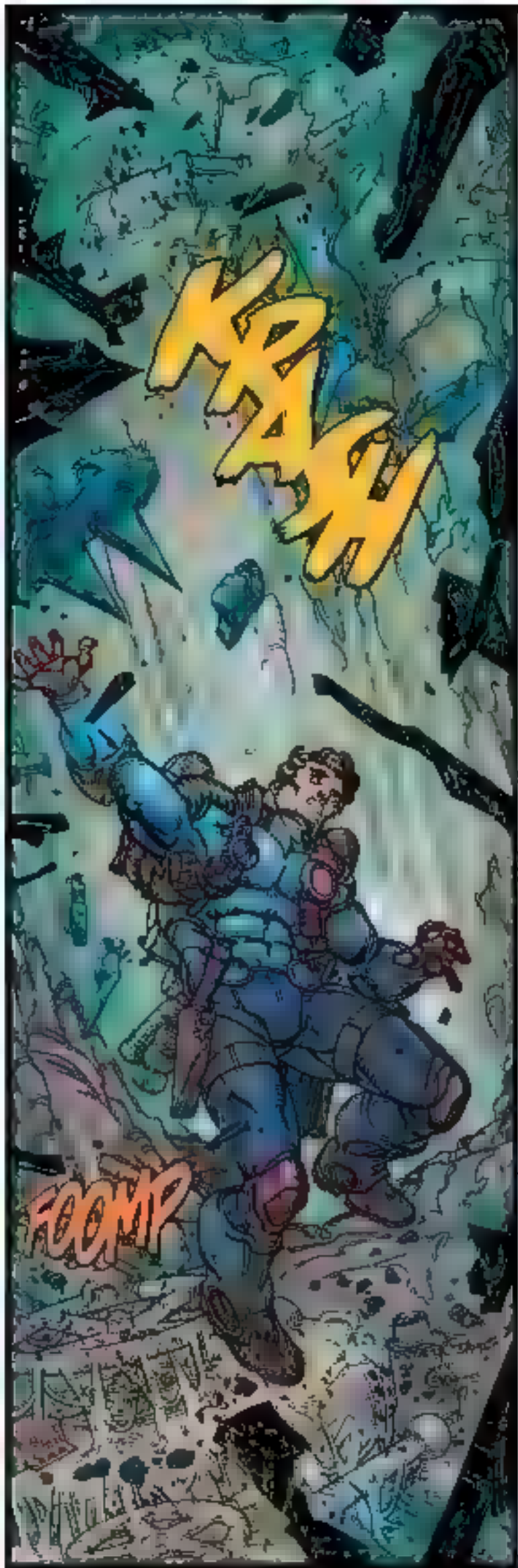


They're un-good words.

Because I'm in an un-good situation.

The railgun doesn't seem to work on these guys.







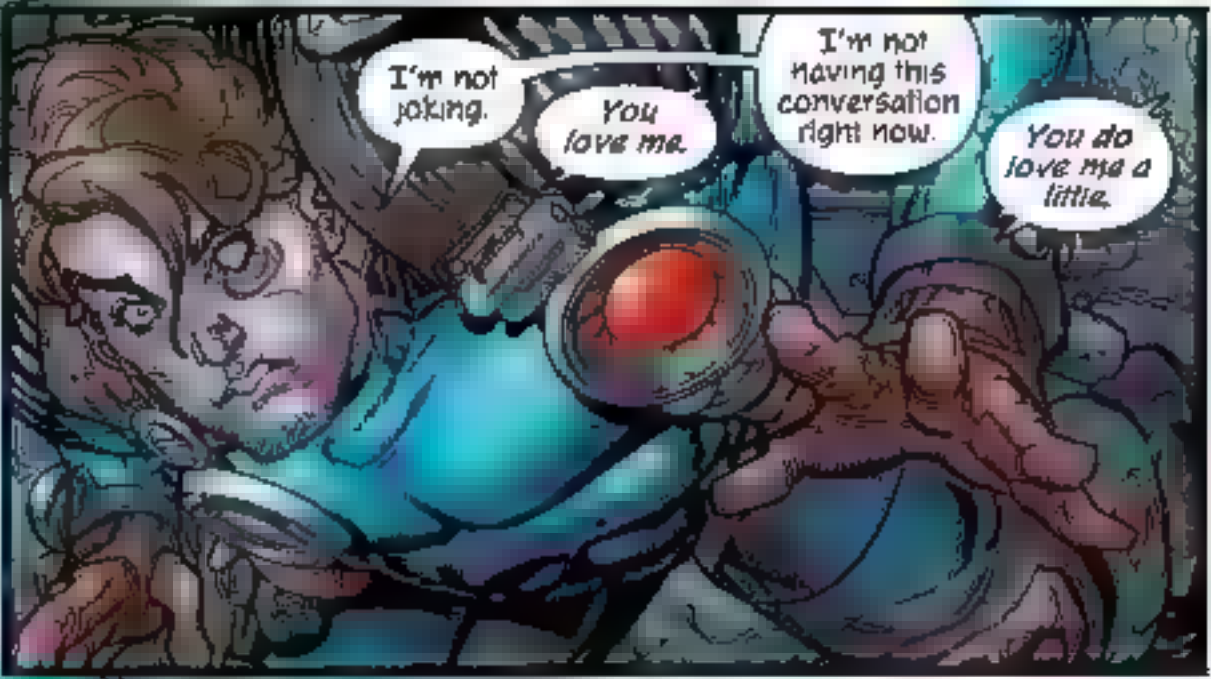
Quiet.

Talking keeps me sane.

It's having the opposite effect on me.

And I think I hear something.

Cute.



I'm not joking.

You love me.

I'm not having this conversation right now.

You do love me a little.



I think you're wrong.

Tell me something I don't know.

What's going to happen now?

You're supposed to tell me something I don't know, not ask me something I don't know.

Oh wait...

What?

This is going to hurt....

What's going to hurt?



SHRAM
SHRAM
SHRAM

Jonas?!



Wait. The inscription is a puzzle...

What're you talking about?

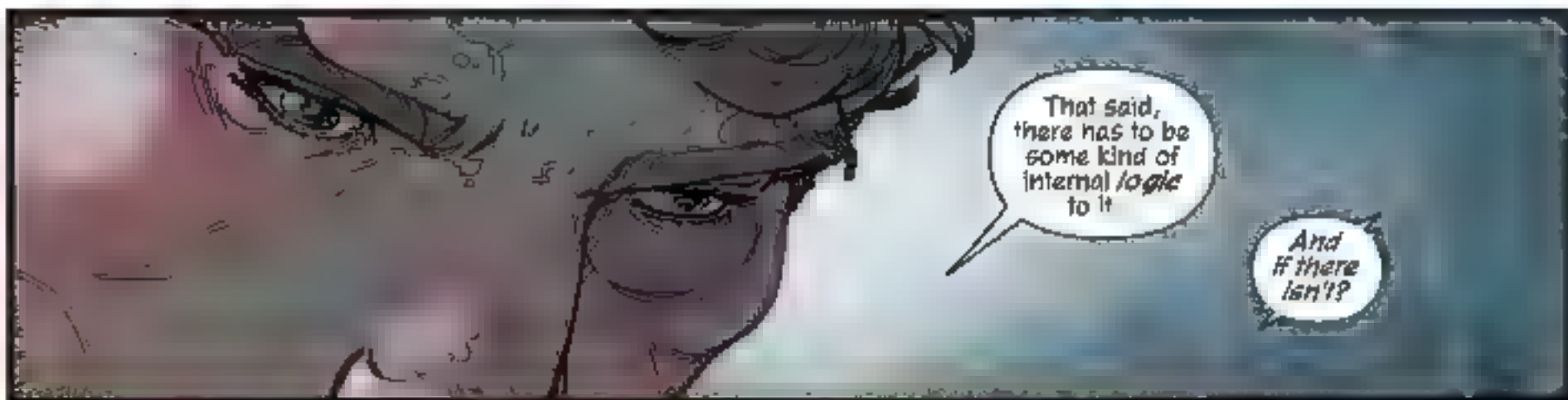
It's some kind of primitive puzzle.



I turn the wheels in the proper combination, and it opens the next portal.

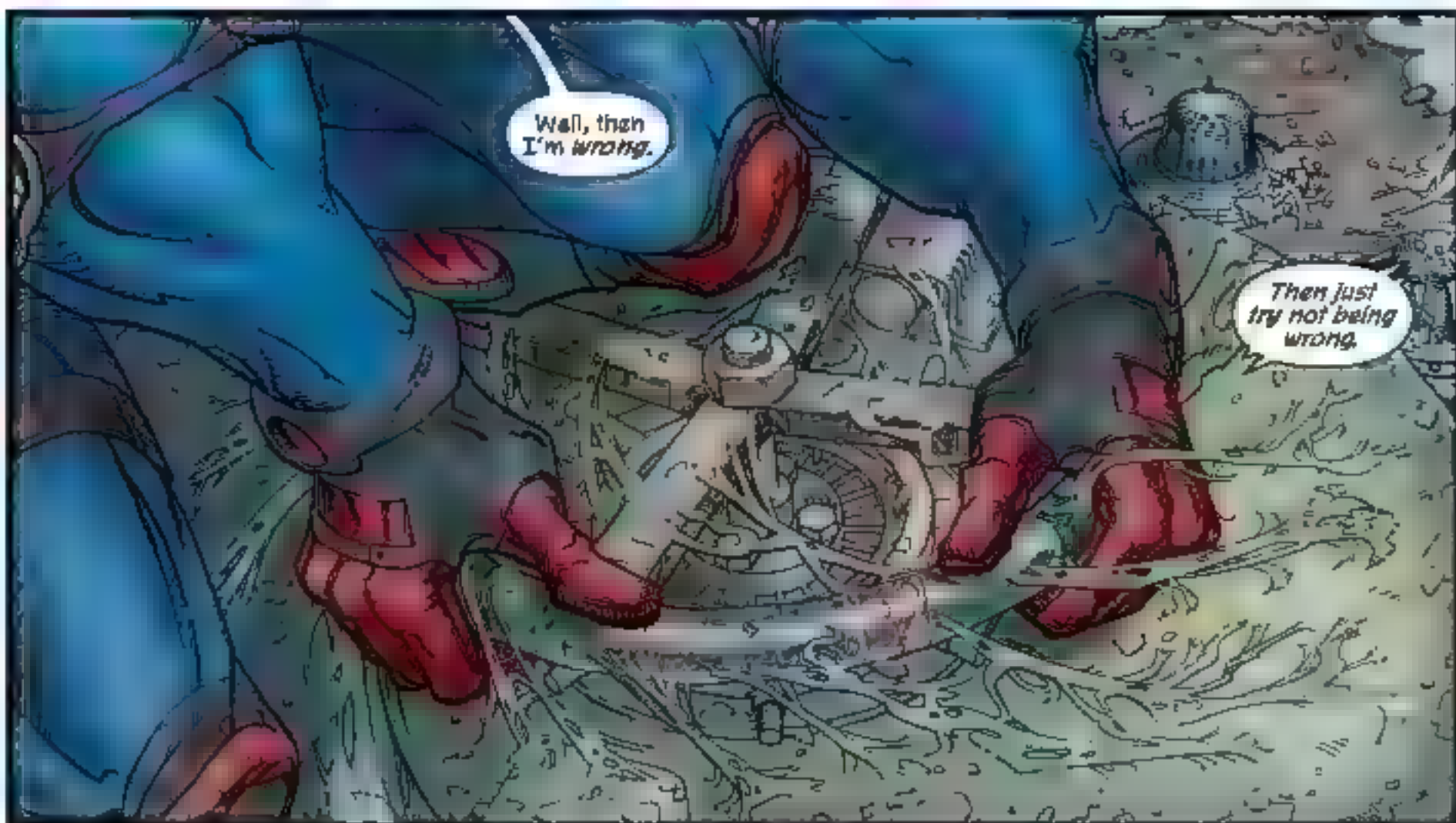
What's the proper combination?

If I knew that, it'd be easy.



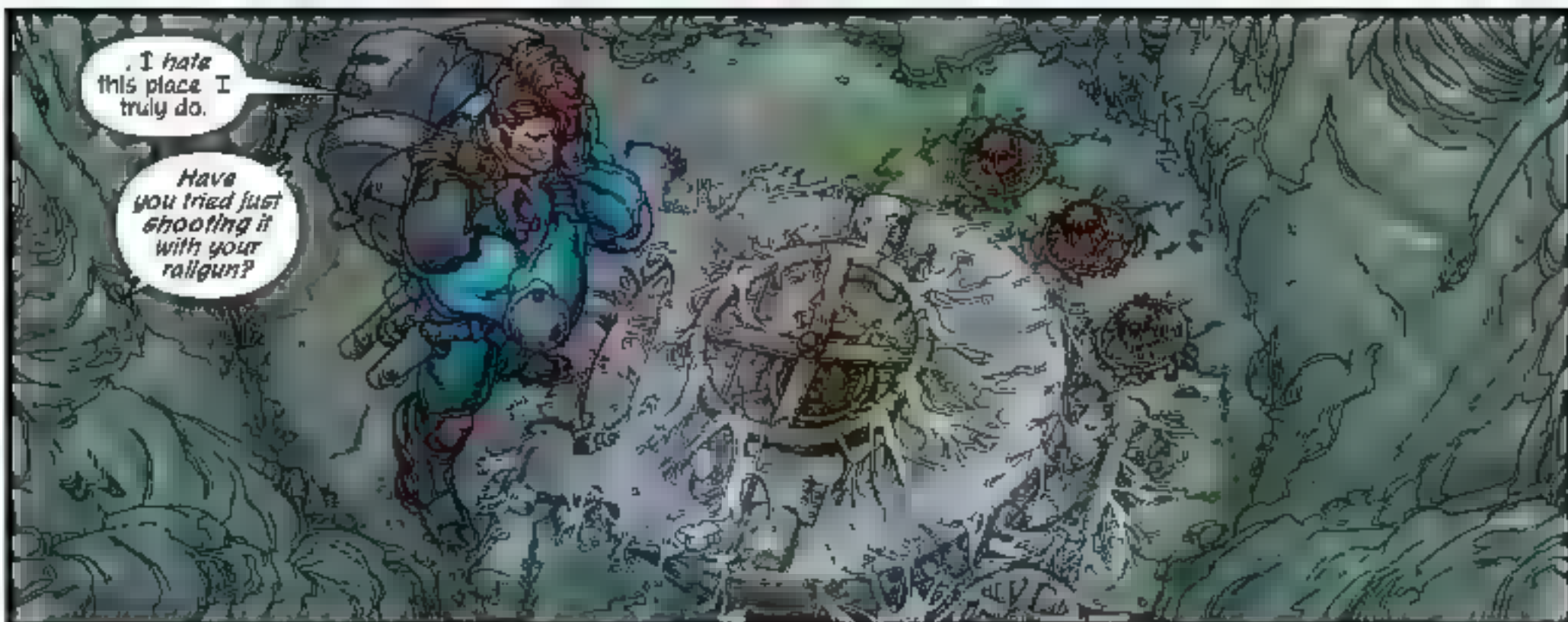
That said, there has to be some kind of internal logic to it

And if there isn't?



Well, then I'm wrong.

Then just try not being wrong.

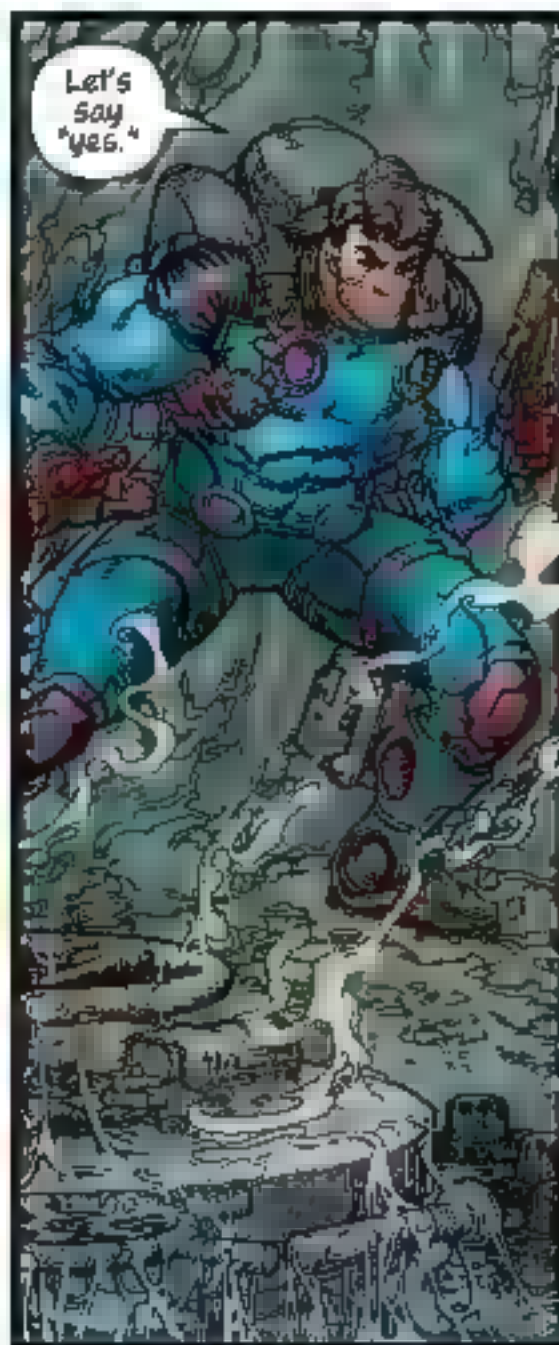


I hate
this place I
truly do.

Have
you tried just
shooting it
with your
railgun?



SHRAM

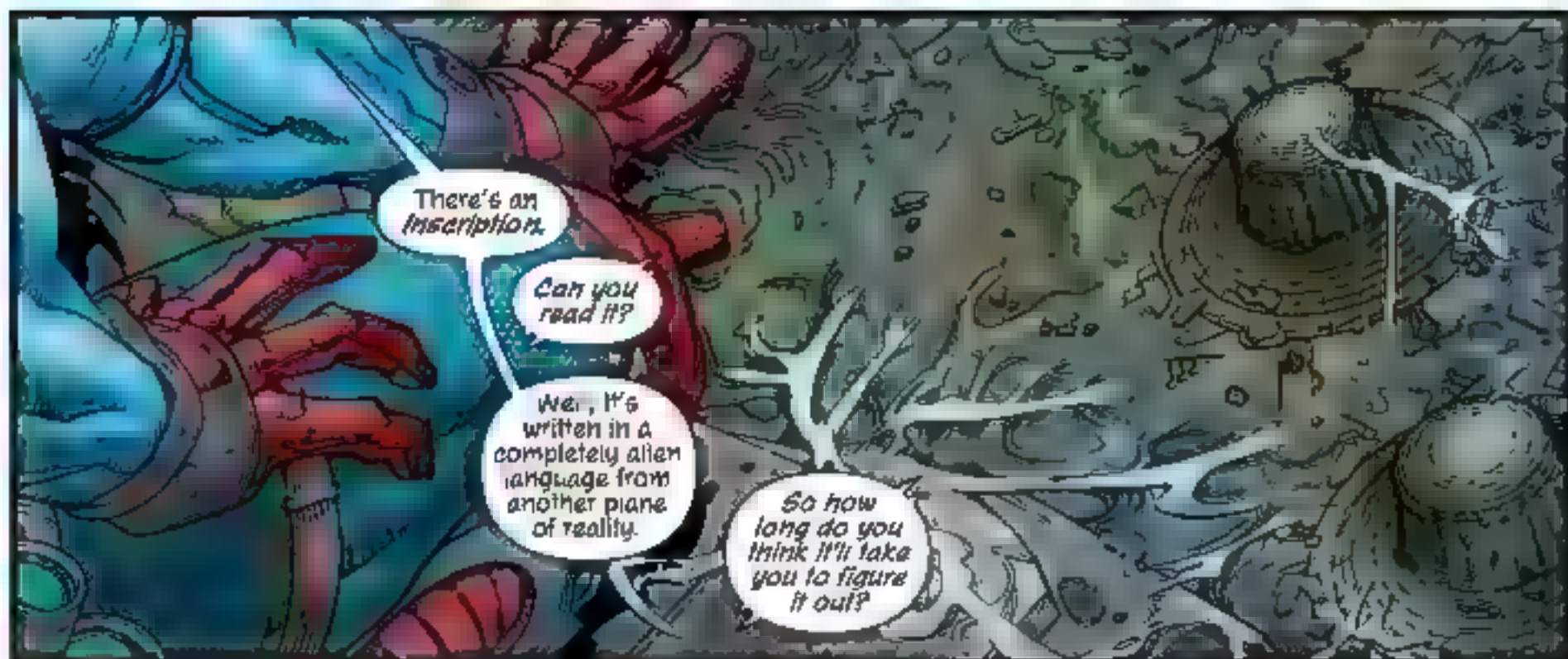


Let's
say
"yes."



Wait.

I can't
do anything
other than
wait.

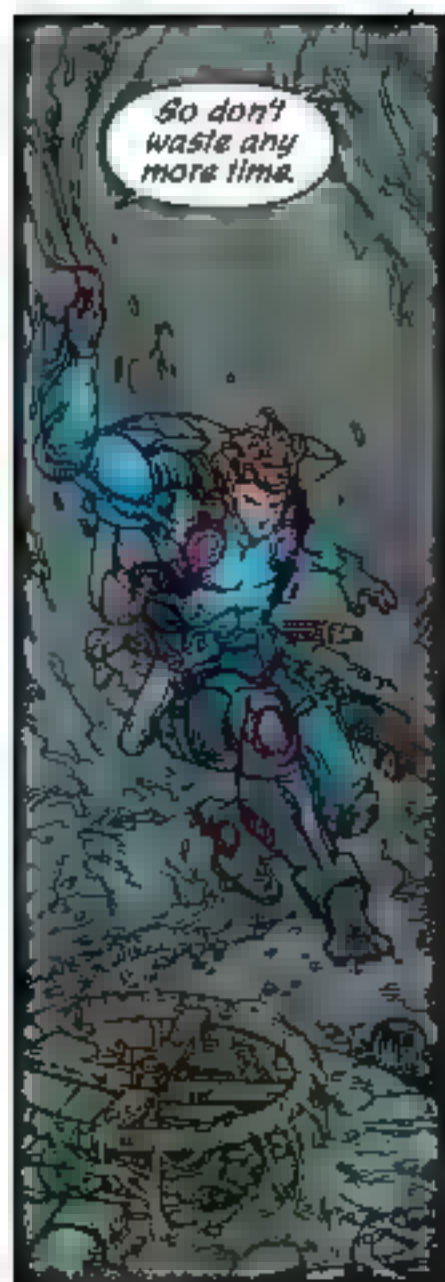
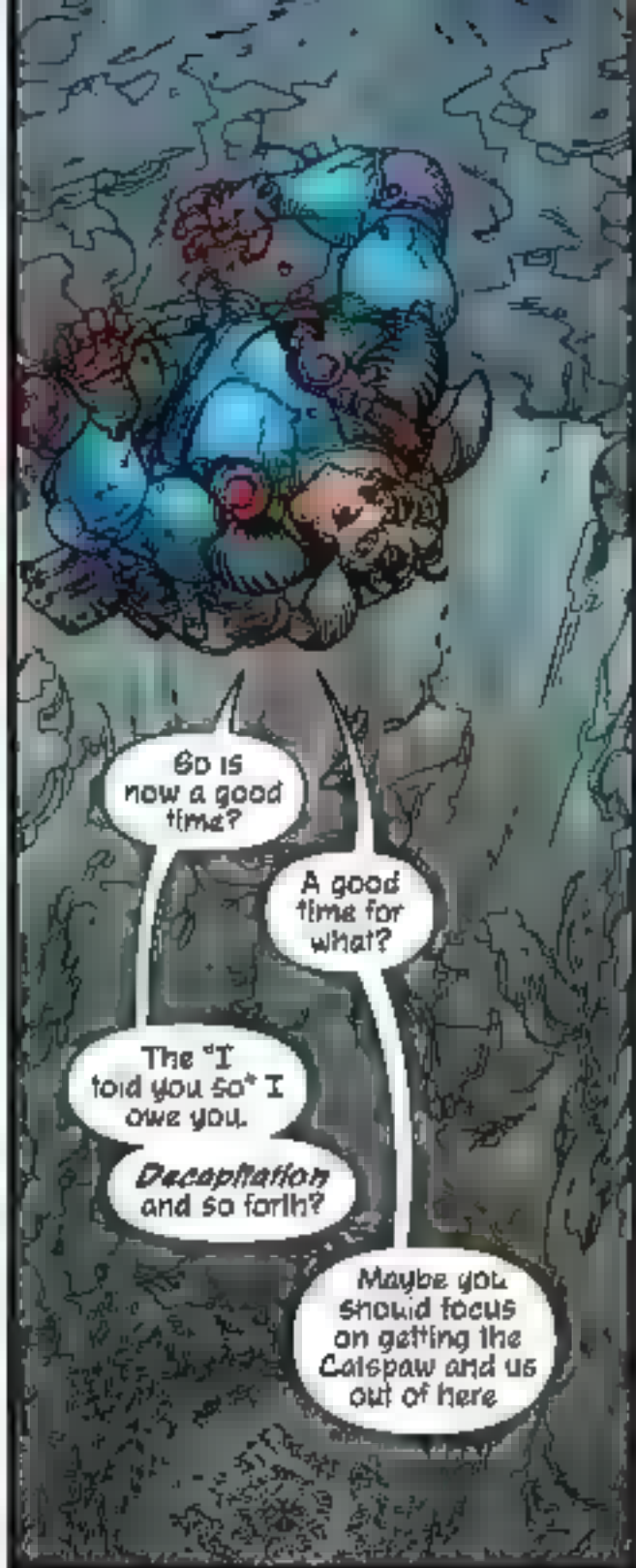


There's an
inscription.

Can you
read it?

Well, it's
written in a
completely alien
language from
another plane
of reality.

So how
long do you
think it'll take
you to figure
it out?





That's better.

You have to leave me.

I'm not

You have to.

I'll carry you.

I'll only slow you down.

Eve--



You'll get the Catpaw, then you'll come back for me and we'll get out of here.



I make the plans. The reason I make the plans is that your plans are terrible. This plan of yours is terrible.

It's viable. And it's not a "plan" when it's our only option



Now I've got the option to carry you.

I don't want to slow you--

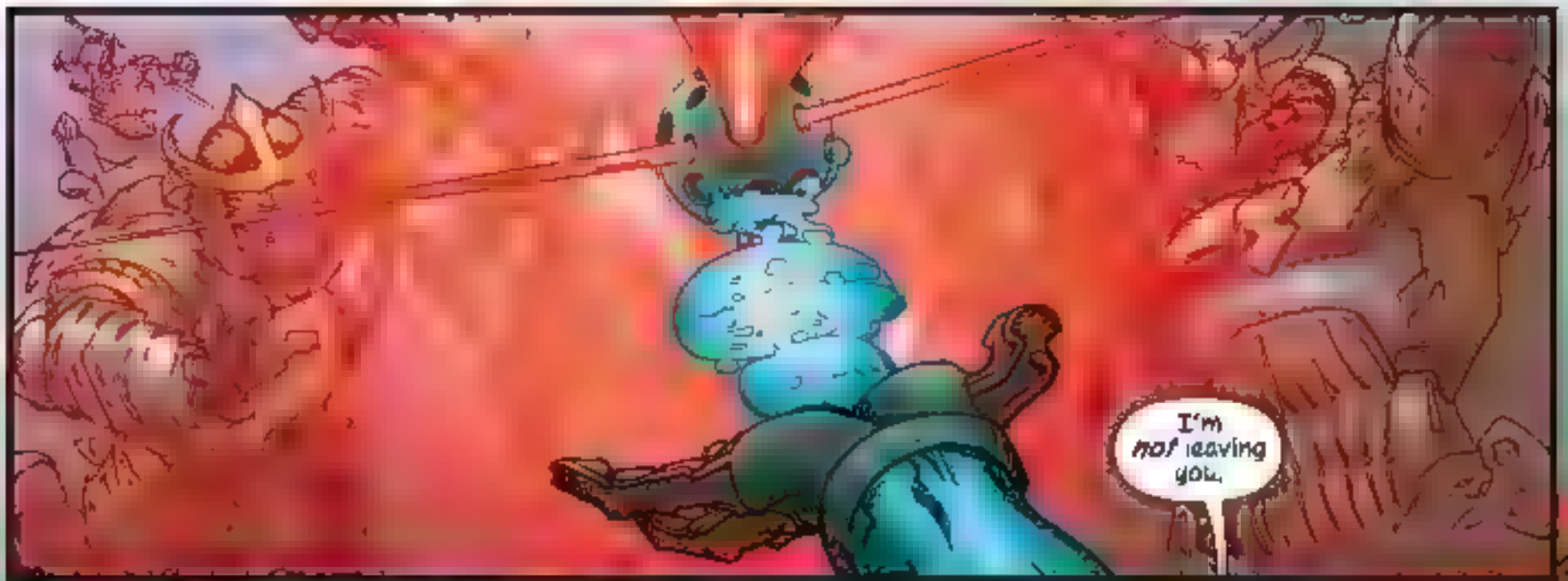
ZZZIP

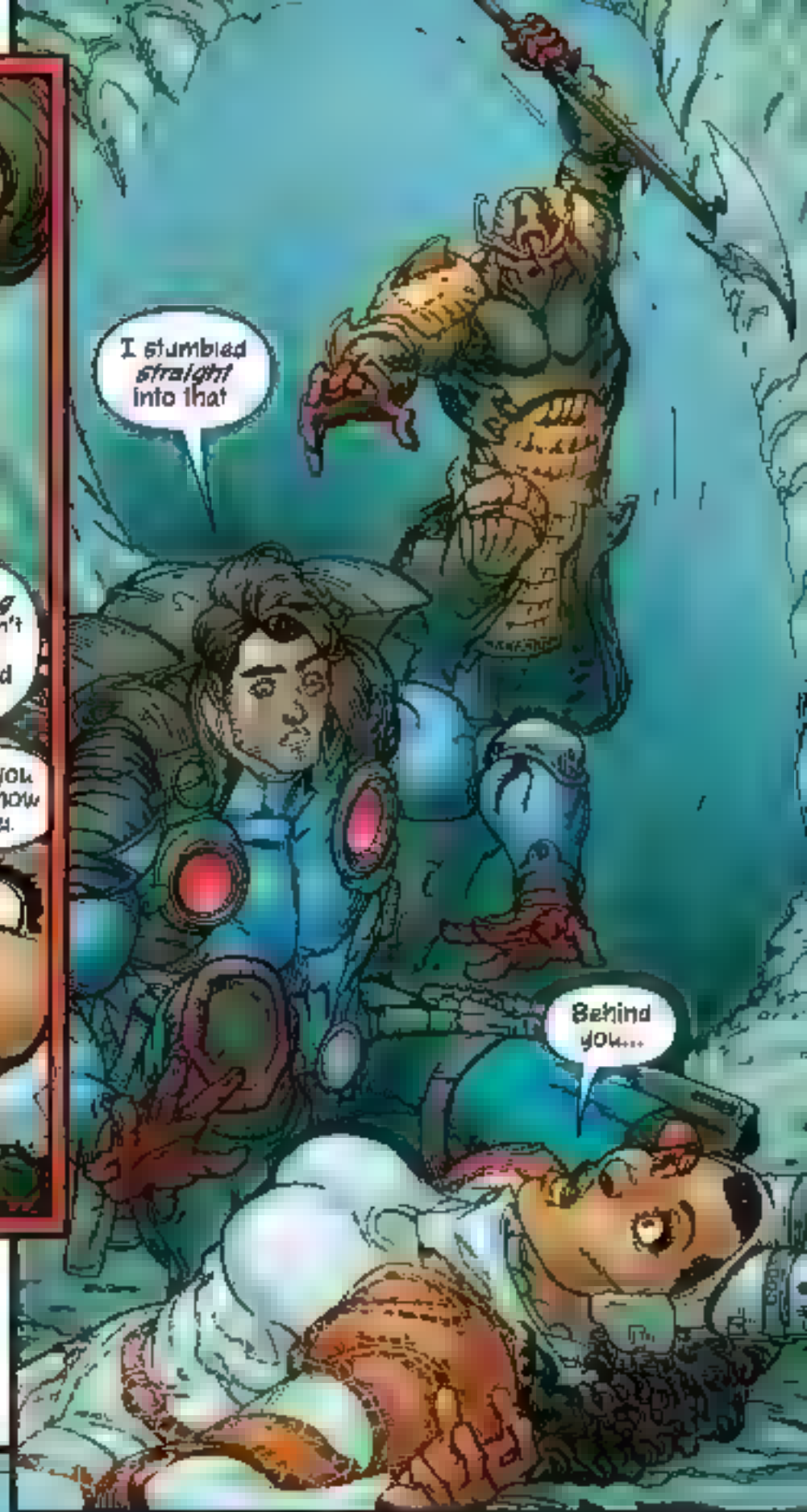
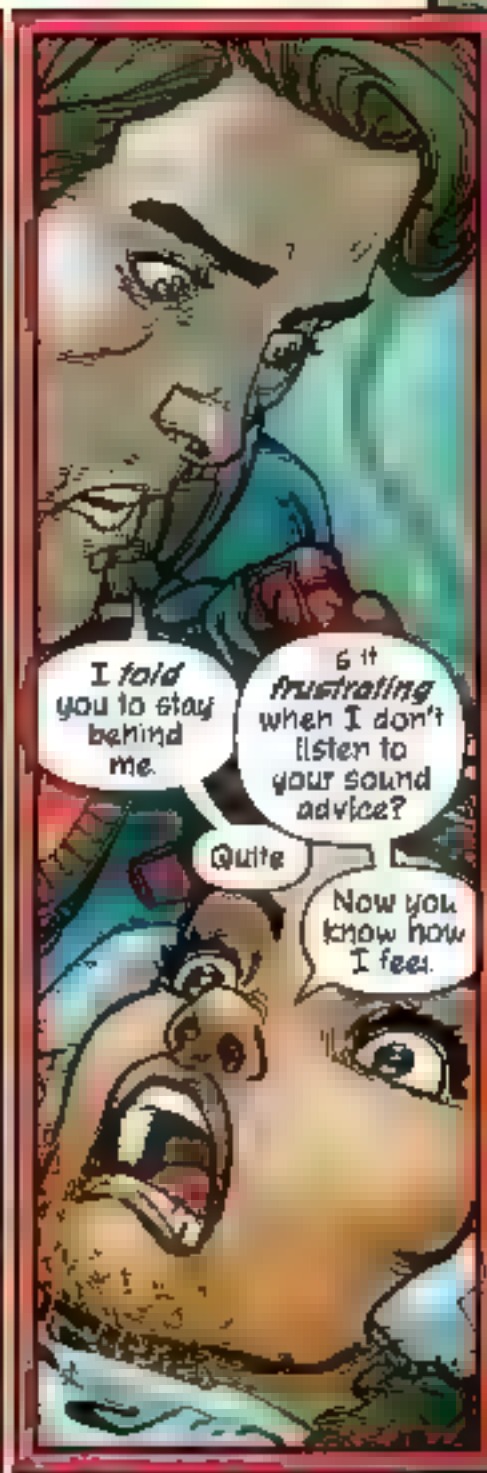
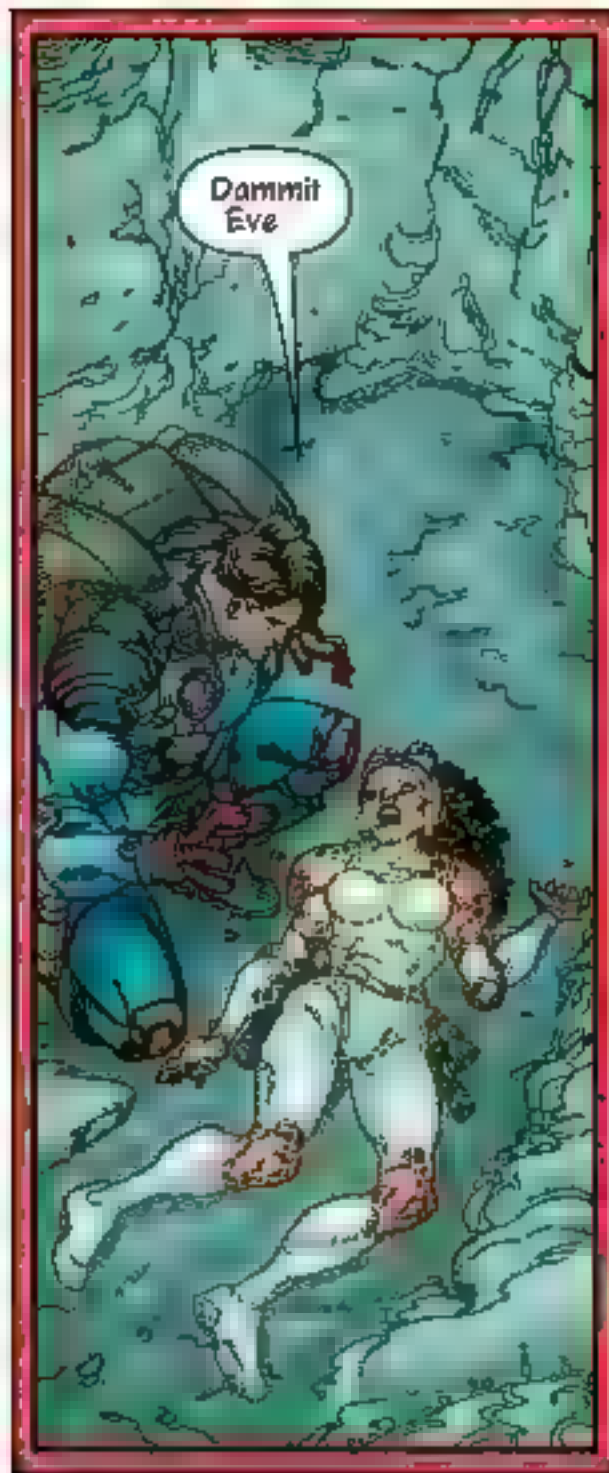


Ah, that's better

Crossing that off my bucket list.

I can't believe you stuck my head in a backpack.







Sorry for punching you.

No, you're not.

I'm not denying it felt good.

I'm just trying to keep you *safe*.



What's with the running?

Chamber door. Get through before it closes on us.



Hey, you never know when something like getting decapitated could happen.

Particularly around a place such as this one, which appears quite *dangerous*.

What it *"appears"* is *disgusting*.

That too.

Stay behind me.



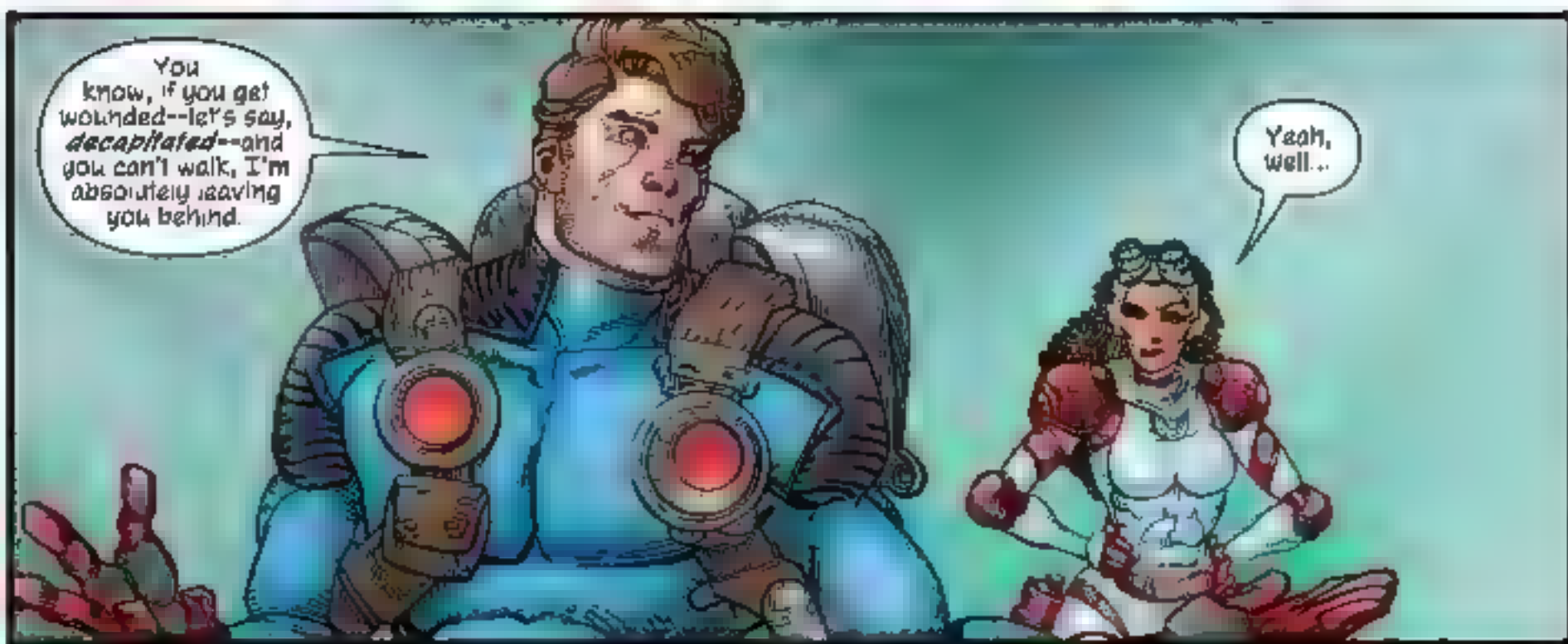
This is not staying behind me.

Look out!

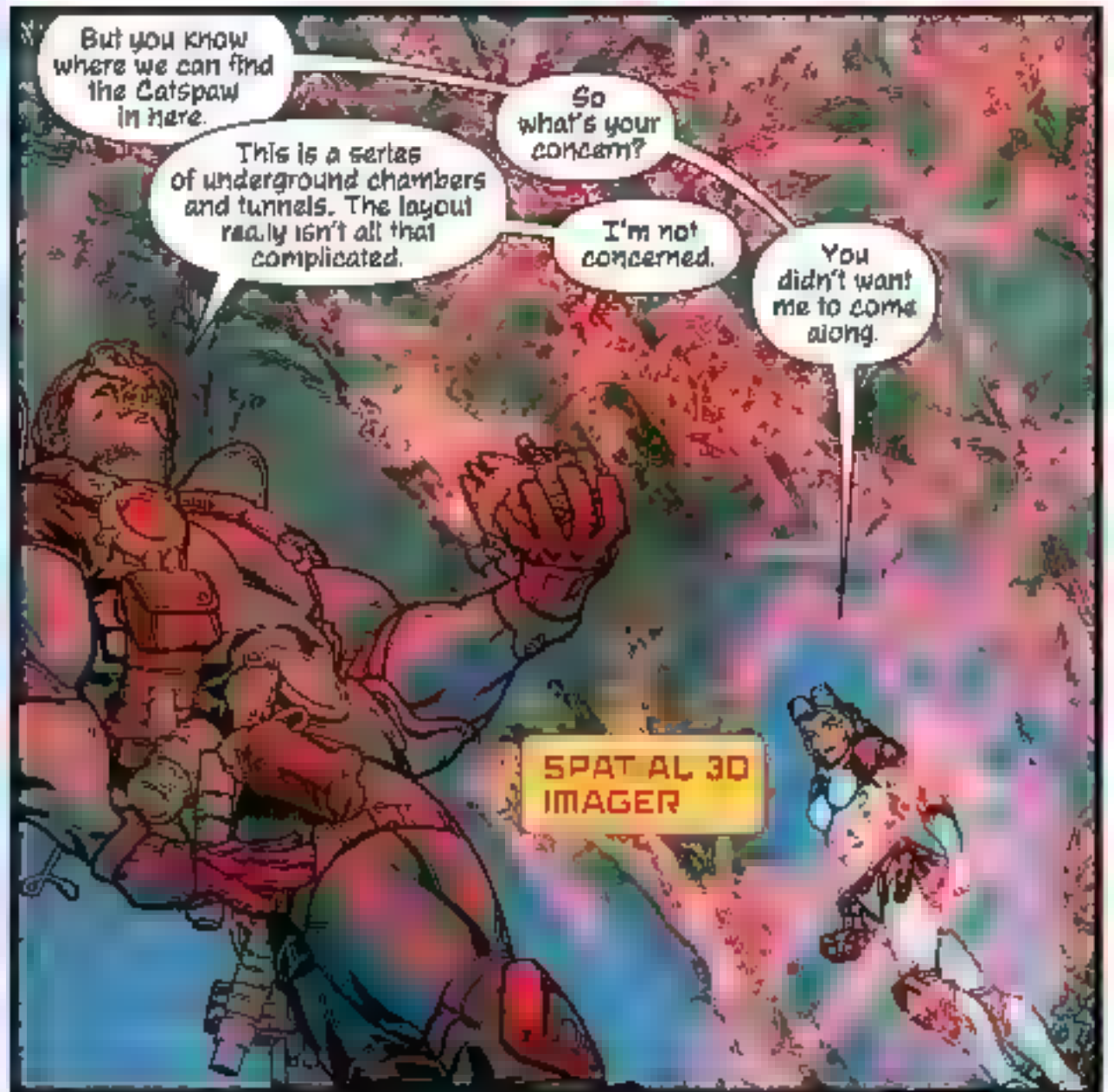
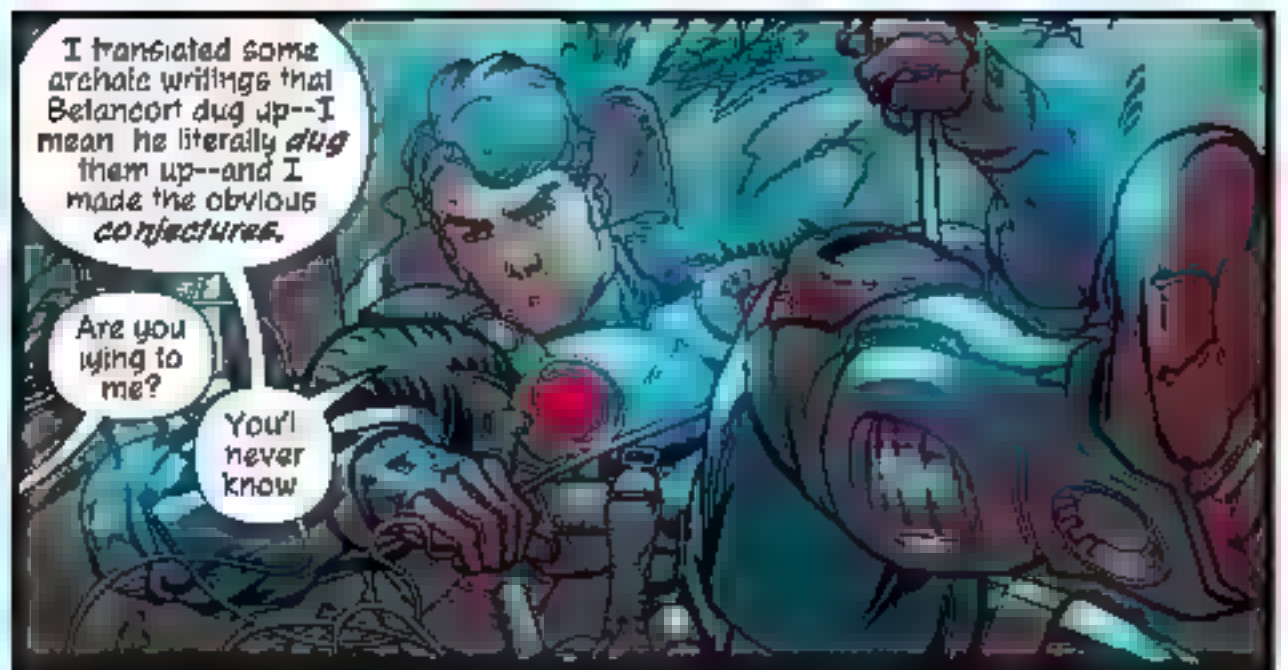
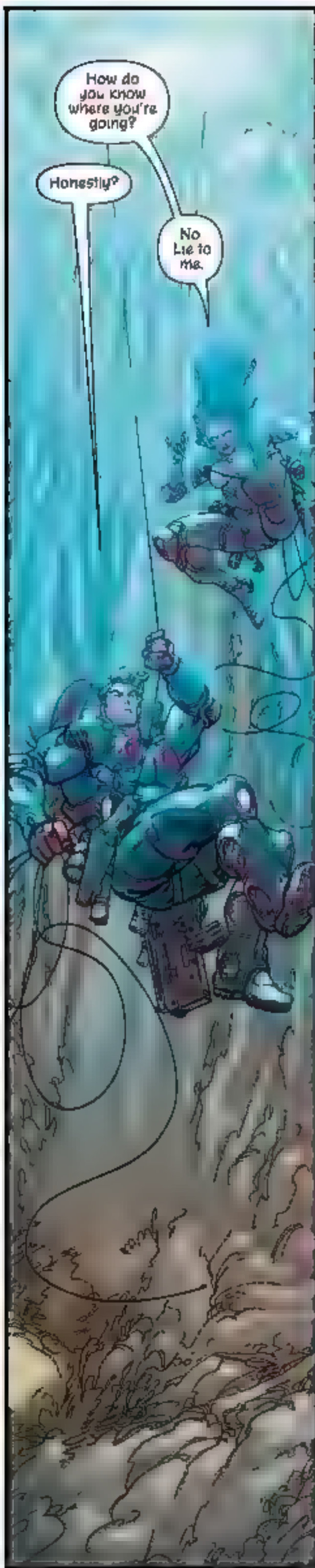


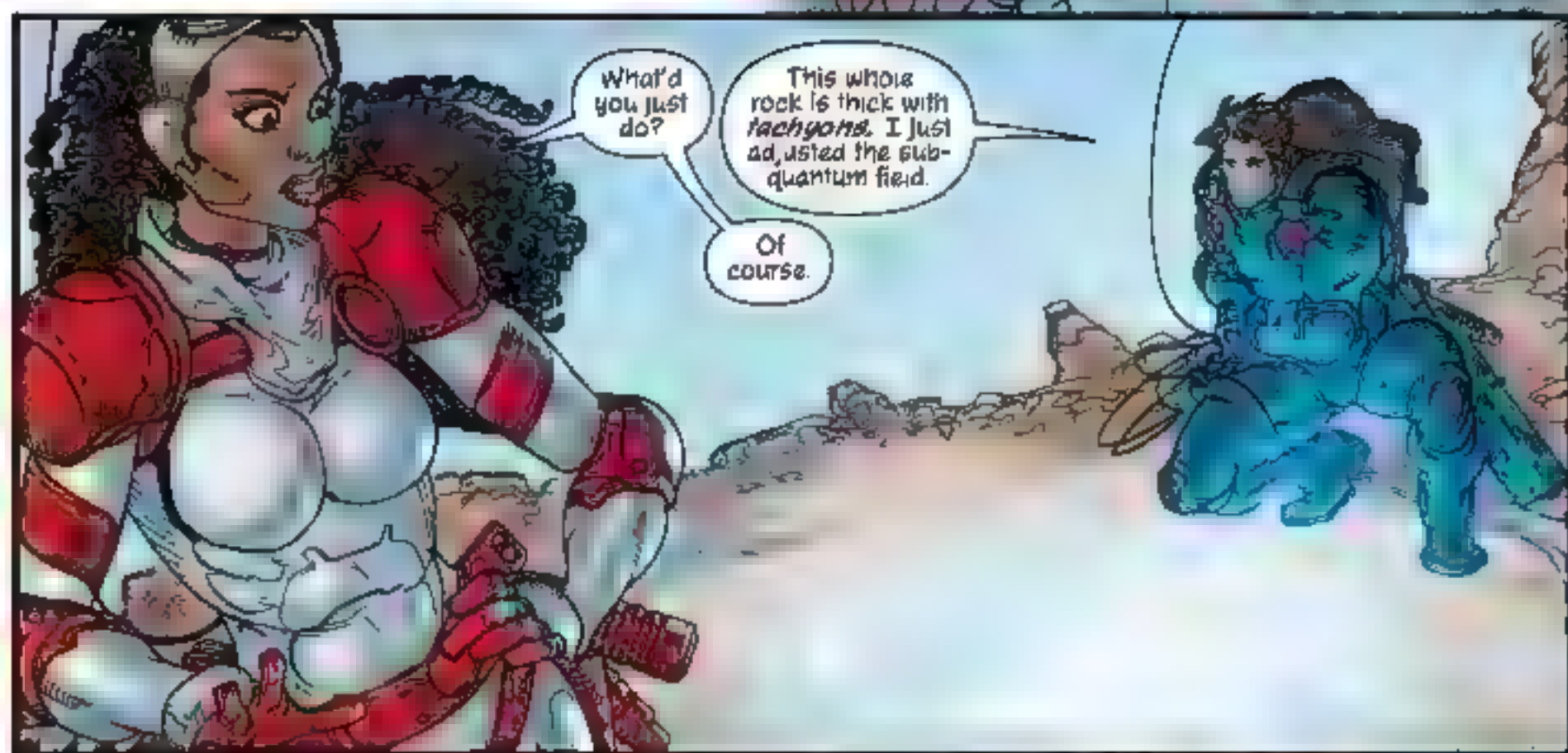
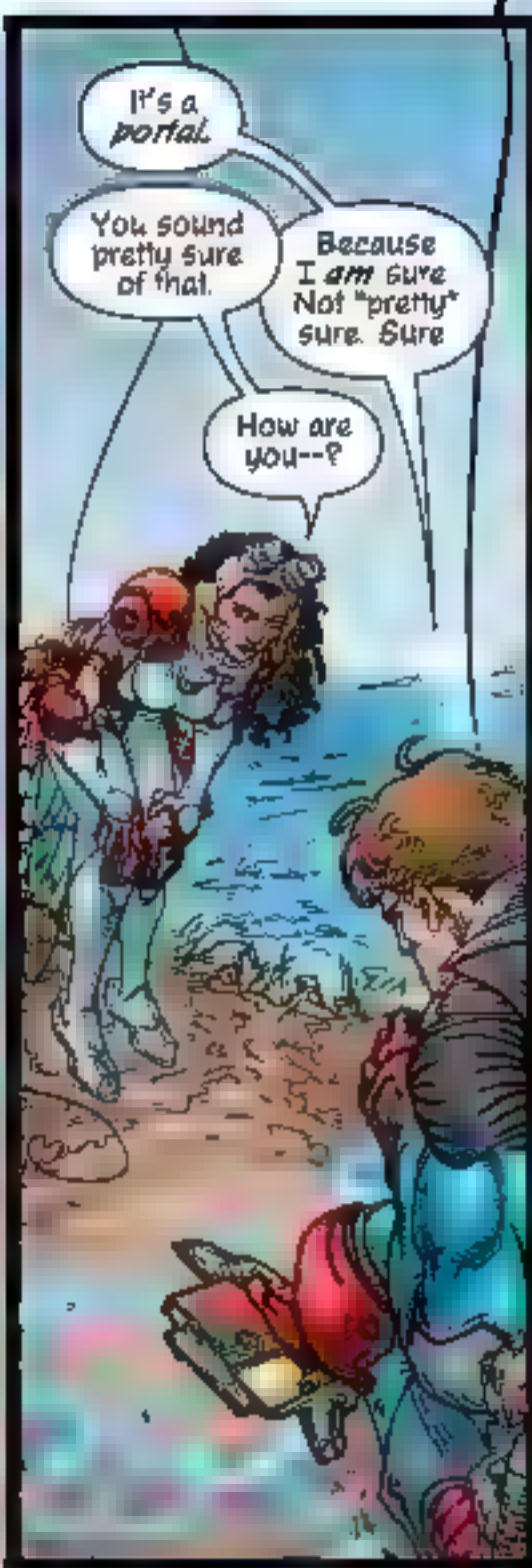
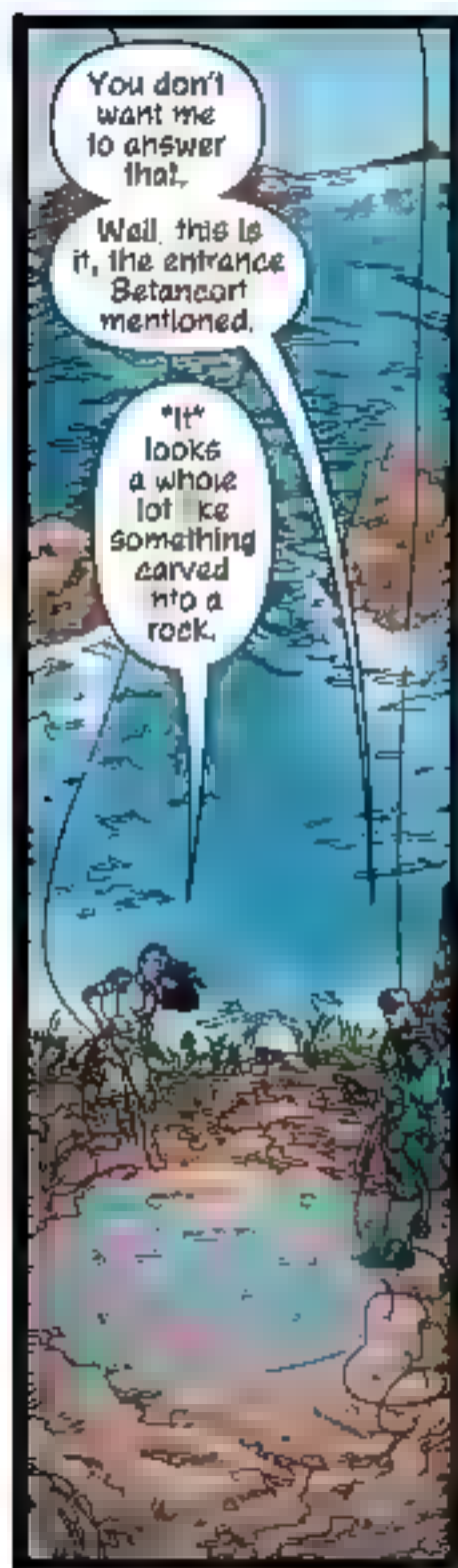
Ggh--

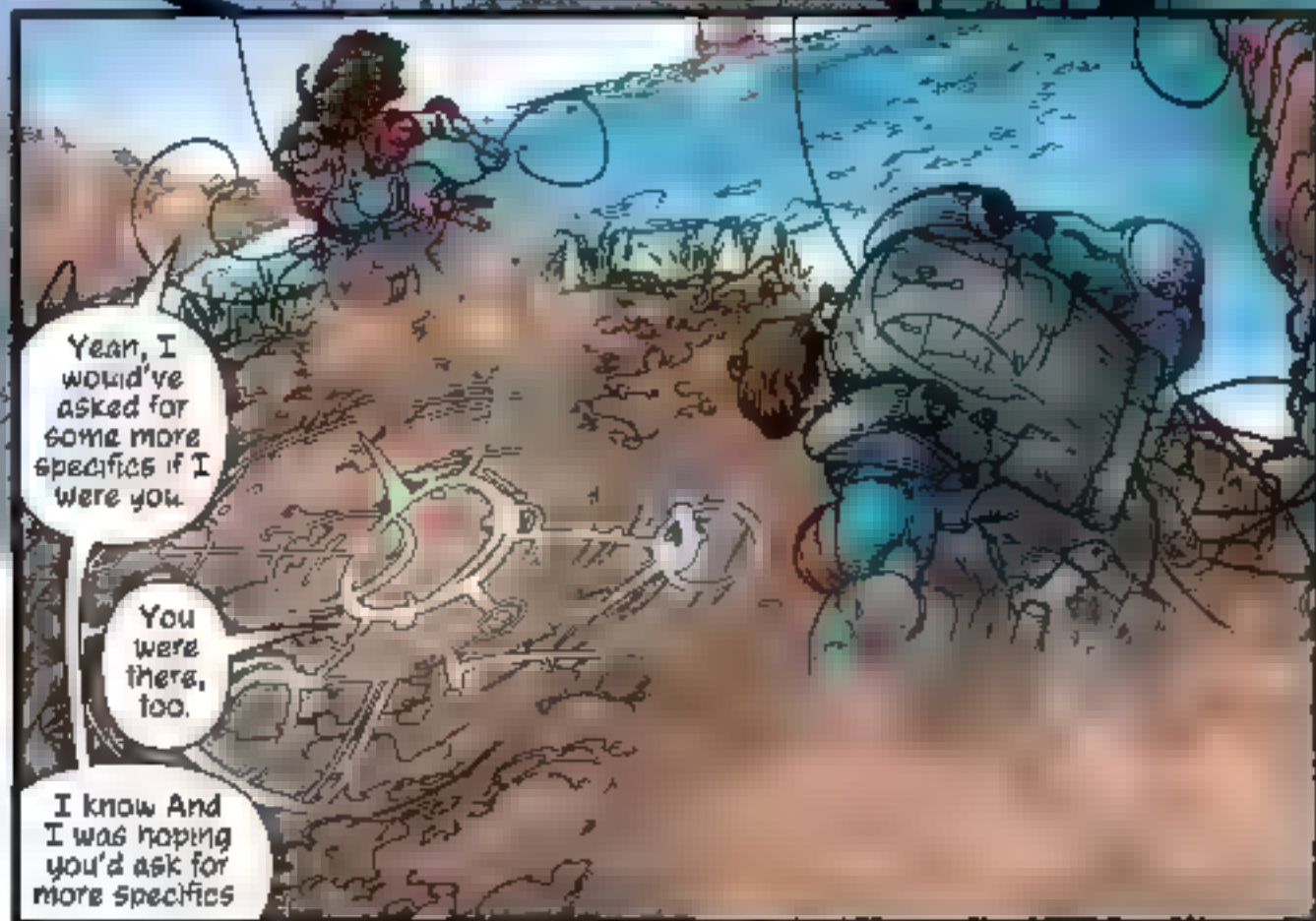
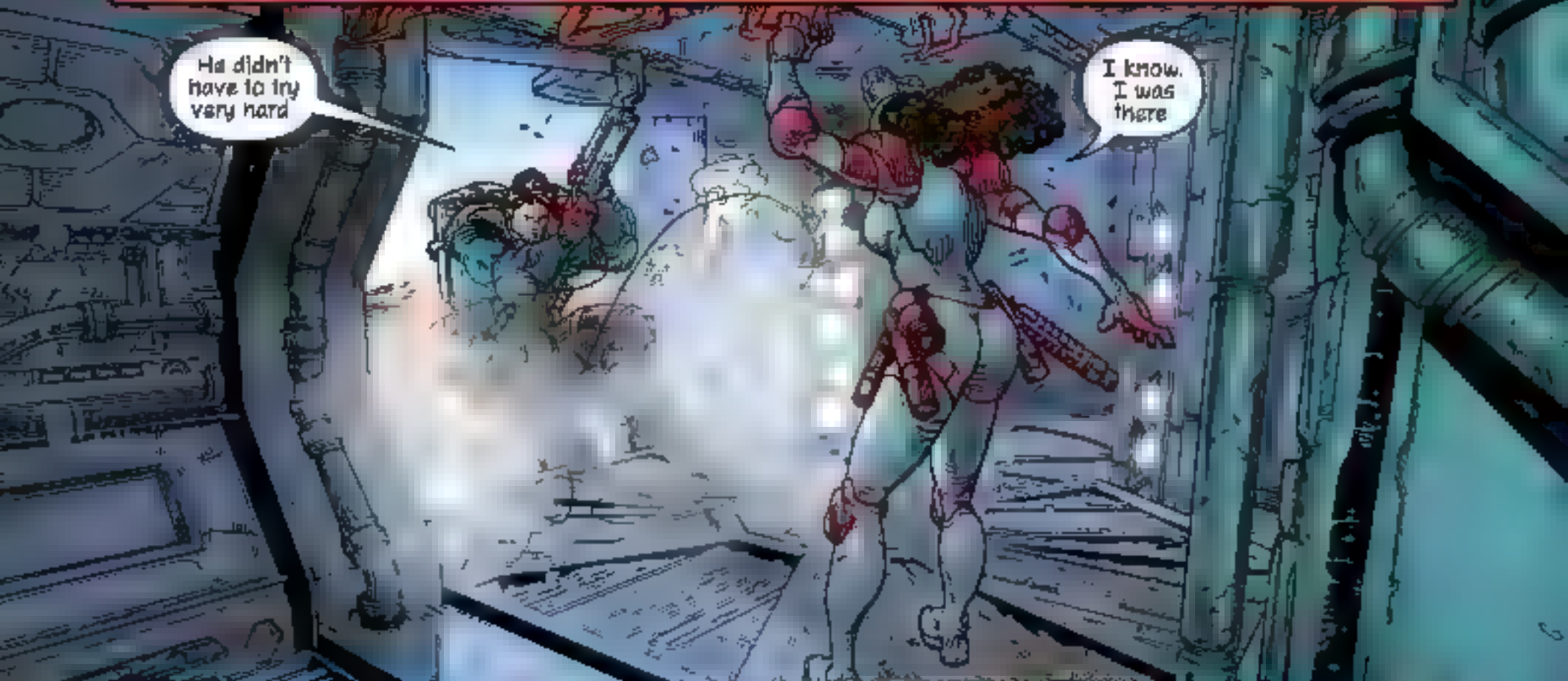
Evel



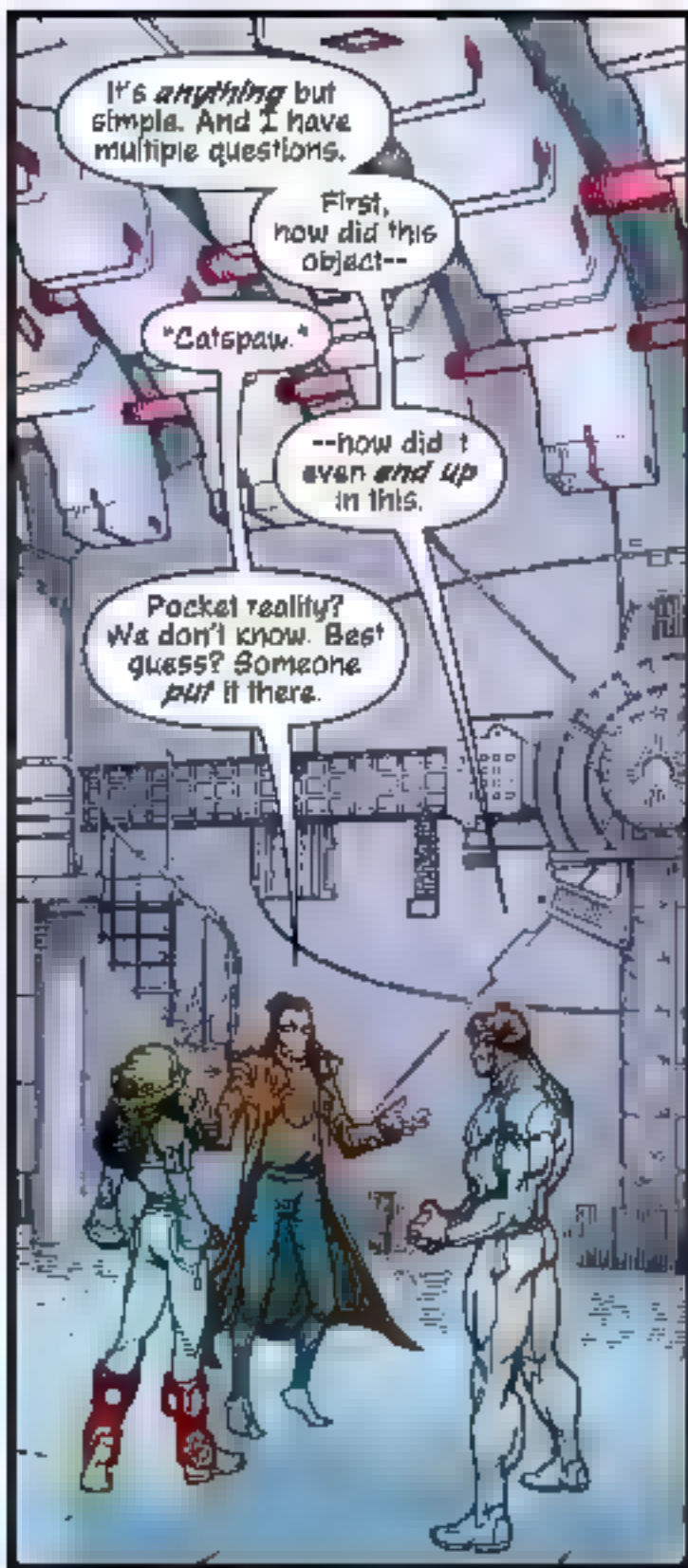


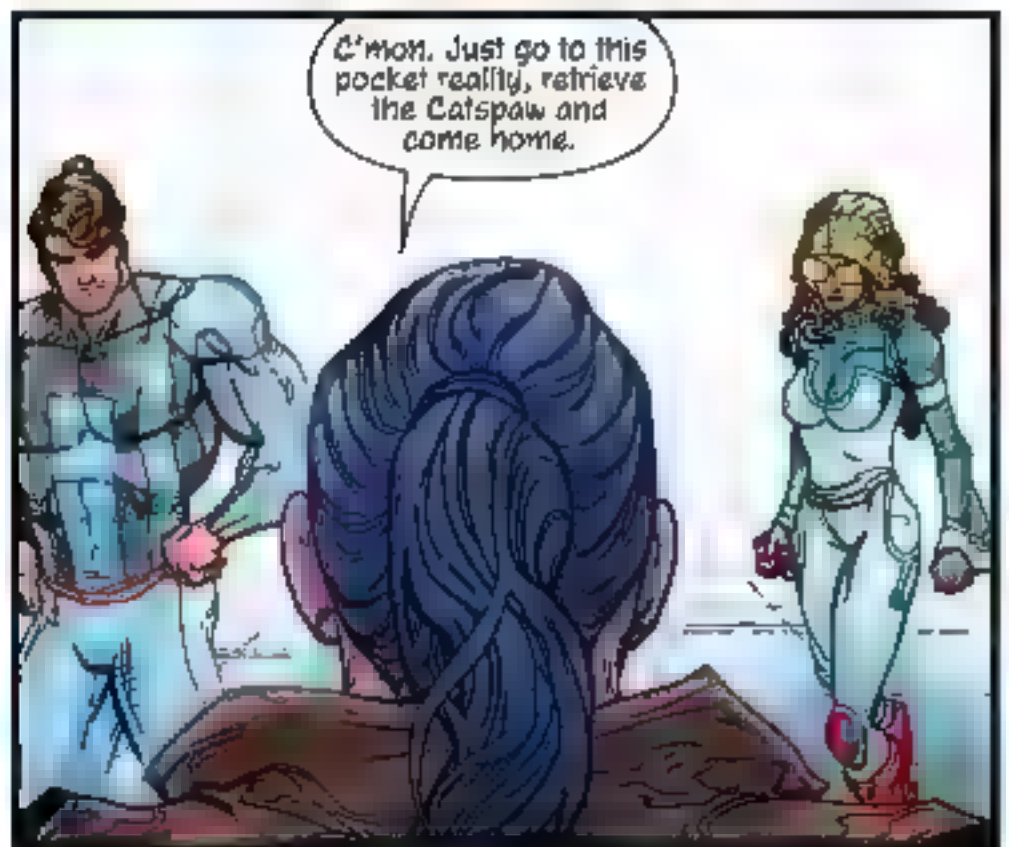
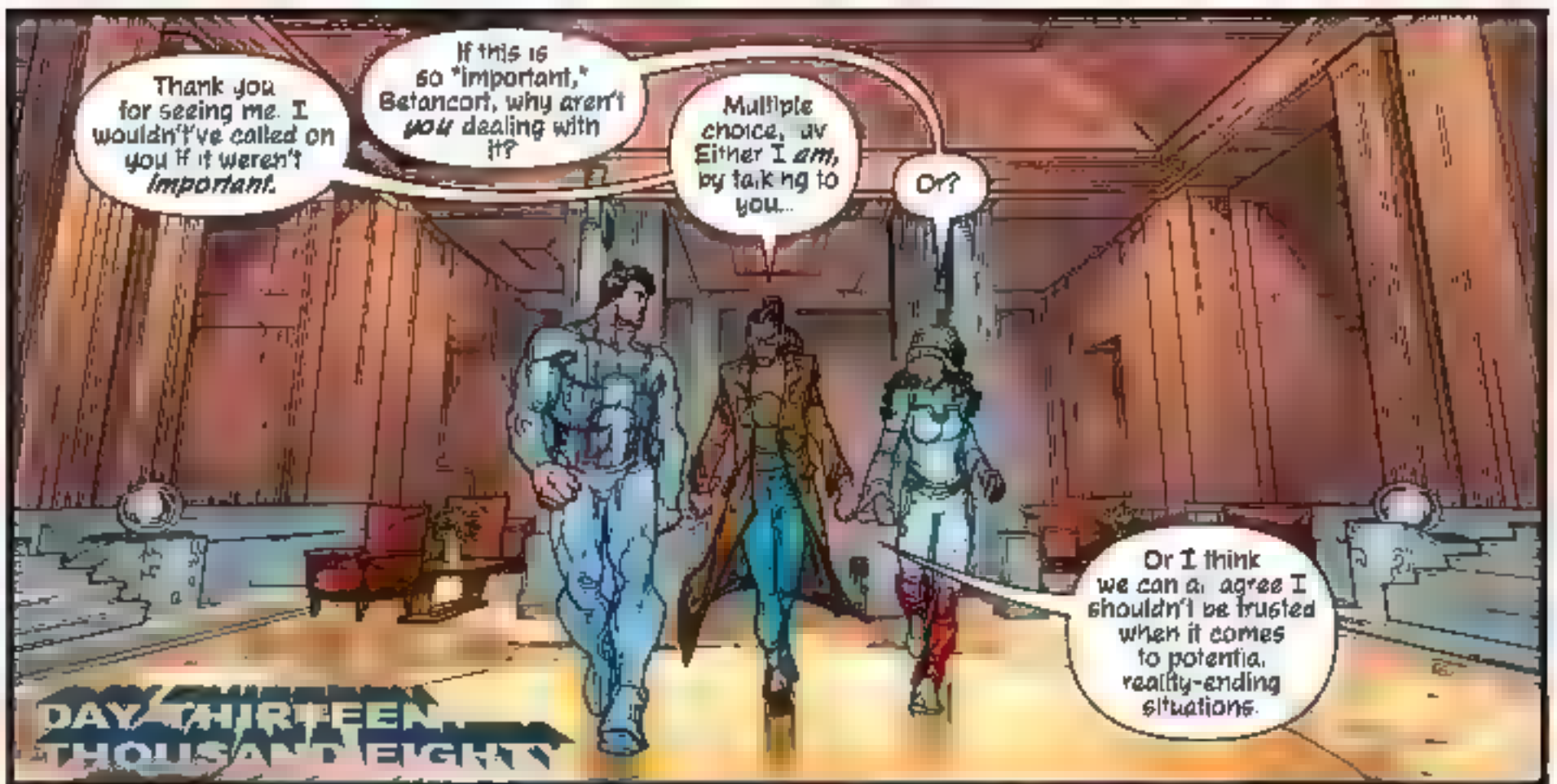






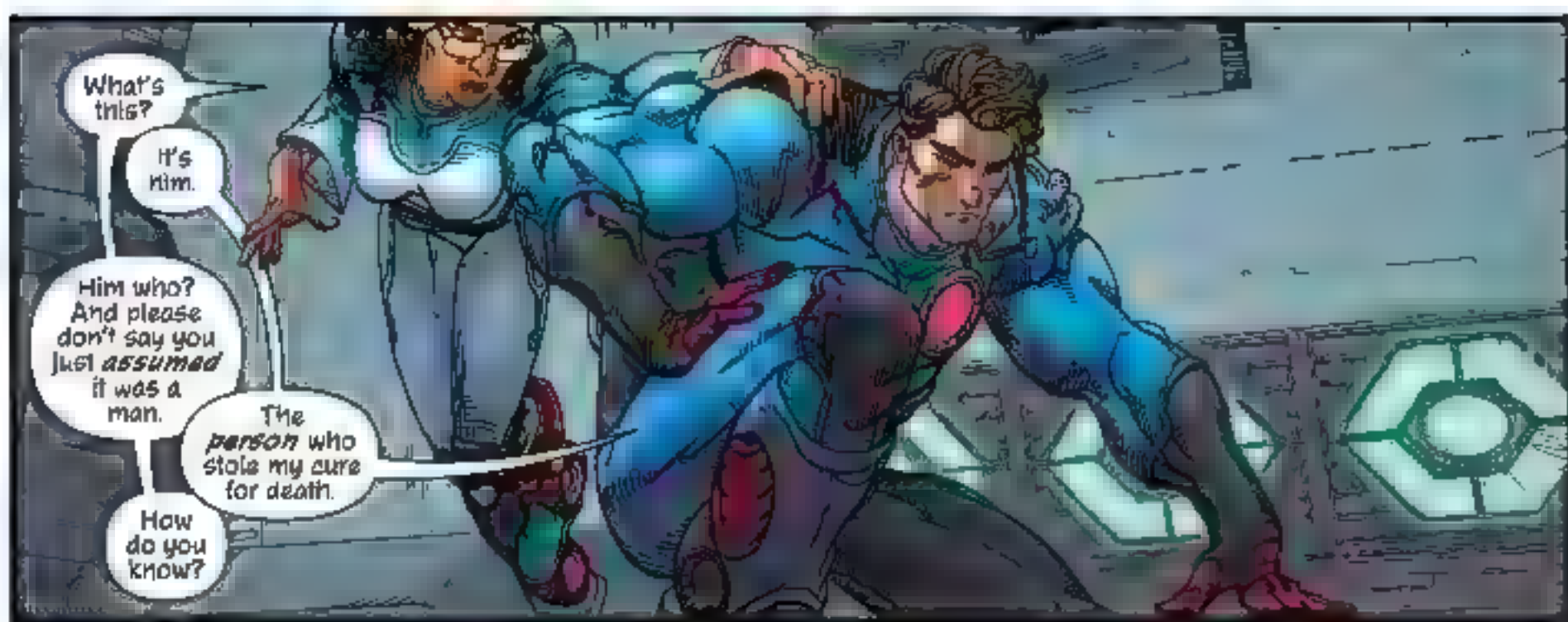
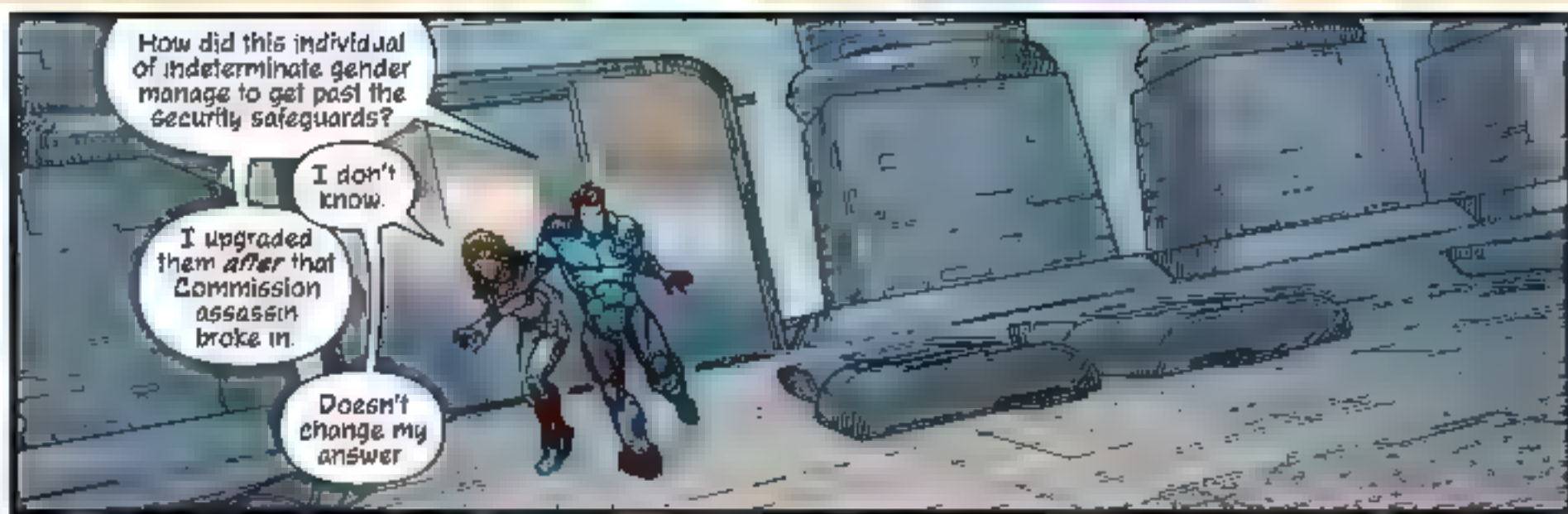






DAY THIRTEEN
THOUSAND ONE
HUNDRED

EPISODE SIX "ETERNAL"



Because
this is it.



Okay, so this
is some kind
of *message*.

Looks
like
Call
Belancort

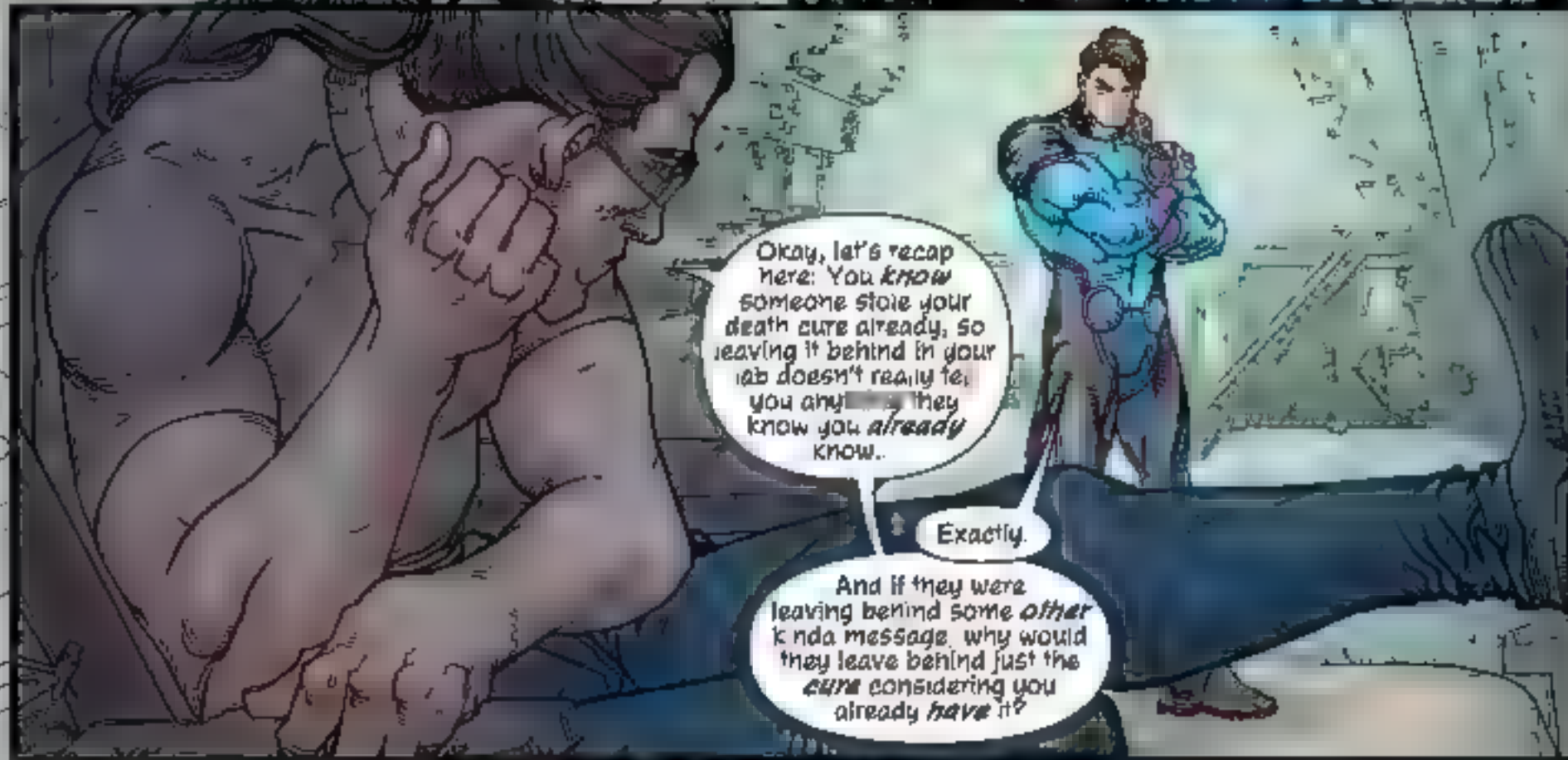
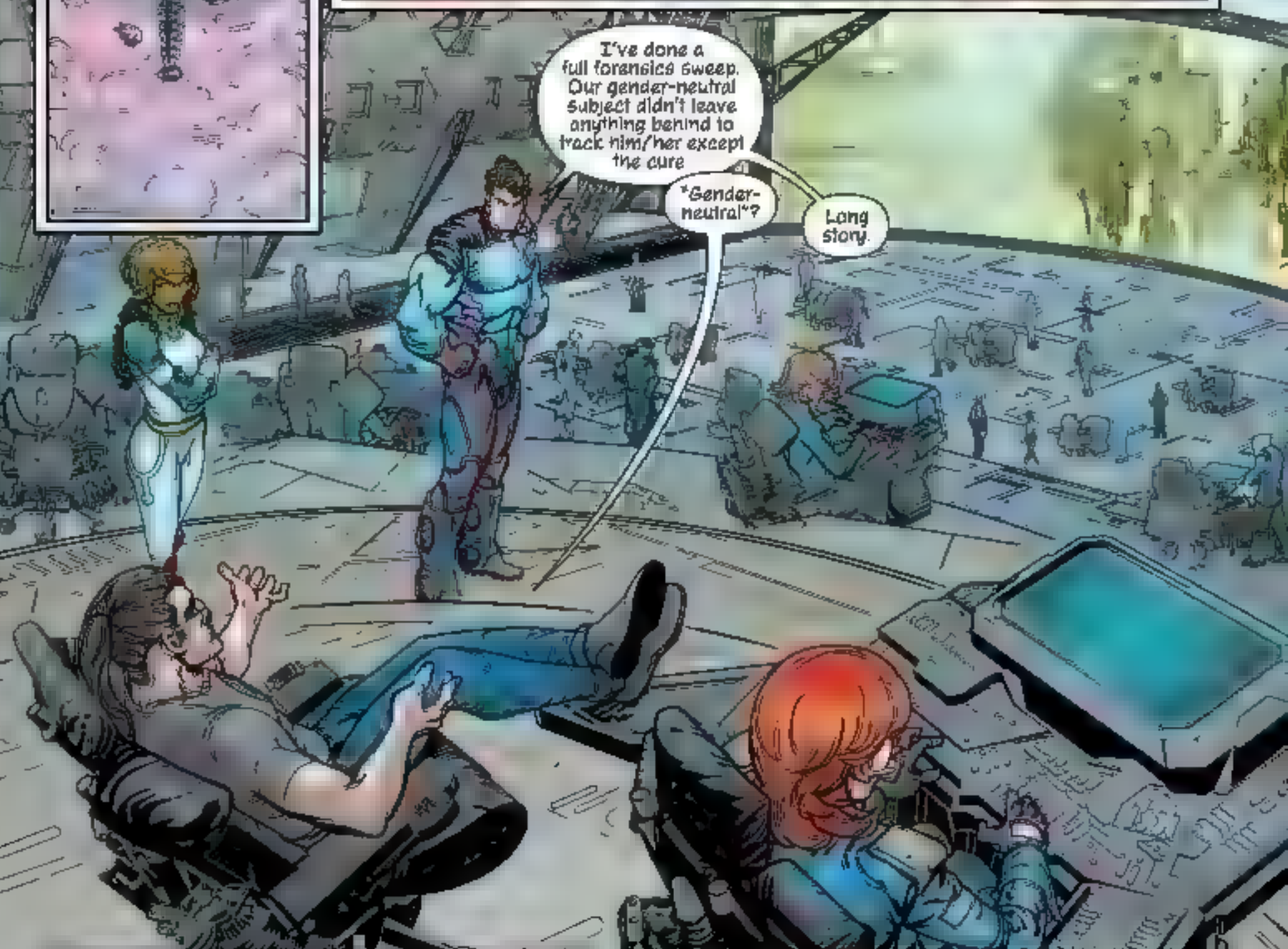
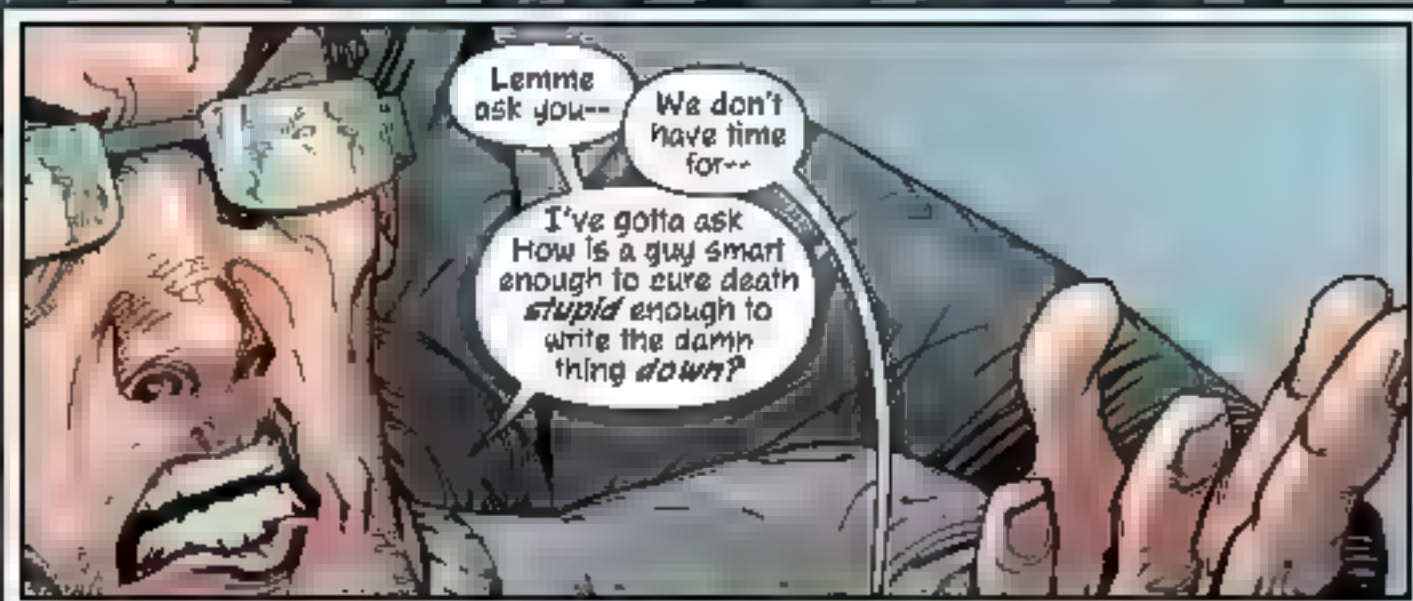
I *hate*
that guy.

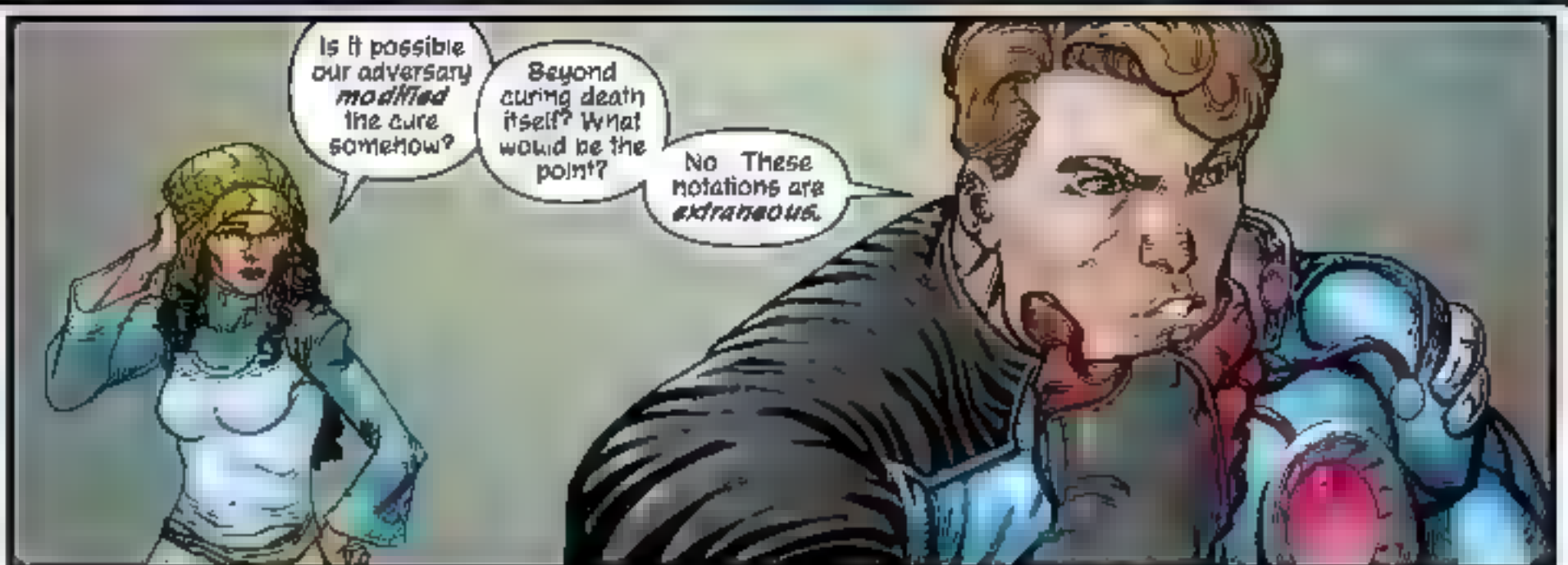
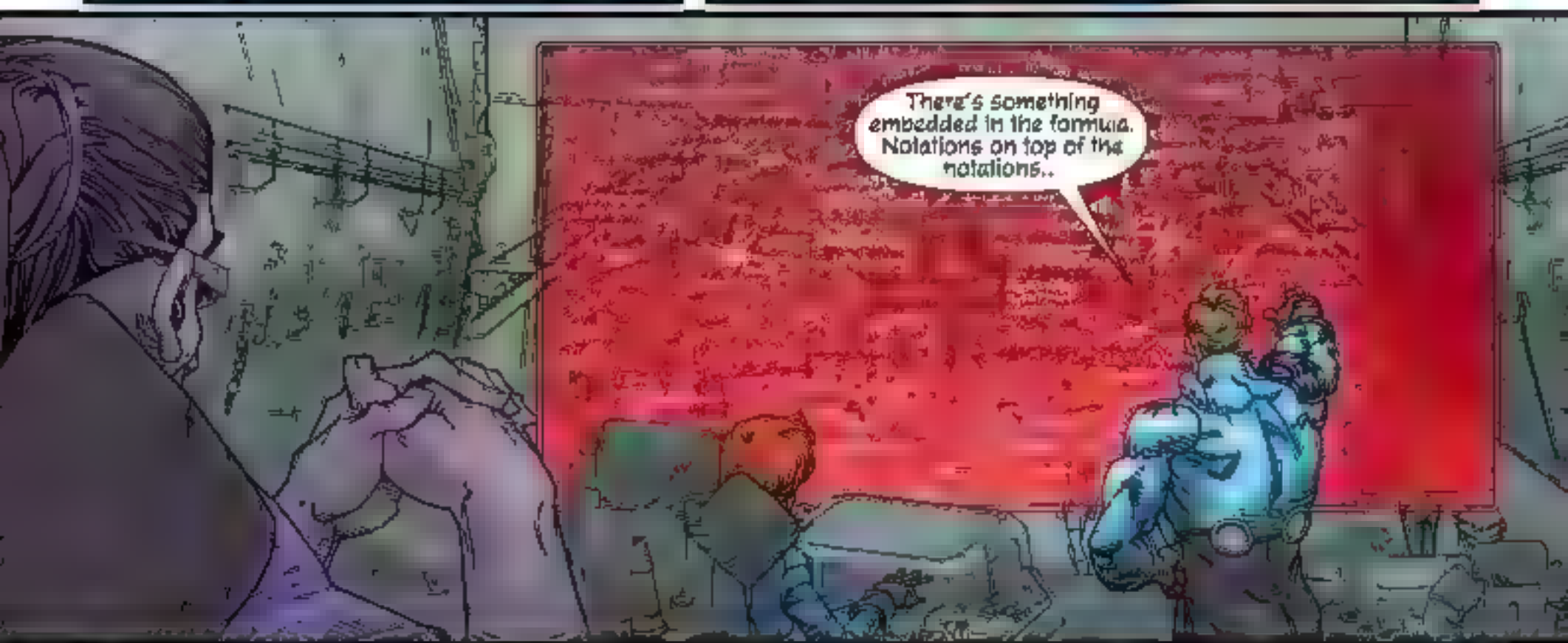
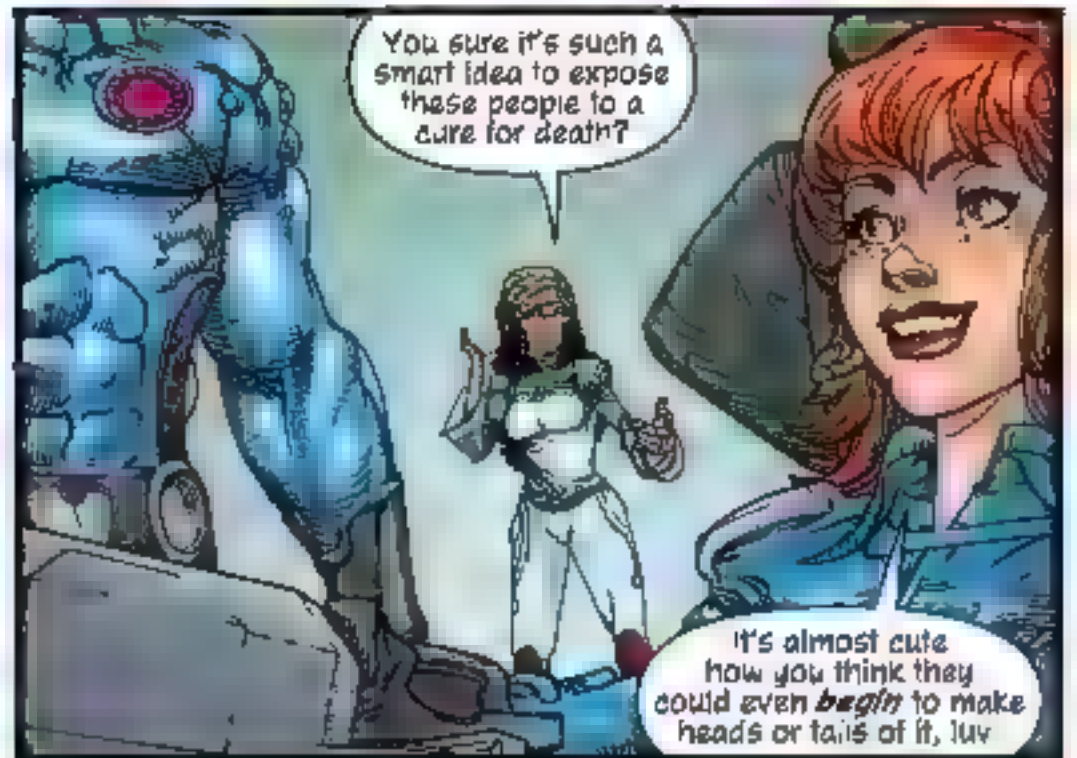
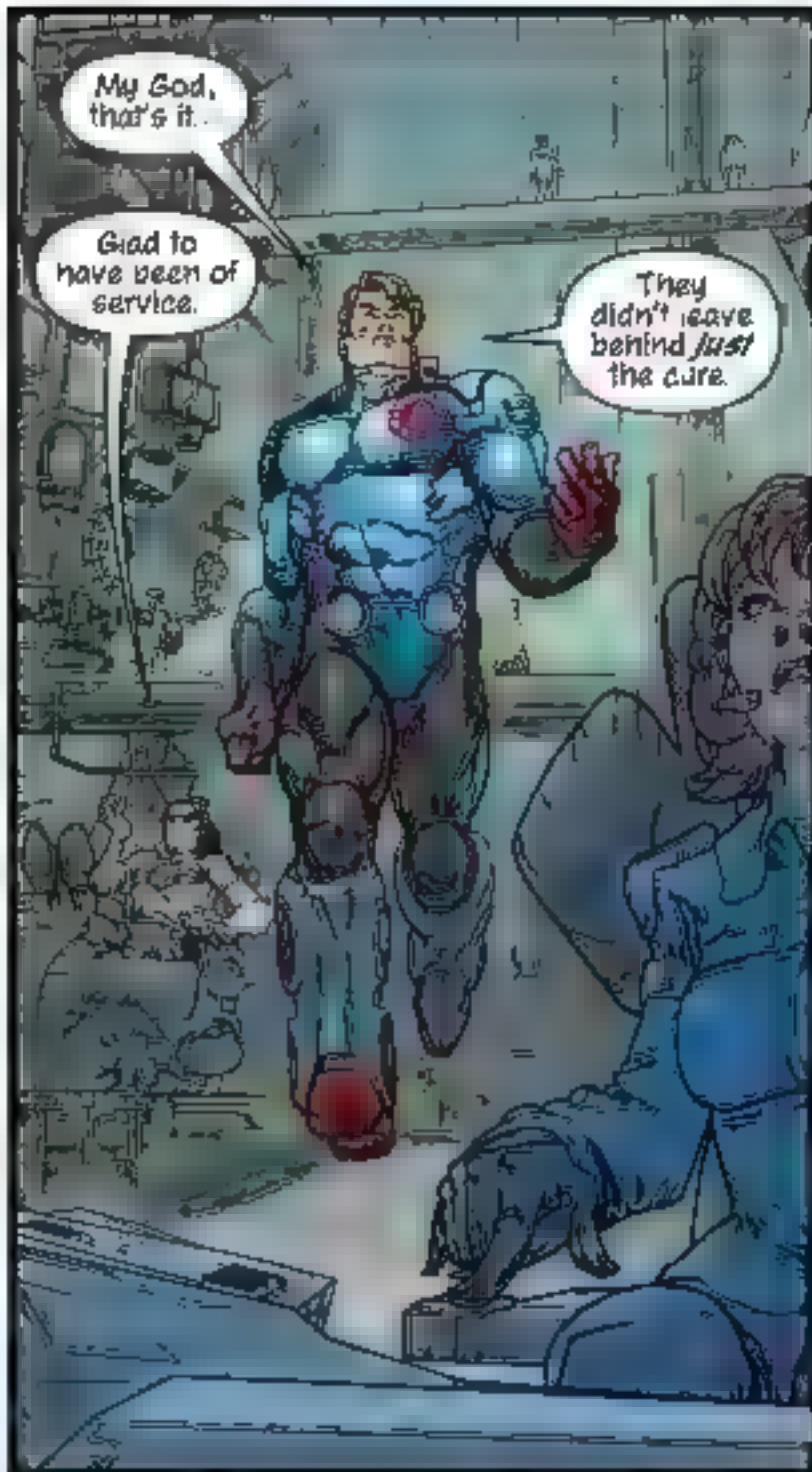
No, I
hate that
guy.

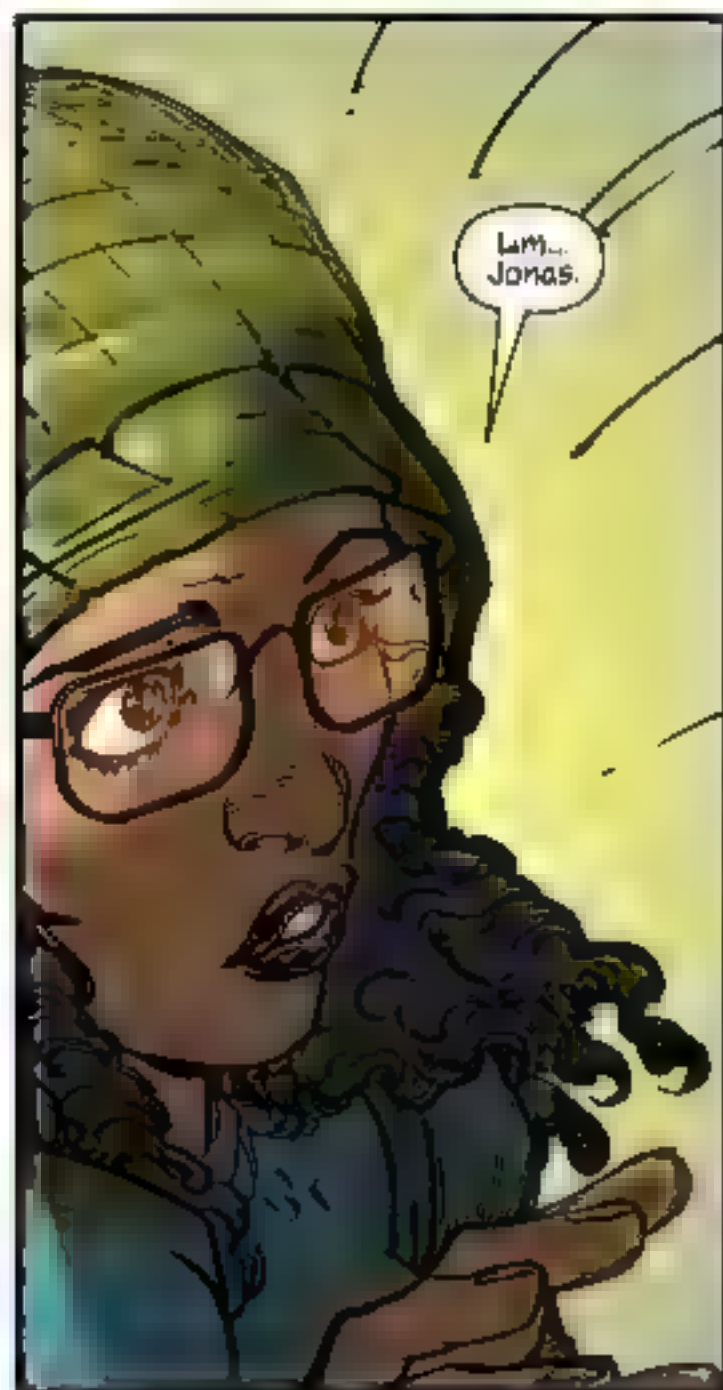
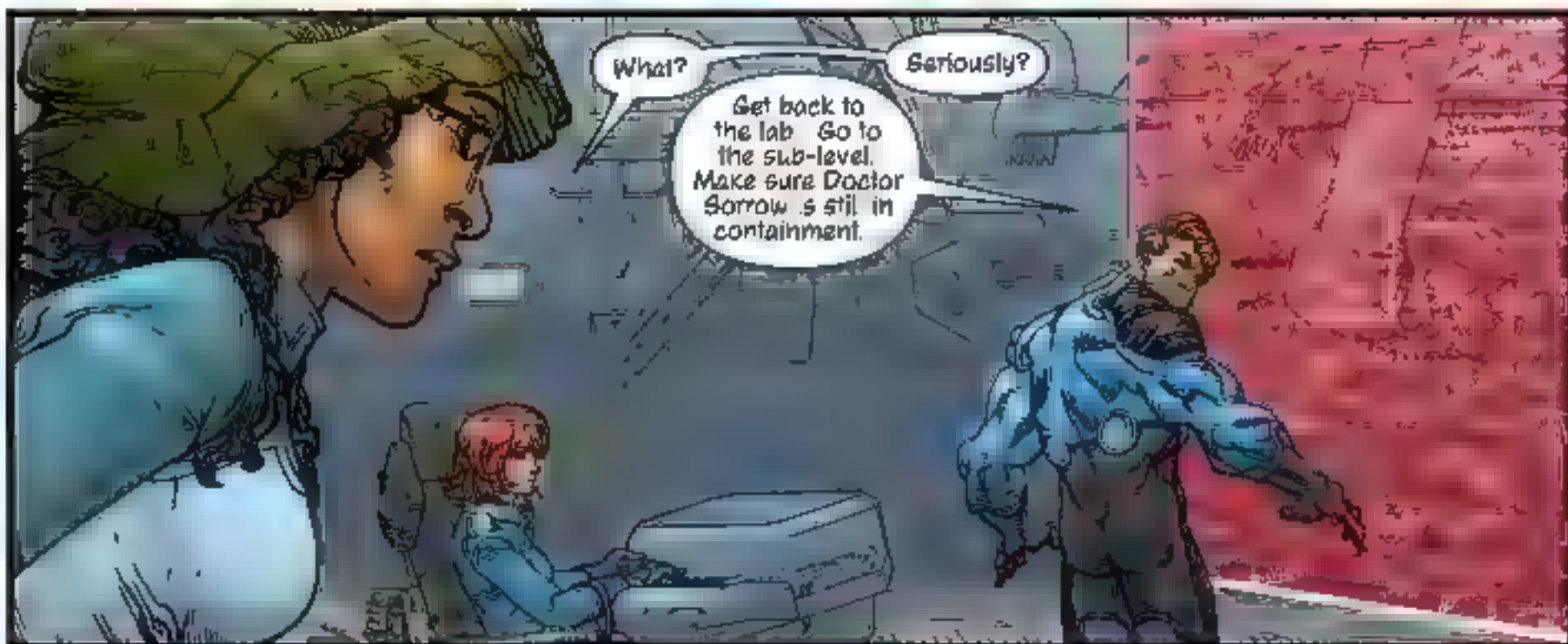
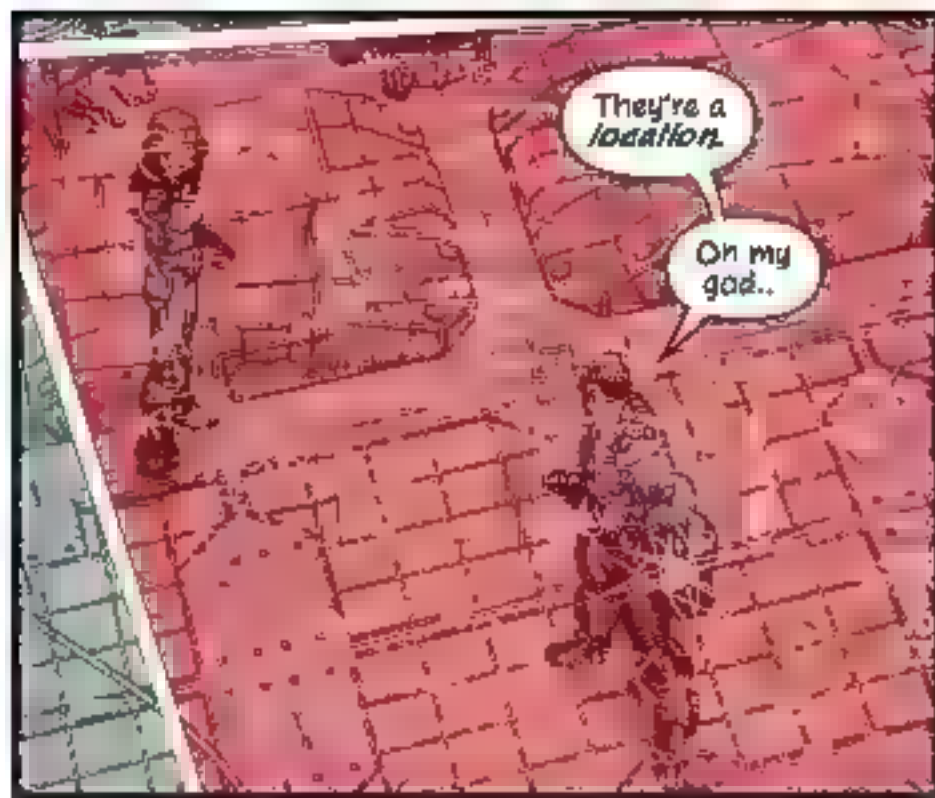
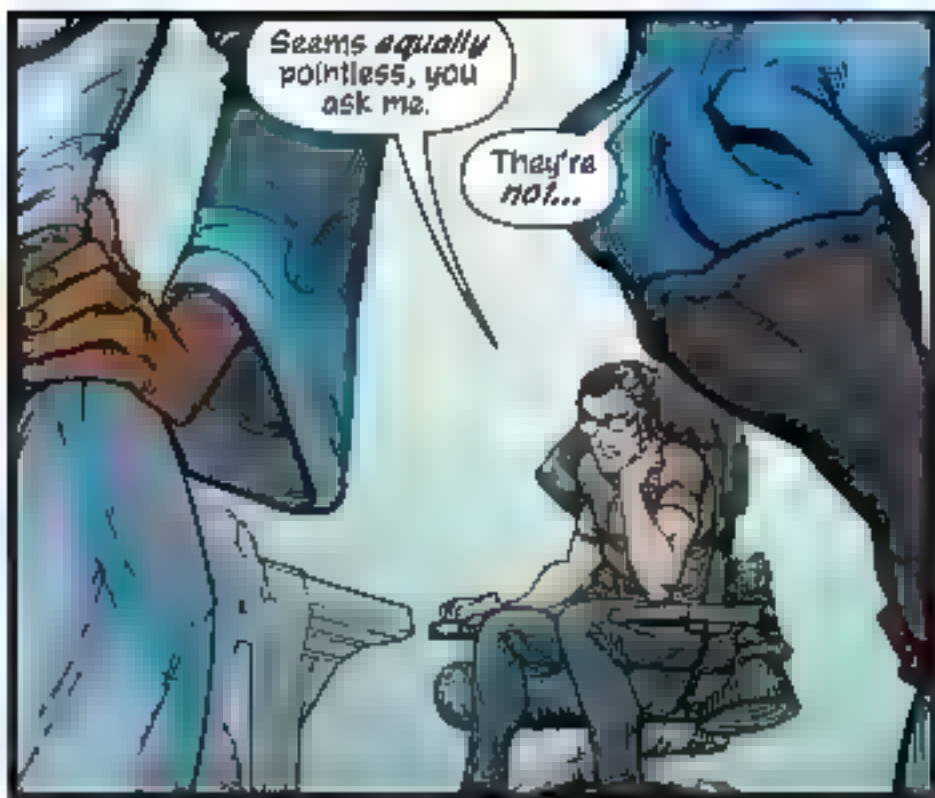
But our
personal feelings
about him should
have no impact on
your ability to
find his phone
number.



**FLYING
HEADQUARTERS
OF R.A.M.P.A.R.T.**







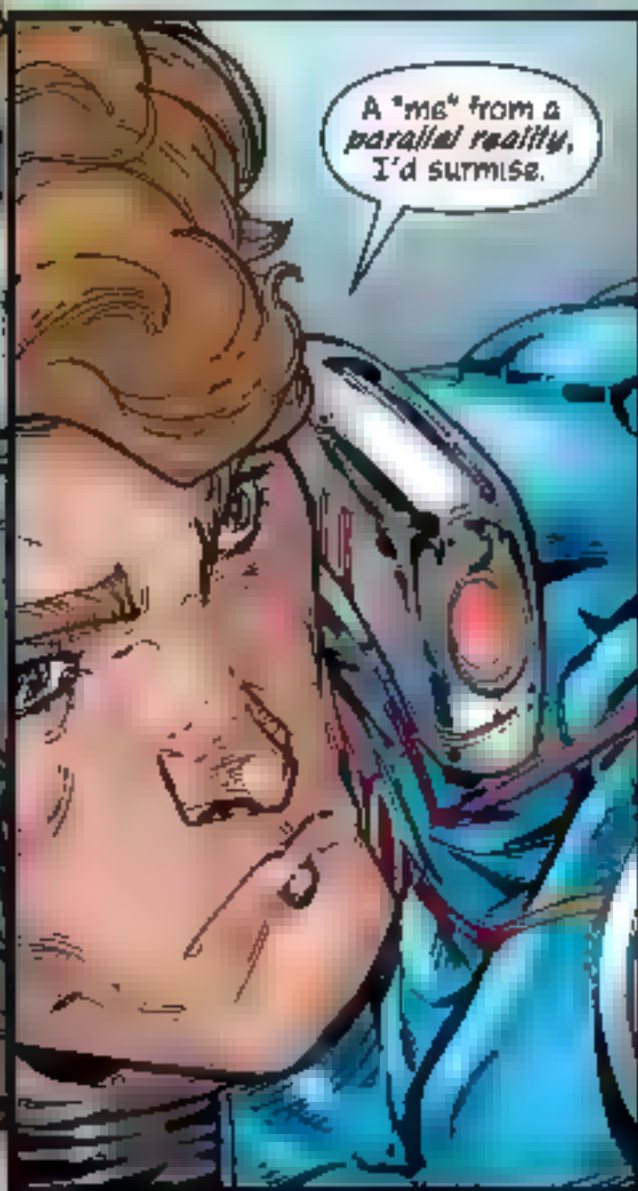


You're here.

We need to talk.



Now who's *this* biker?



A "me" from a parallel reality, I'd surmise.

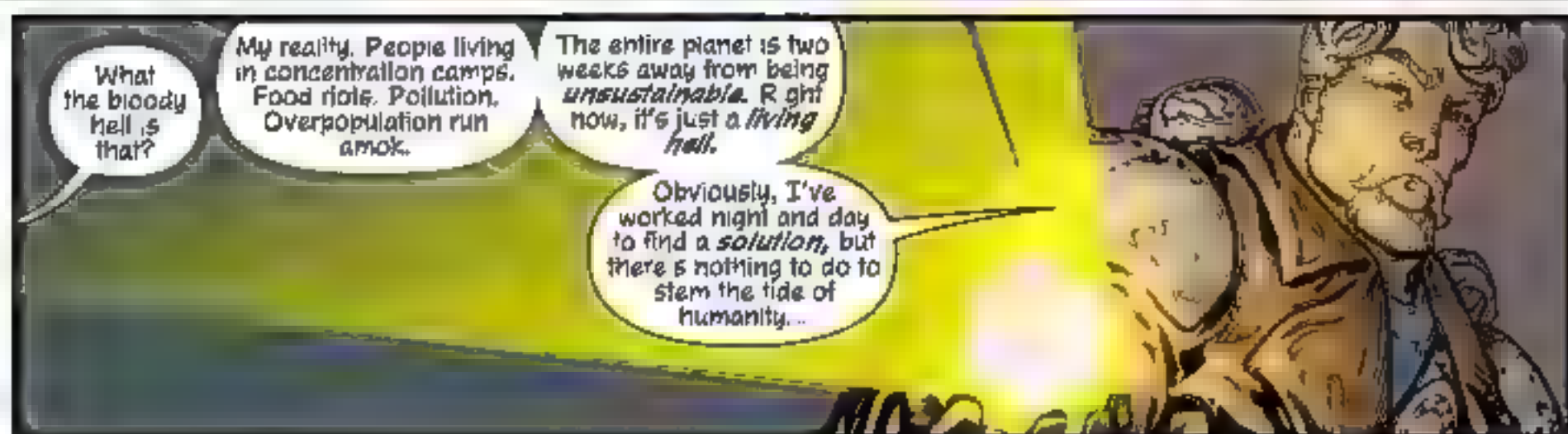
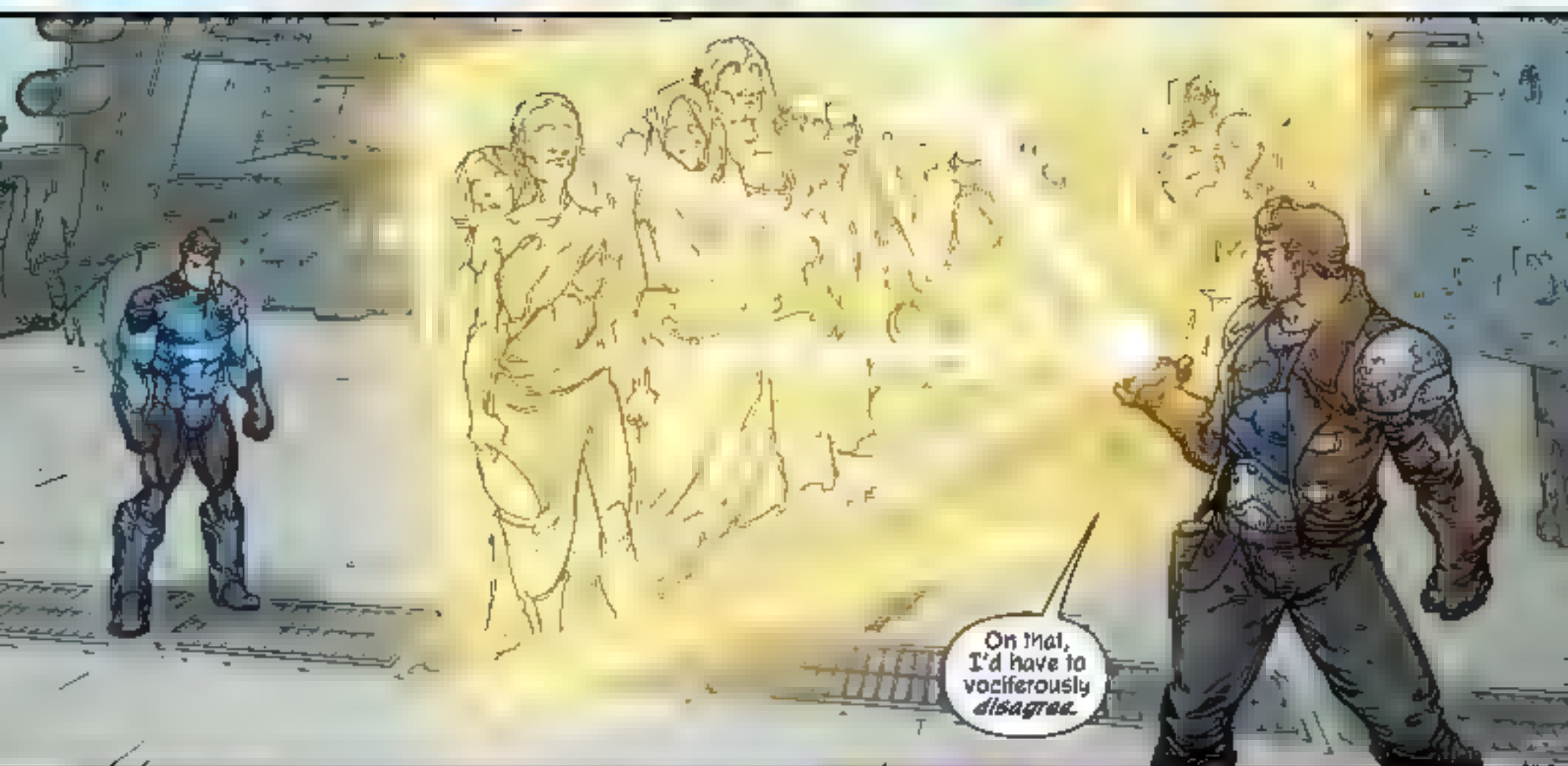


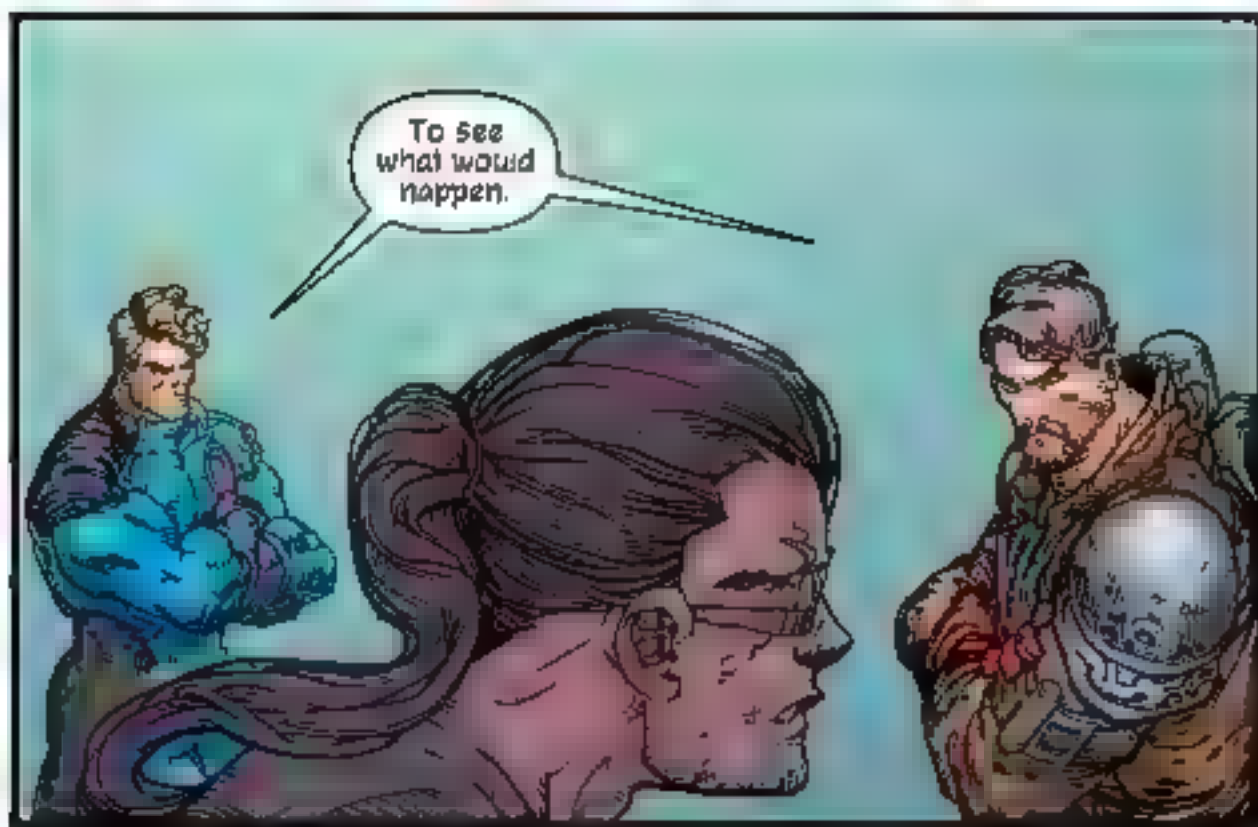
Yes. And I need to talk to you, right now.

Eve, get back to the lab.

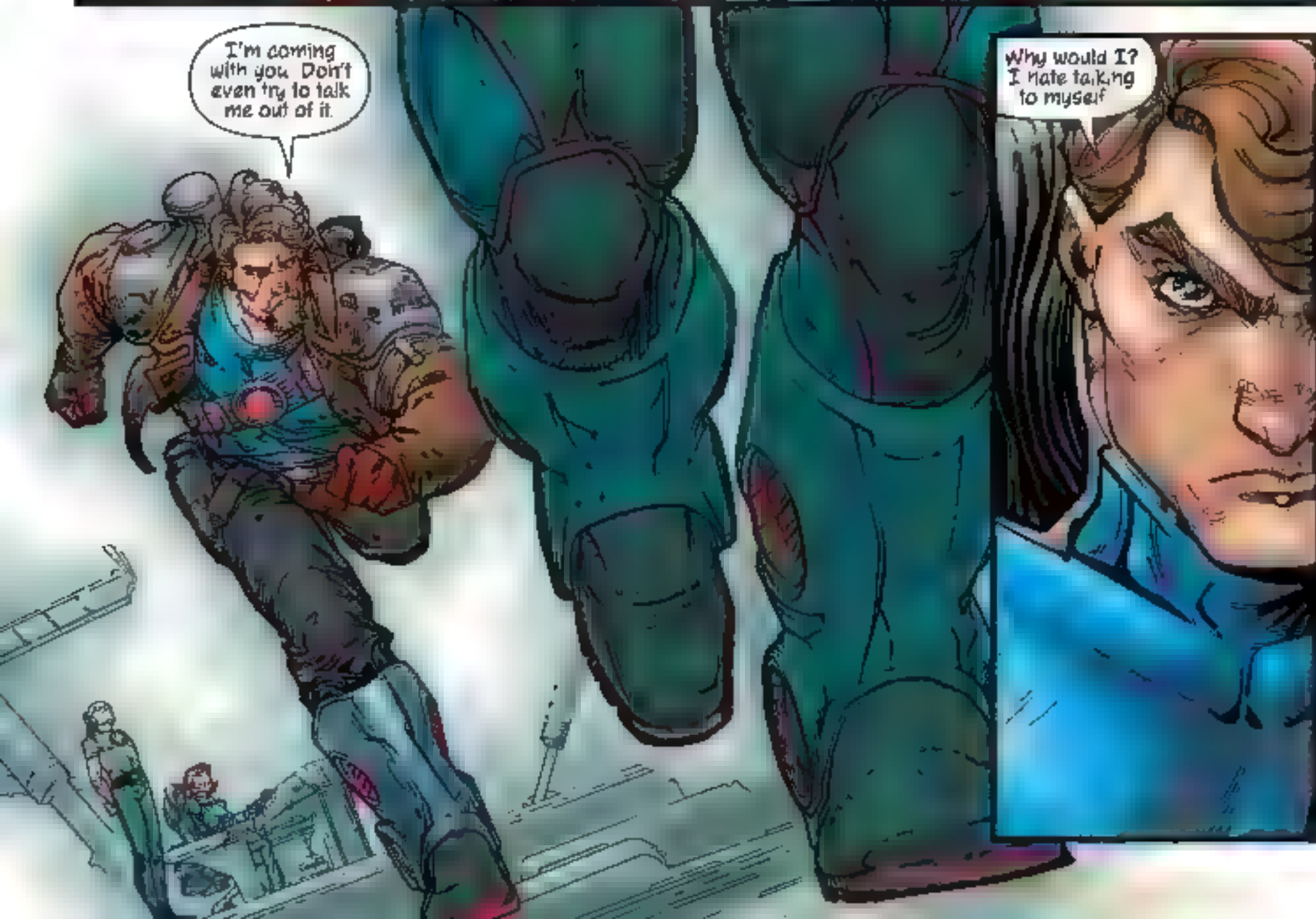
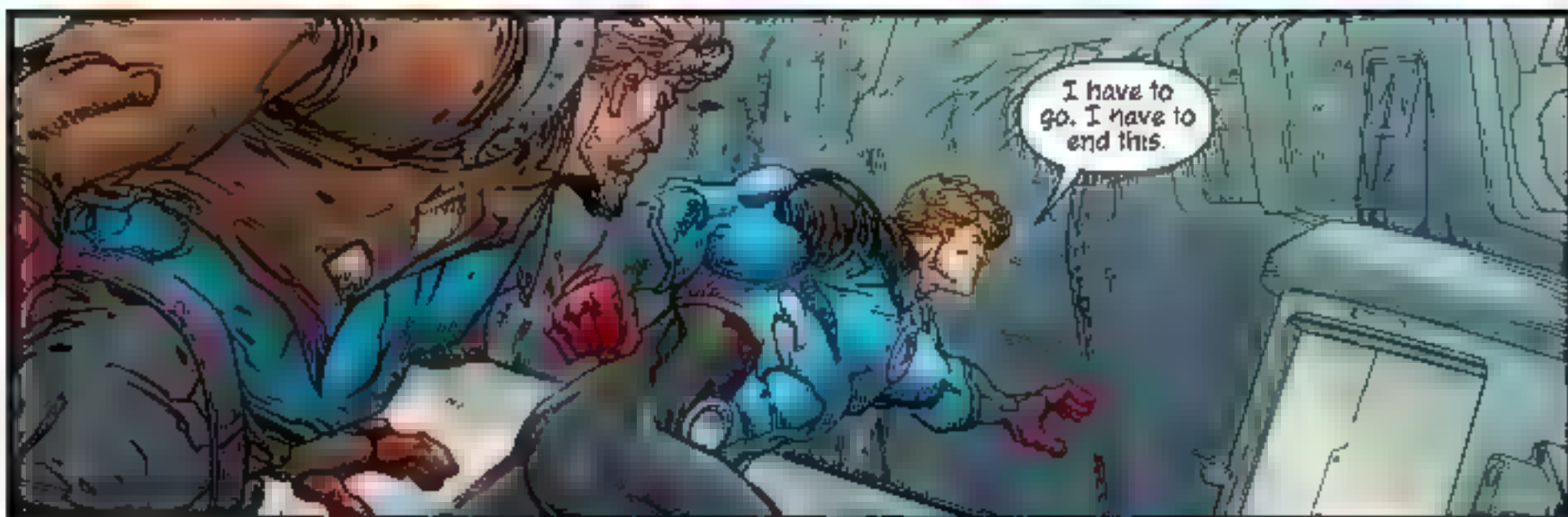
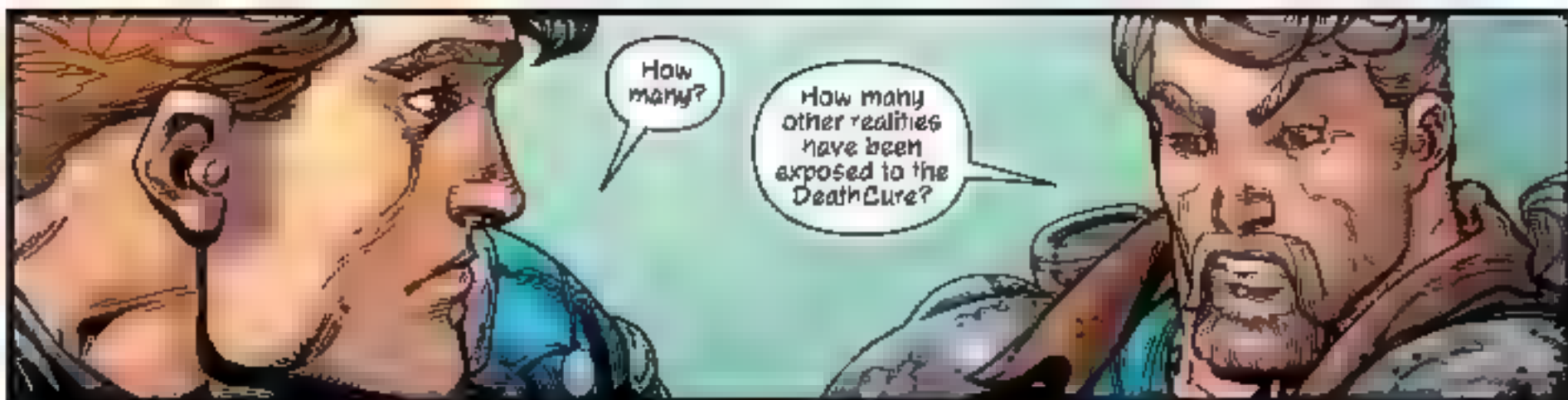
But I wanna stay and hear what the other you wants

Lab. Go. Now.









VIRTUAL REALITY. VICTORIAN ENGLAND. PRISON OF DOCTOR SORROW

This simulacrum is *astounding*. The "people" are even reacting to our anachronistic *wardrobe*.

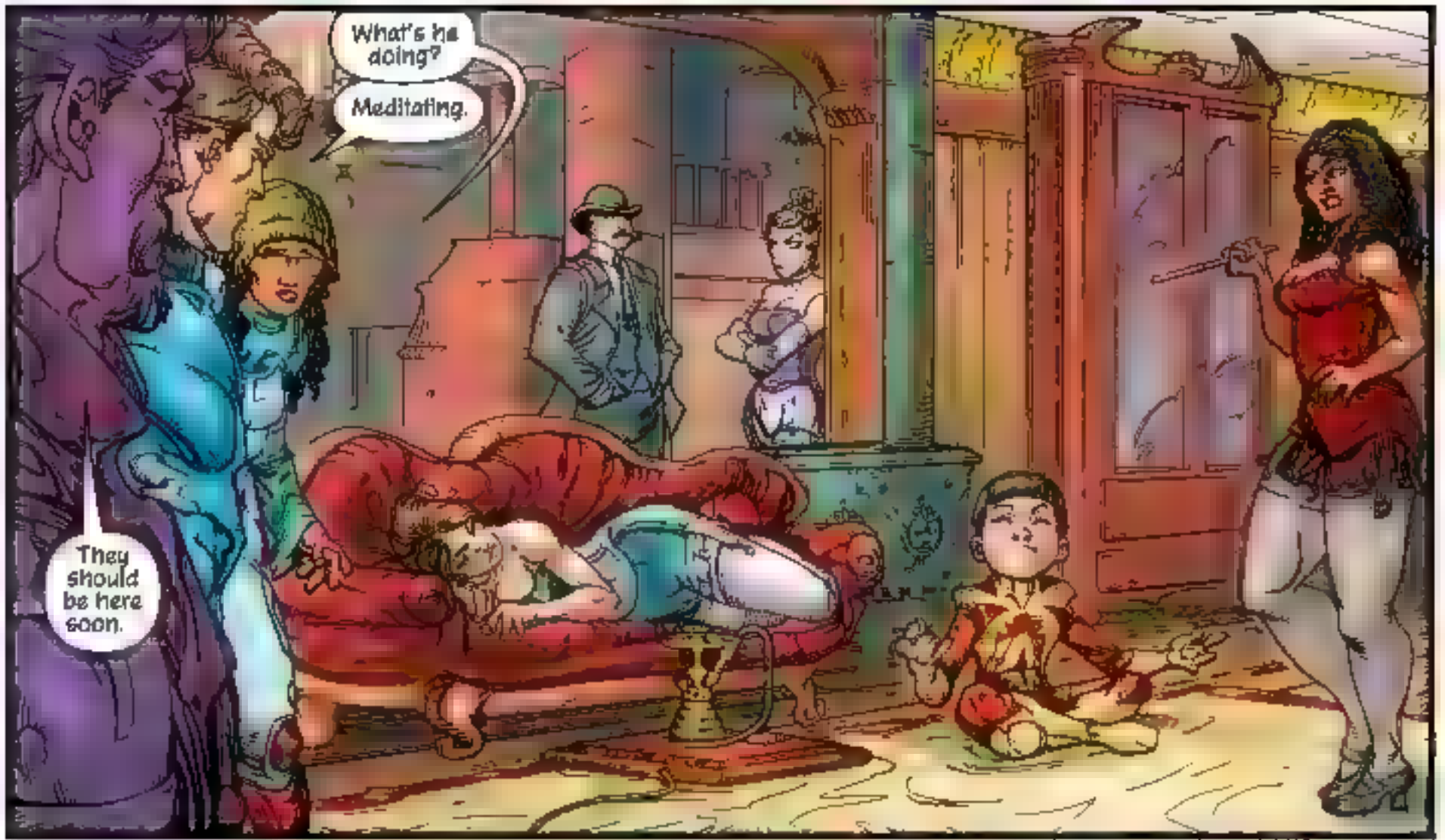
—sub-uminal A I I've been toying with something like that myself recently.

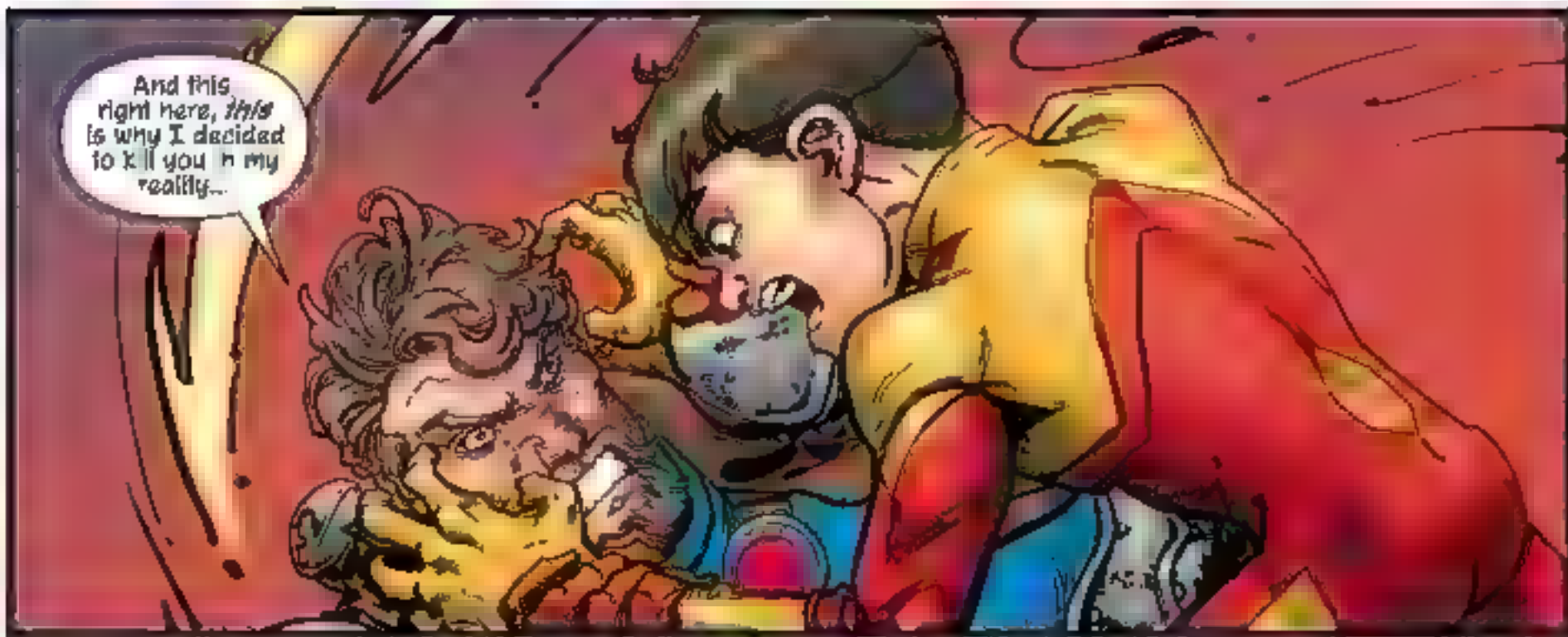
Their reactions are programmed according to a--

If your Doctor Sorrow's still imprisoned here, can't we rule him out as a suspect?

You have a Sorrow in *your* reality?

I did. At least, until I *killed* him.







Not exactly.



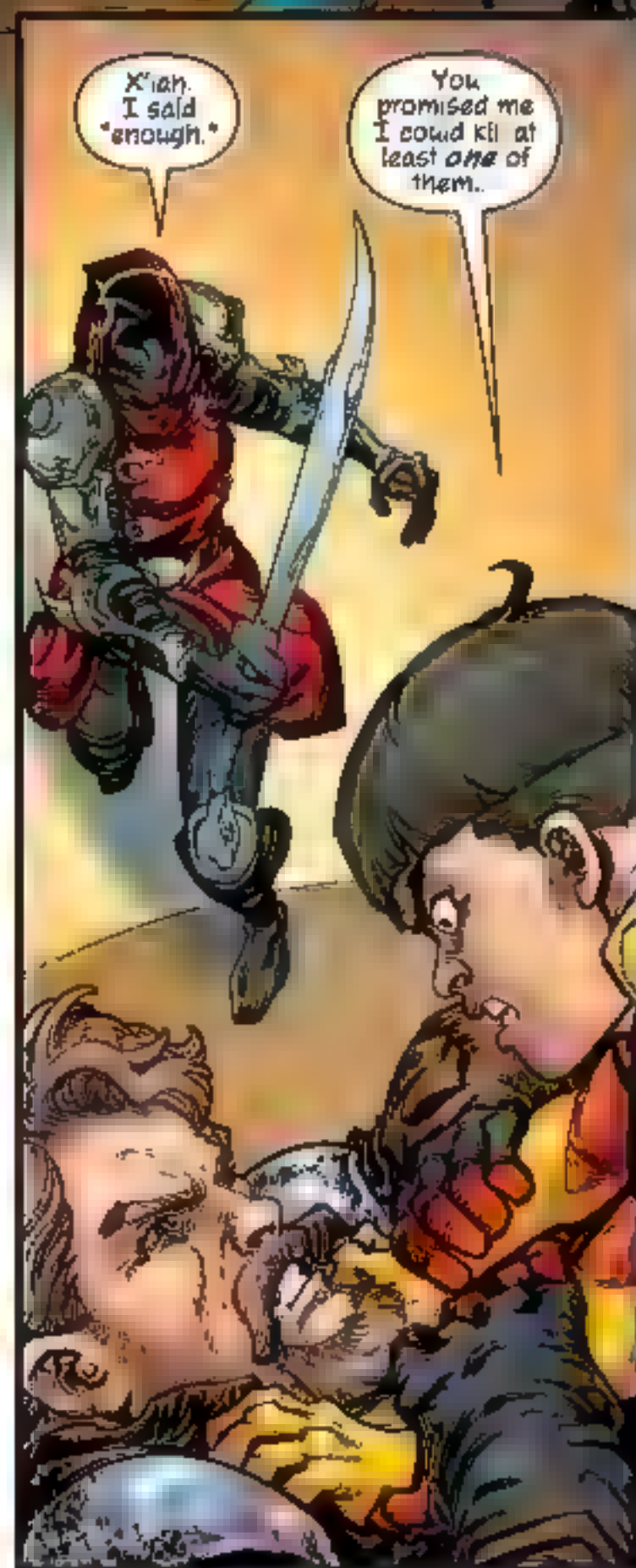
What do you mean "not exactly"?

Don't worry--

Too late.

Skk--

Doctor, that's quite enough...



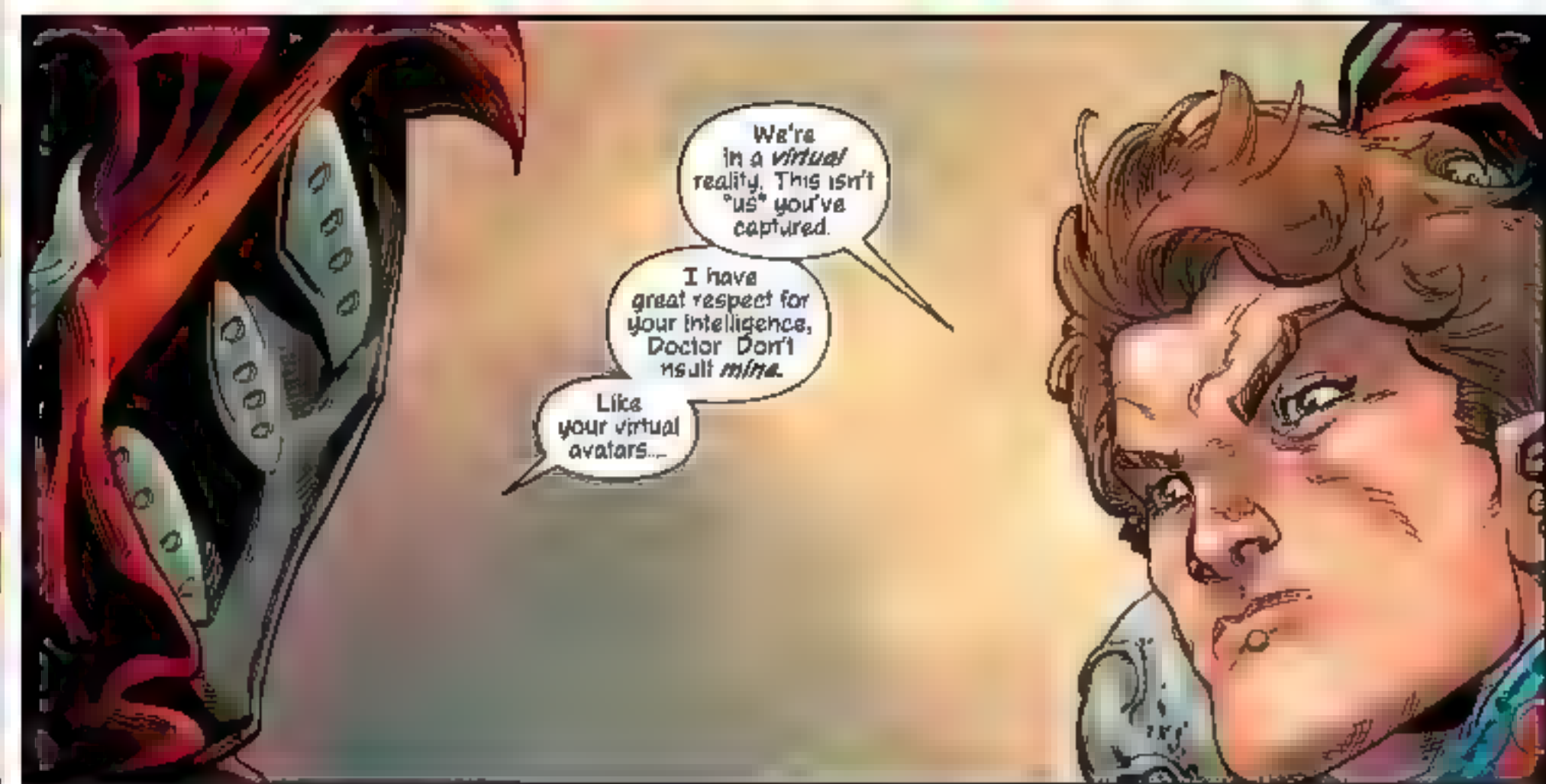
X'iah, I said "enough."

You promised me I could kill at least one of them.



All in due time.

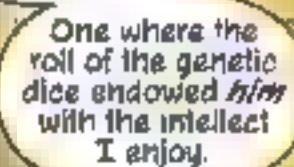
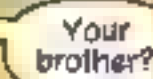
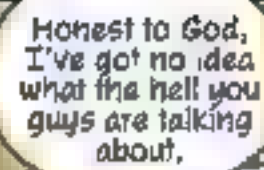
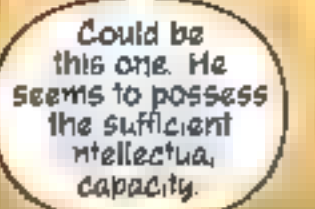
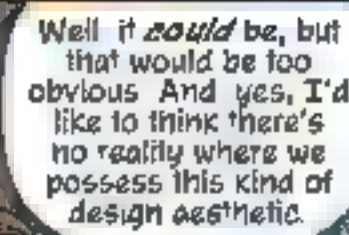
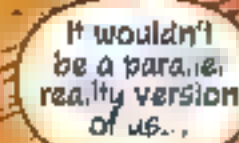
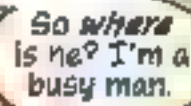
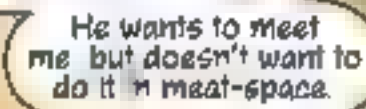
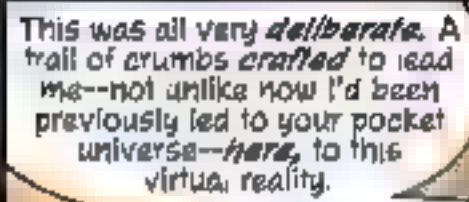
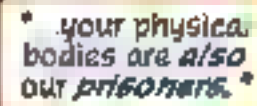
I think you're forgetting something...

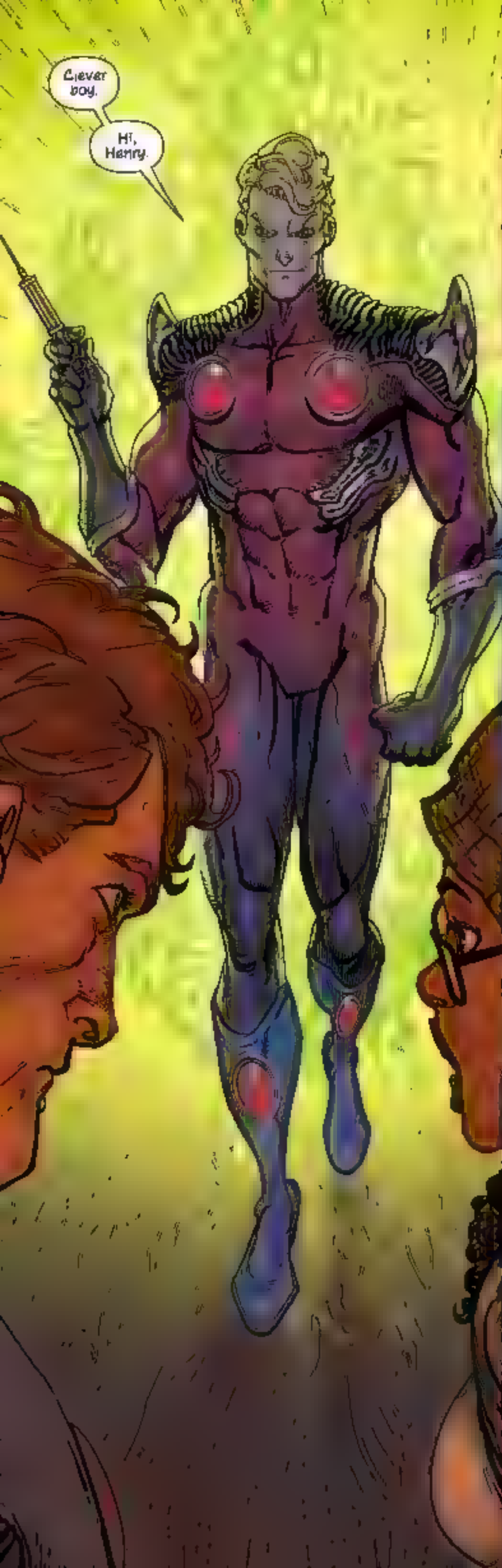


We're in a virtual reality. This isn't "us" you've captured.

I have great respect for your intelligence, Doctor. Don't insult mine.

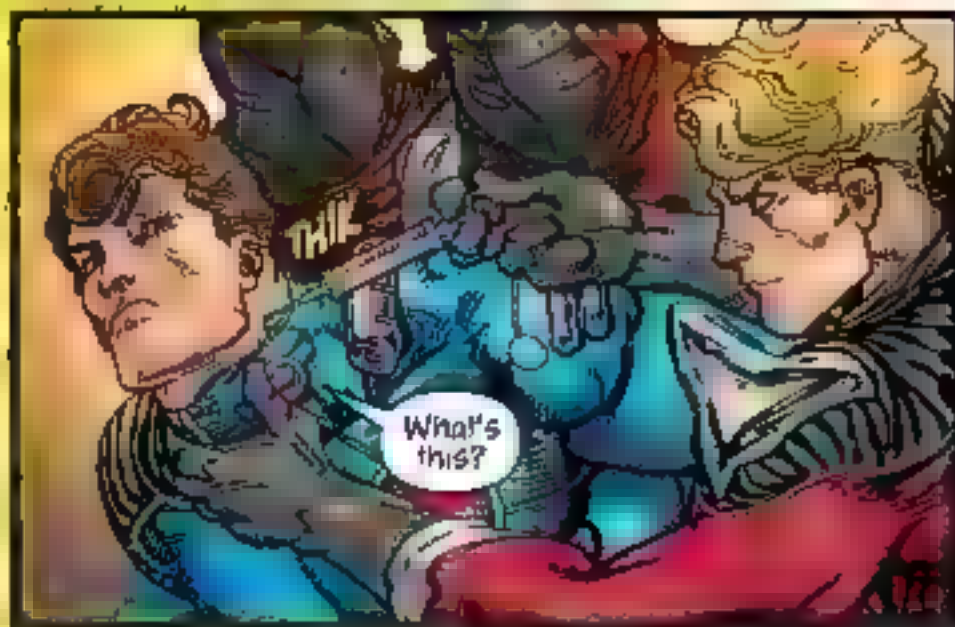
Like your virtual avatars...





Clever boy.

Hi, Henry.



What's this?



A cure for your DeathCure.

That's--

Was your next word going to be "impossible"? I think we *commune* in the impossible.



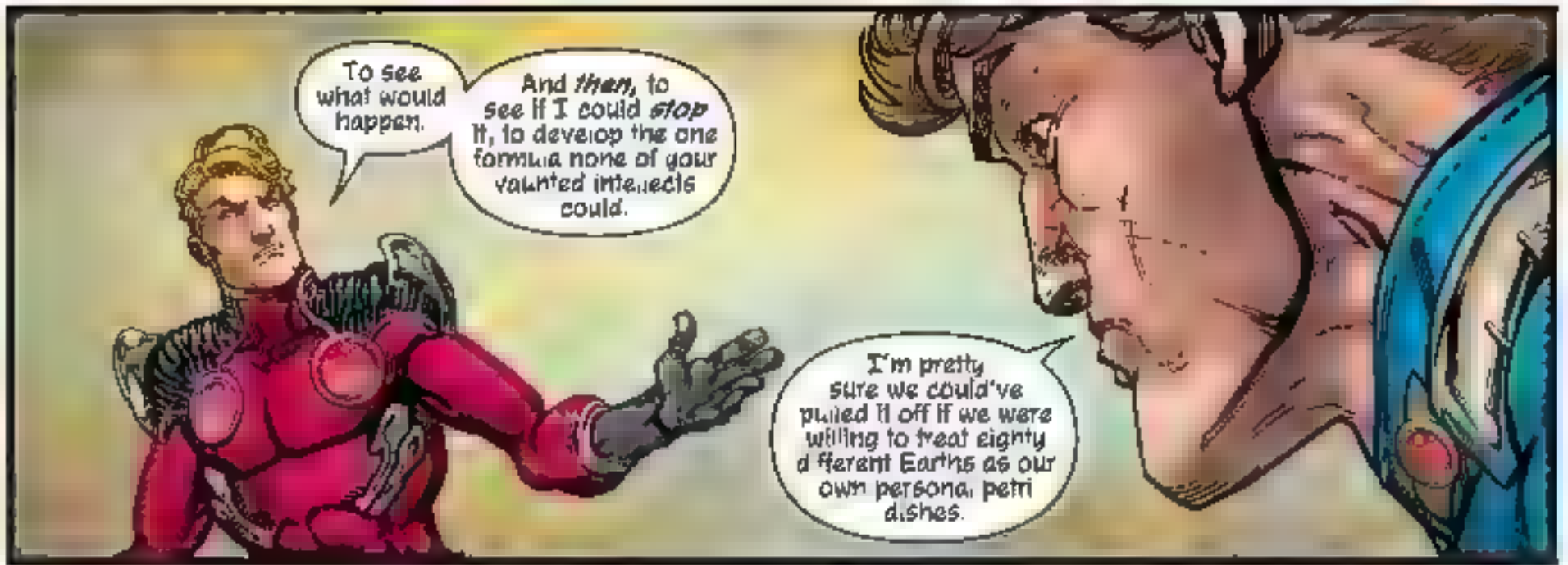
Case in point

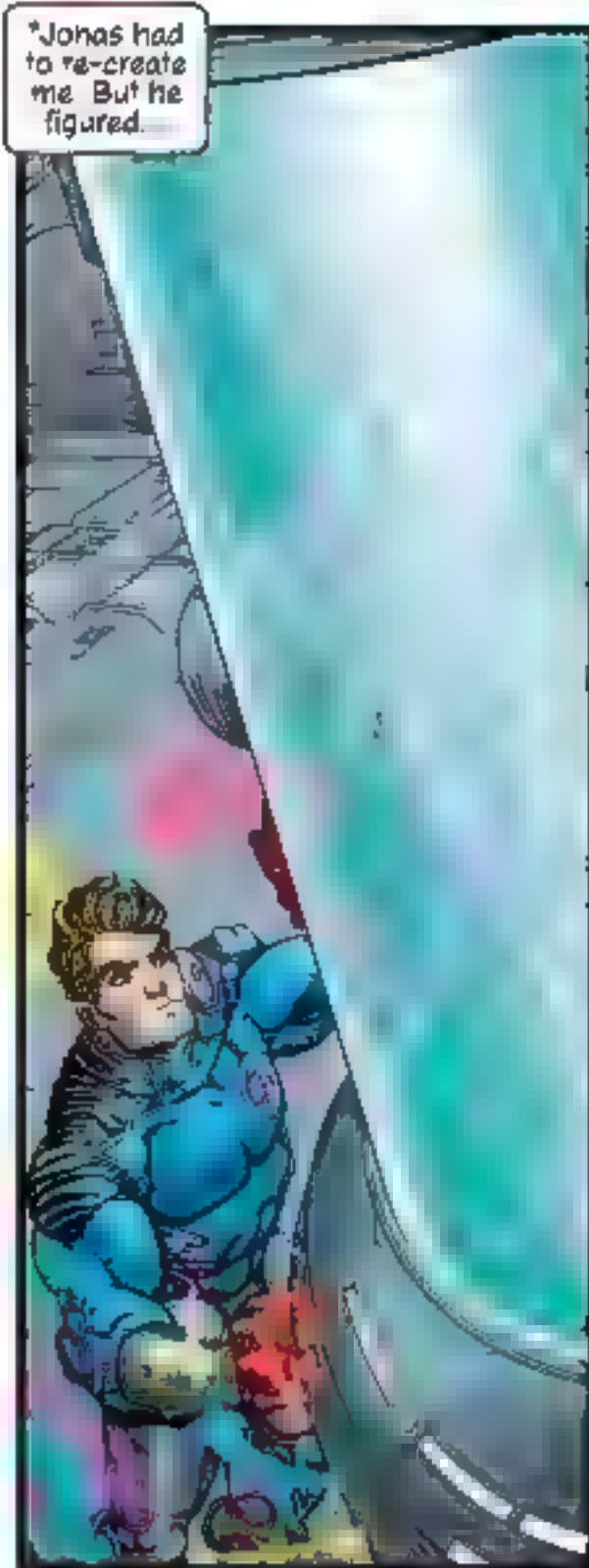
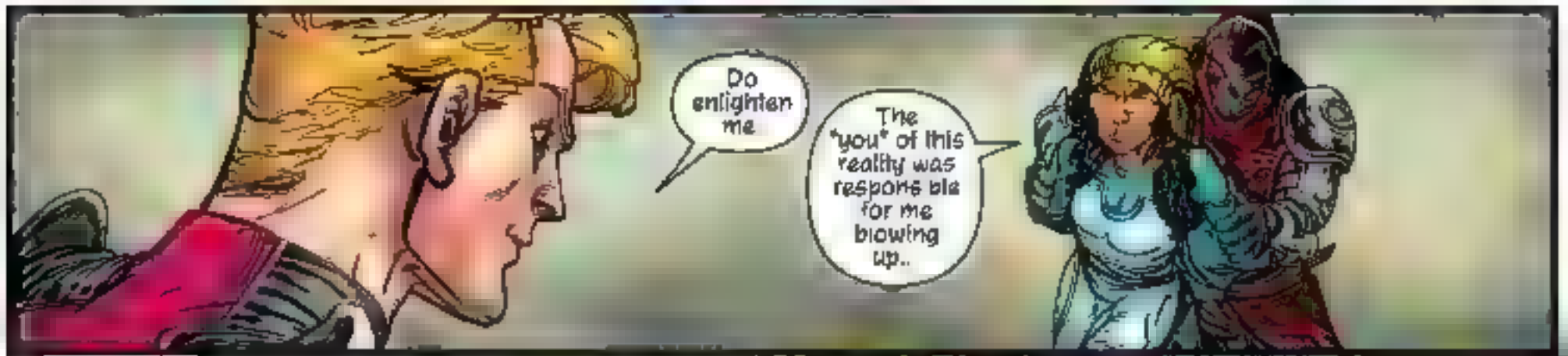
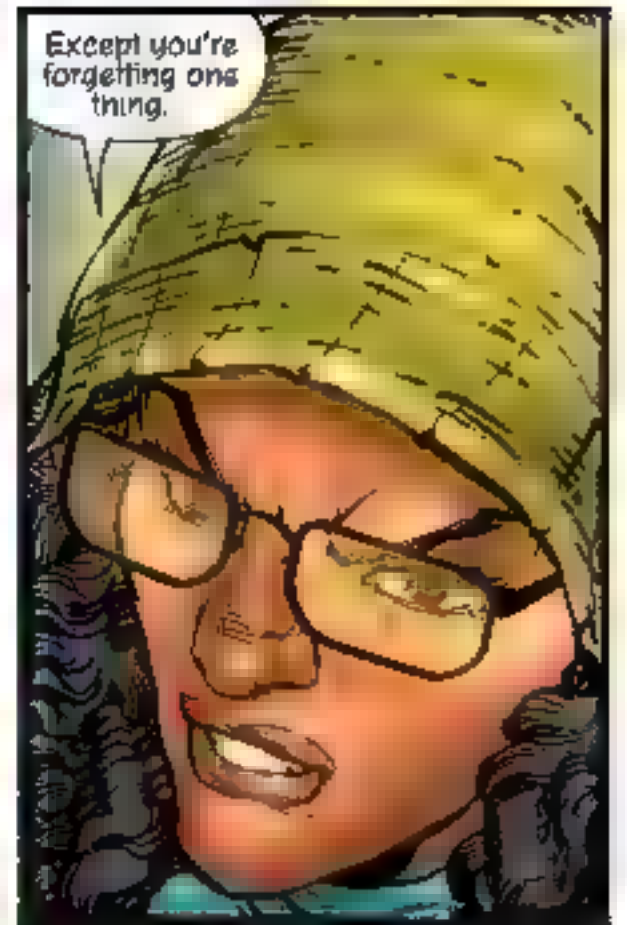
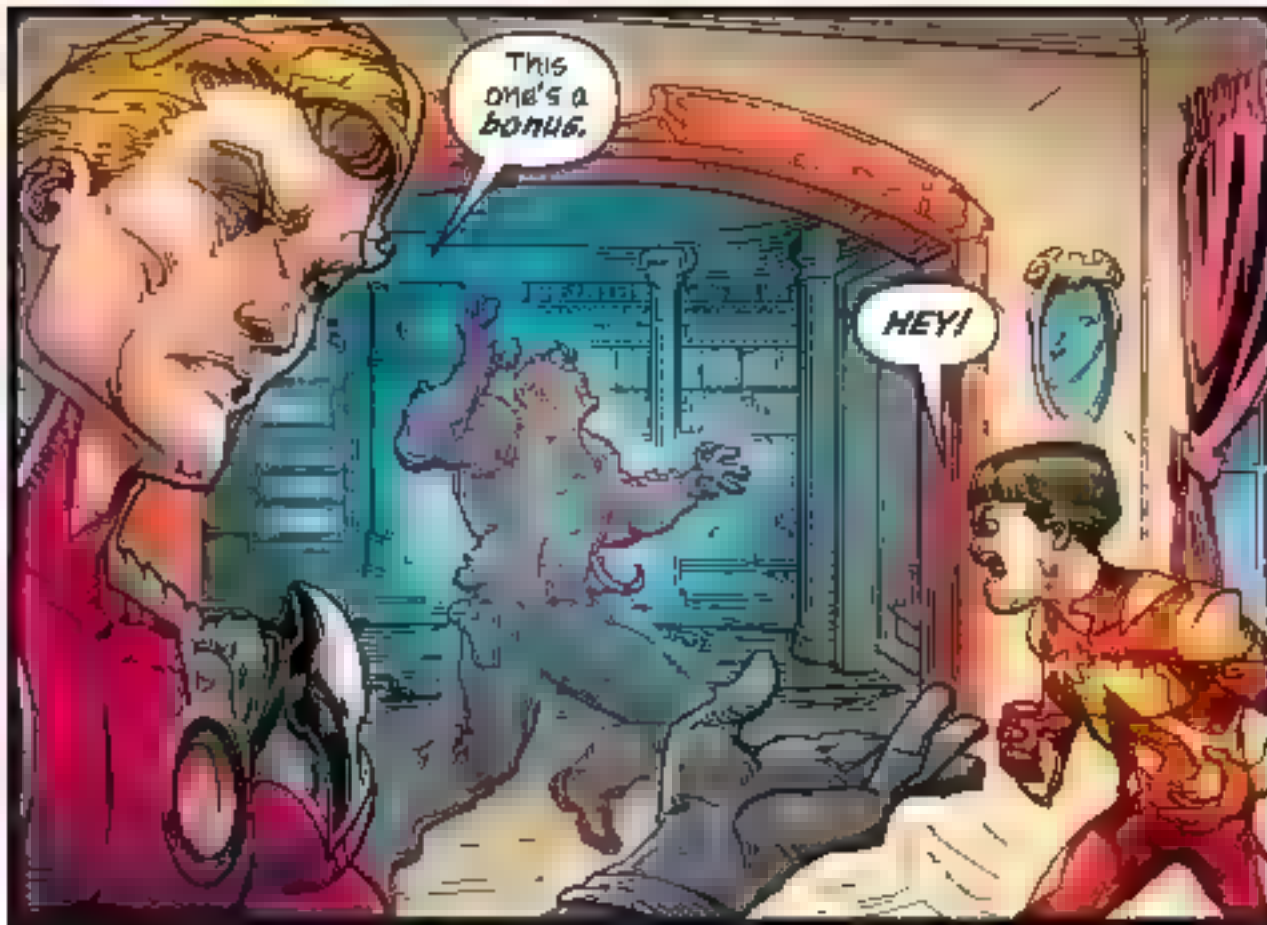


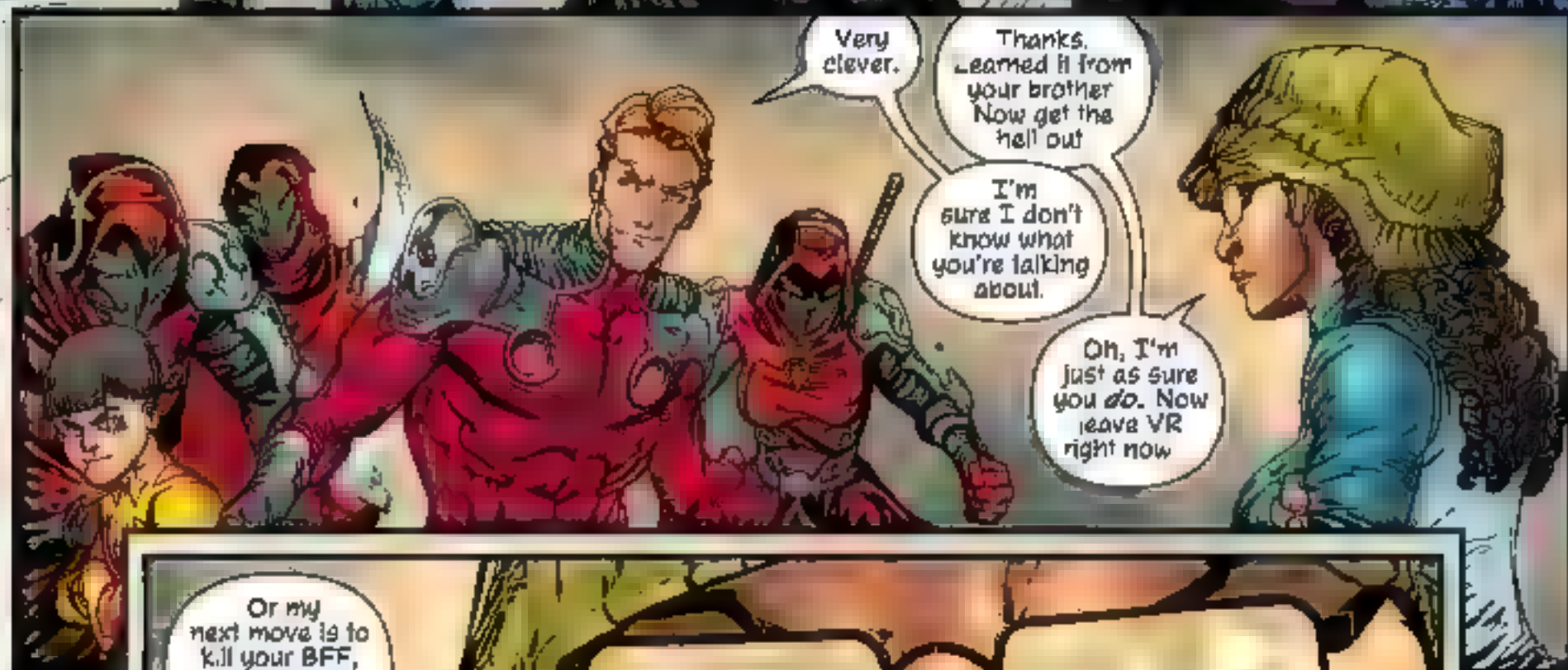
I couldn't cure death myself, interestingly enough.

No. You had to *steal* it from me

And why did you *spread* it across multiple realities?







LATER



"You're
going to need
to get it to..."



"the other
realities"

"...all of
them."

"You can
save all of
them."

But what
about saving
YOU?



Jonas?

"Jonas?"

"Jonas?"

"Jonas?"

"Jonas?"

"Jonas?"

"JONAS?"

END

THE BIG BANG GENESIS FOR THE INFINITE ADVENTURES OF JONAS QUANTUM

FREDDIE WILLIAMS ■

THE FIRST SEASON OF *THE INFINITE ADVENTURES OF JONAS QUANTUM* WAS A MAJOR SUCCESS FOR FOX. THE SERIES, WHICH DEBUTED IN JANUARY, WAS THE MOST-WATCHED NEW SERIES ON THE NETWORK'S CABLE CHANNEL FOX8. THE SERIES, WHICH IS A REBOOT OF THE 1990S TV SERIES *JONAS*, WAS THE MOST-WATCHED NEW SERIES ON THE NETWORK'S CABLE CHANNEL FOX8.

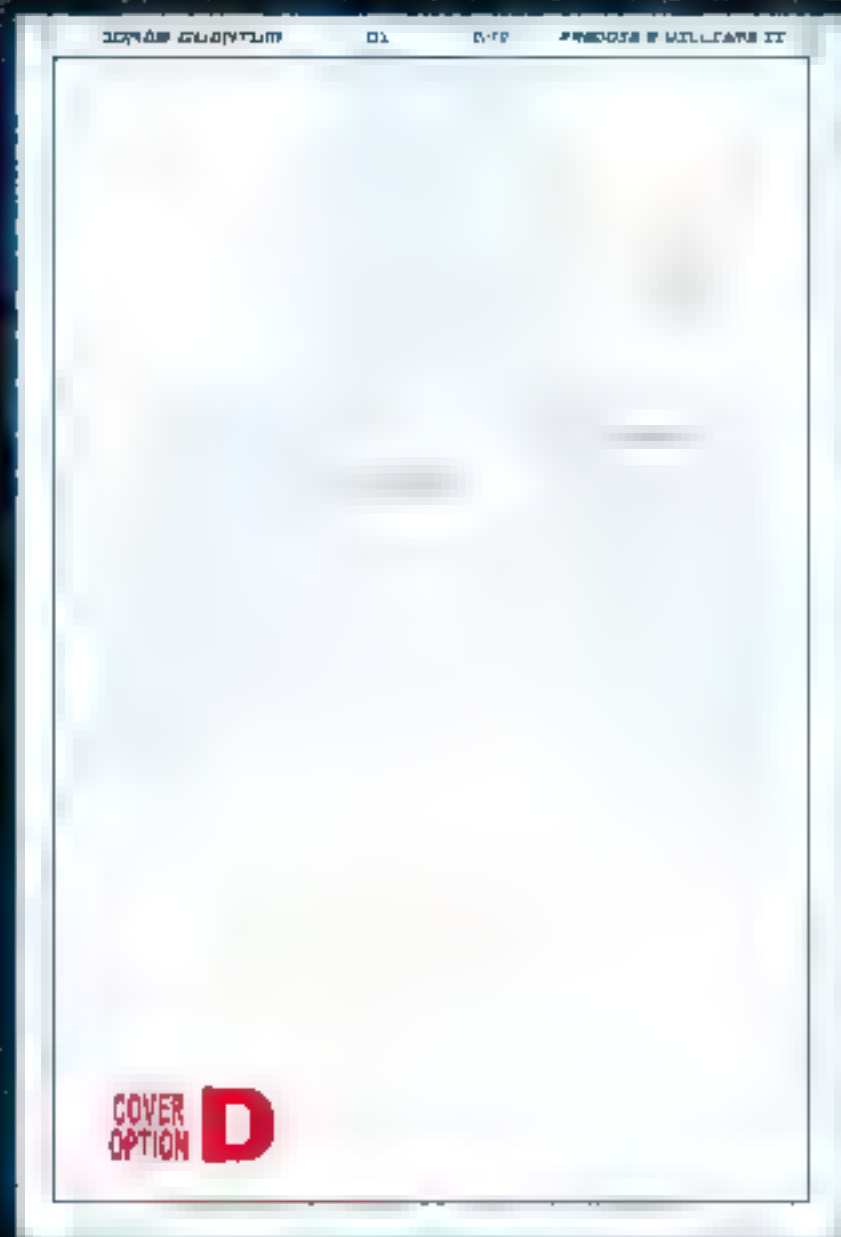
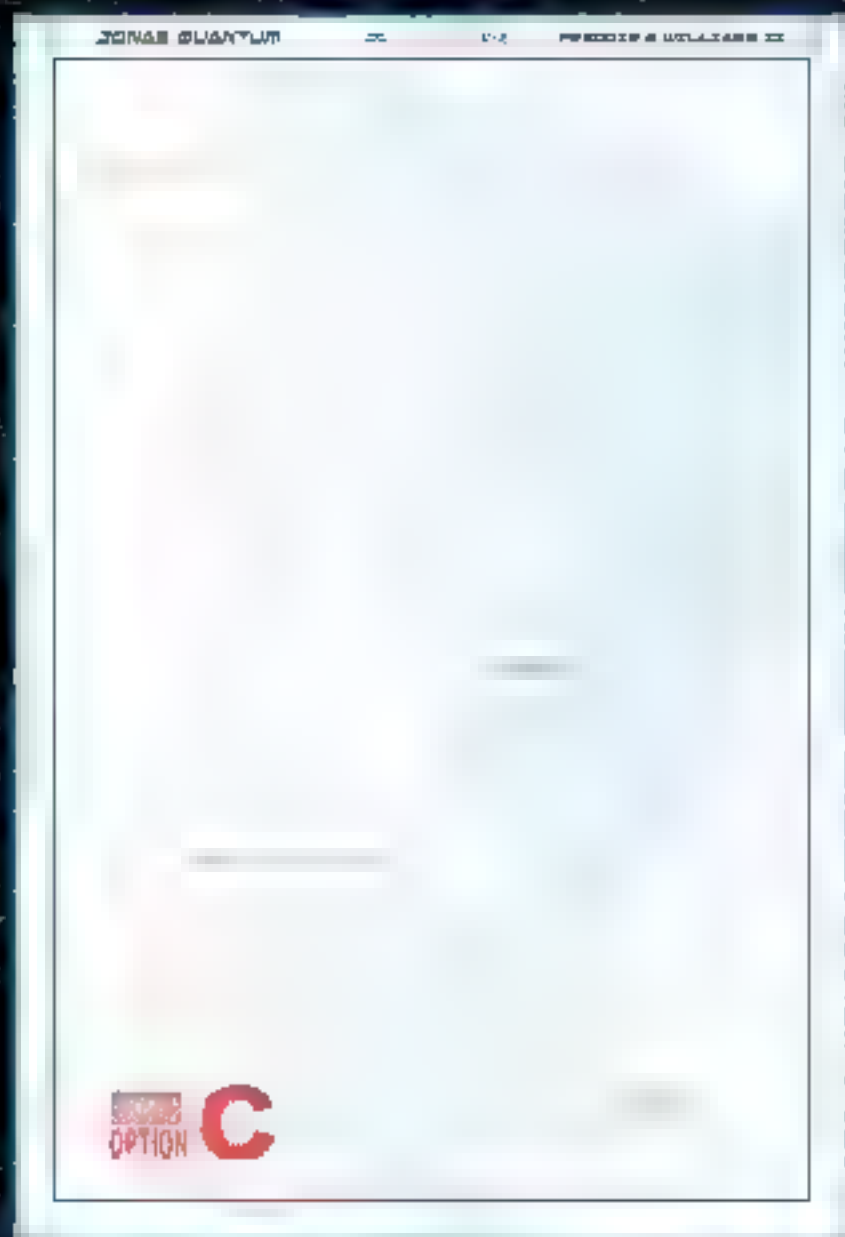
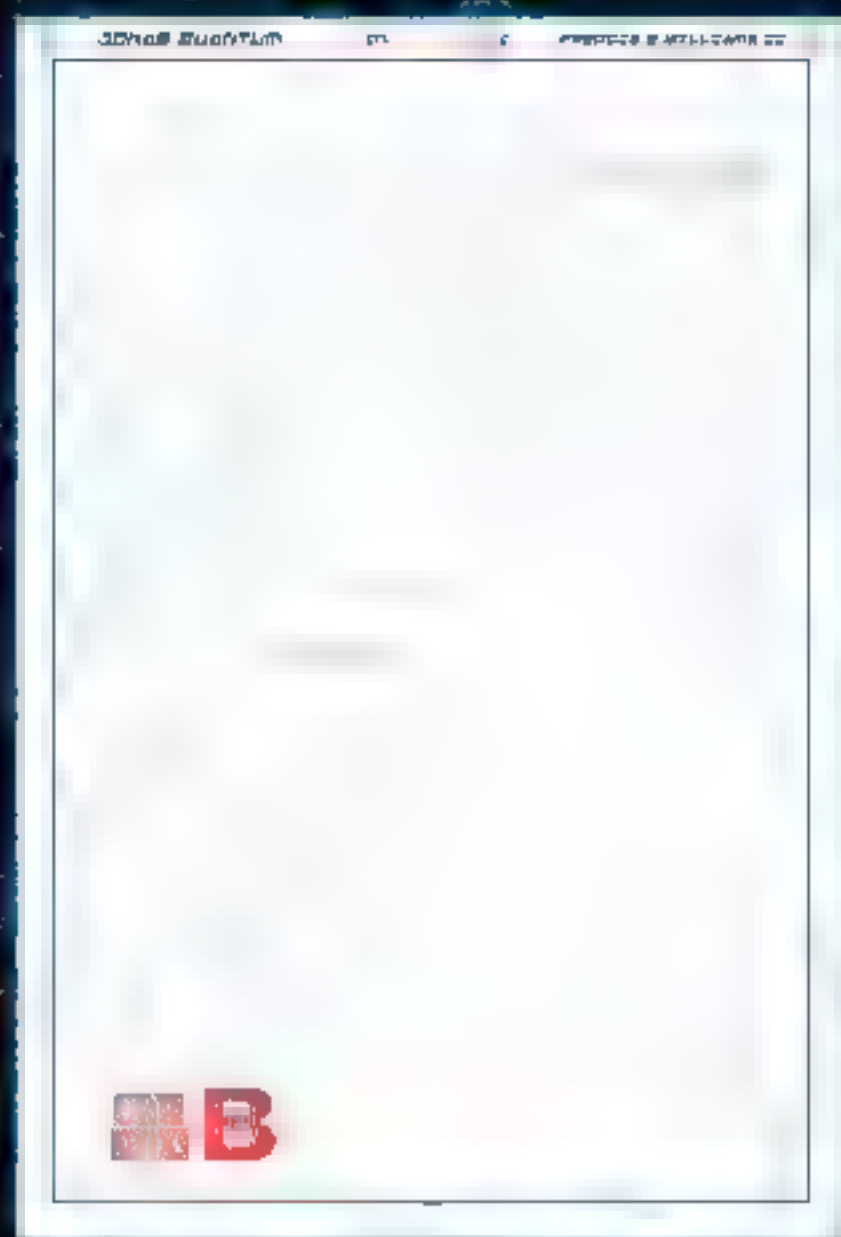
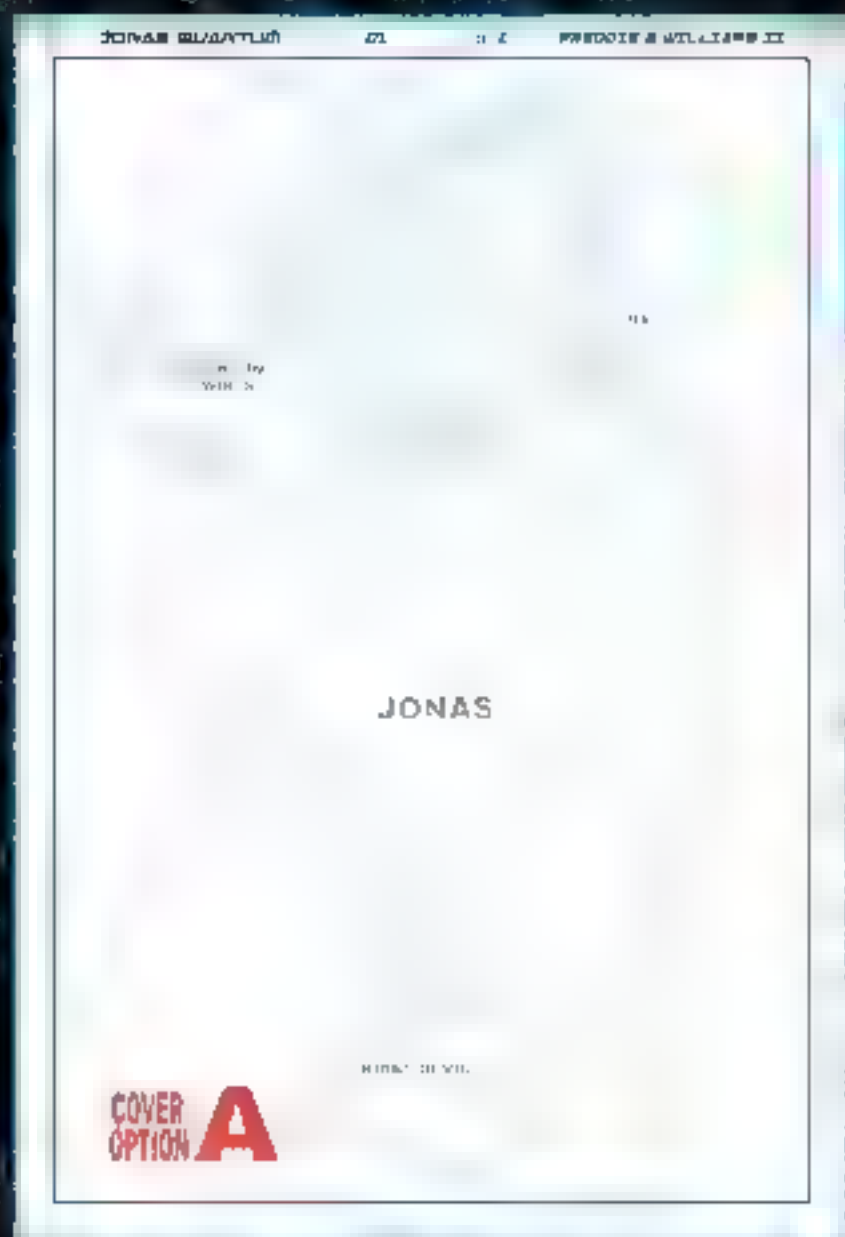
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THE SERIES, WHICH DEBUTED IN JANUARY, WAS THE MOST-WATCHED NEW SERIES ON THE NETWORK'S CABLE CHANNEL FOX8.

look off filming

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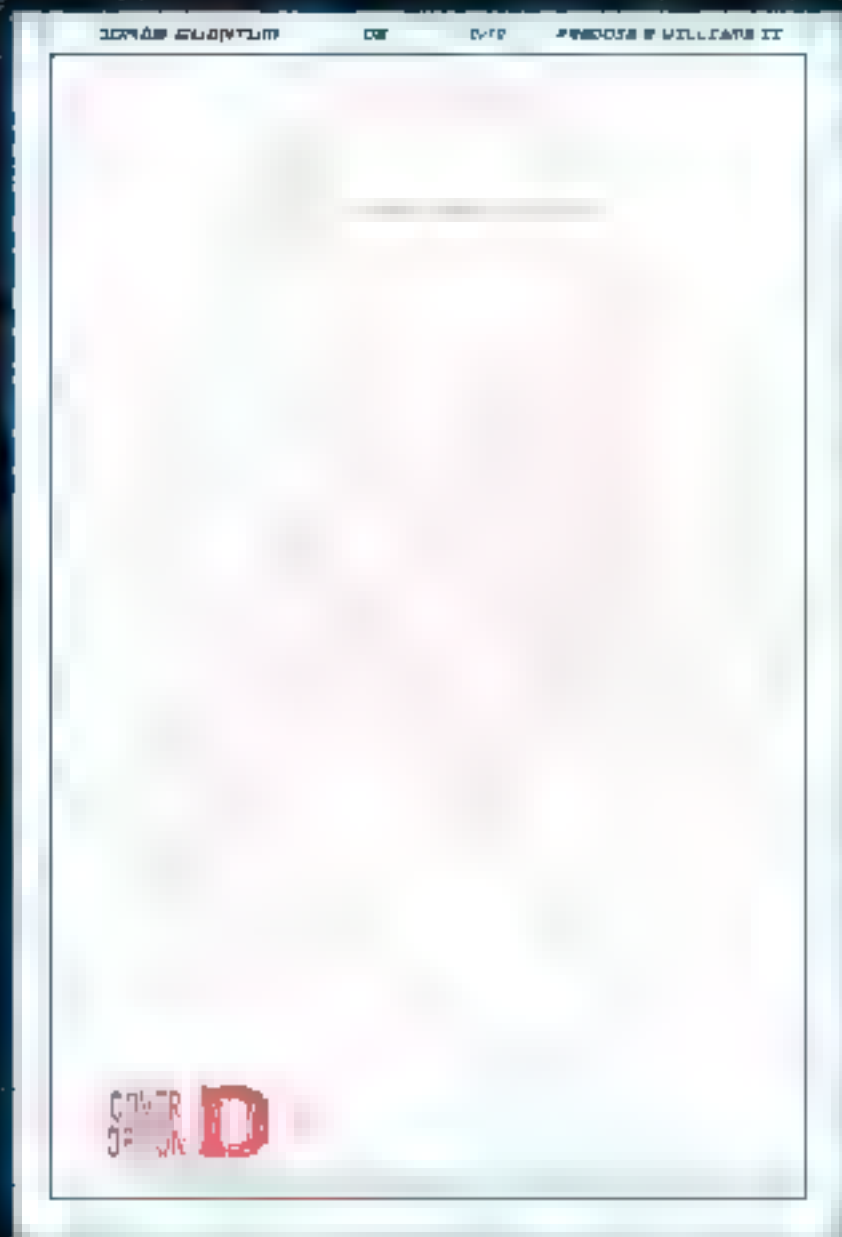
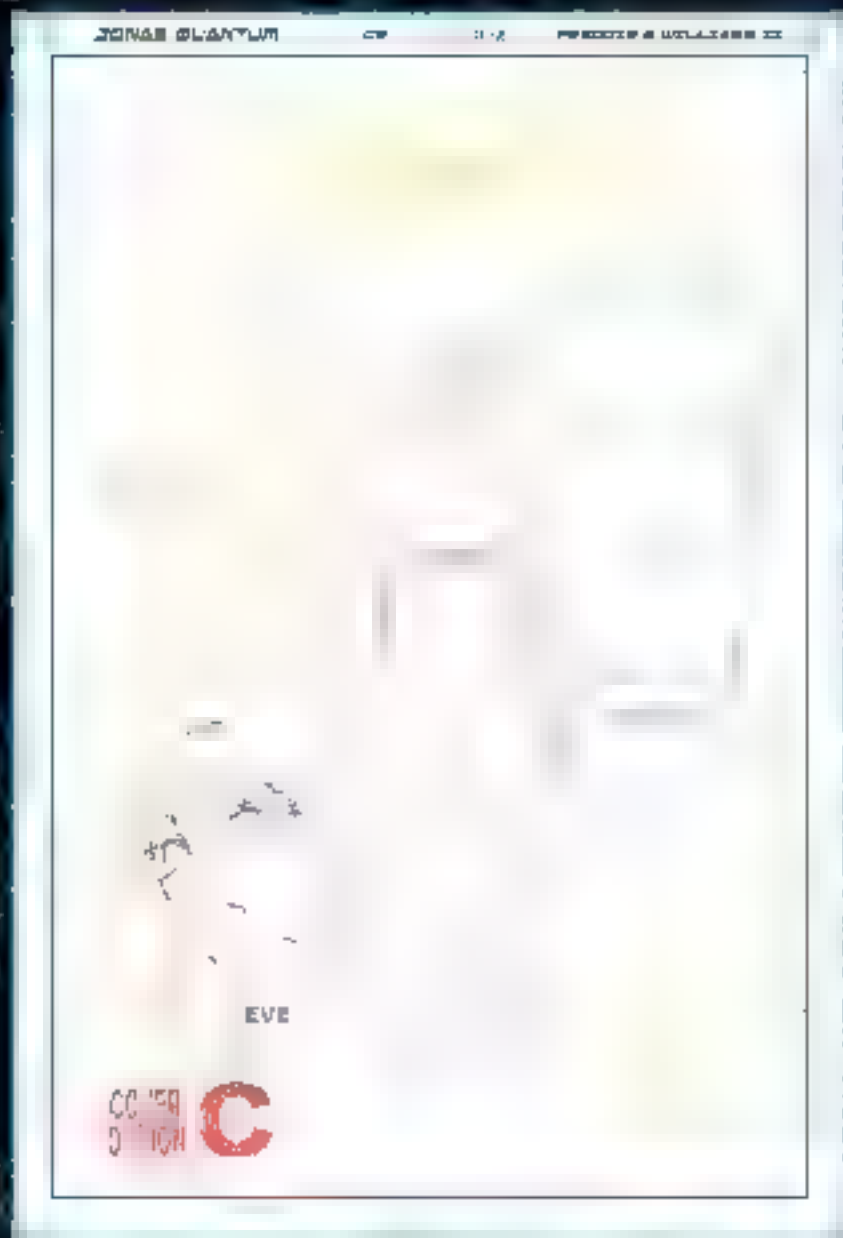
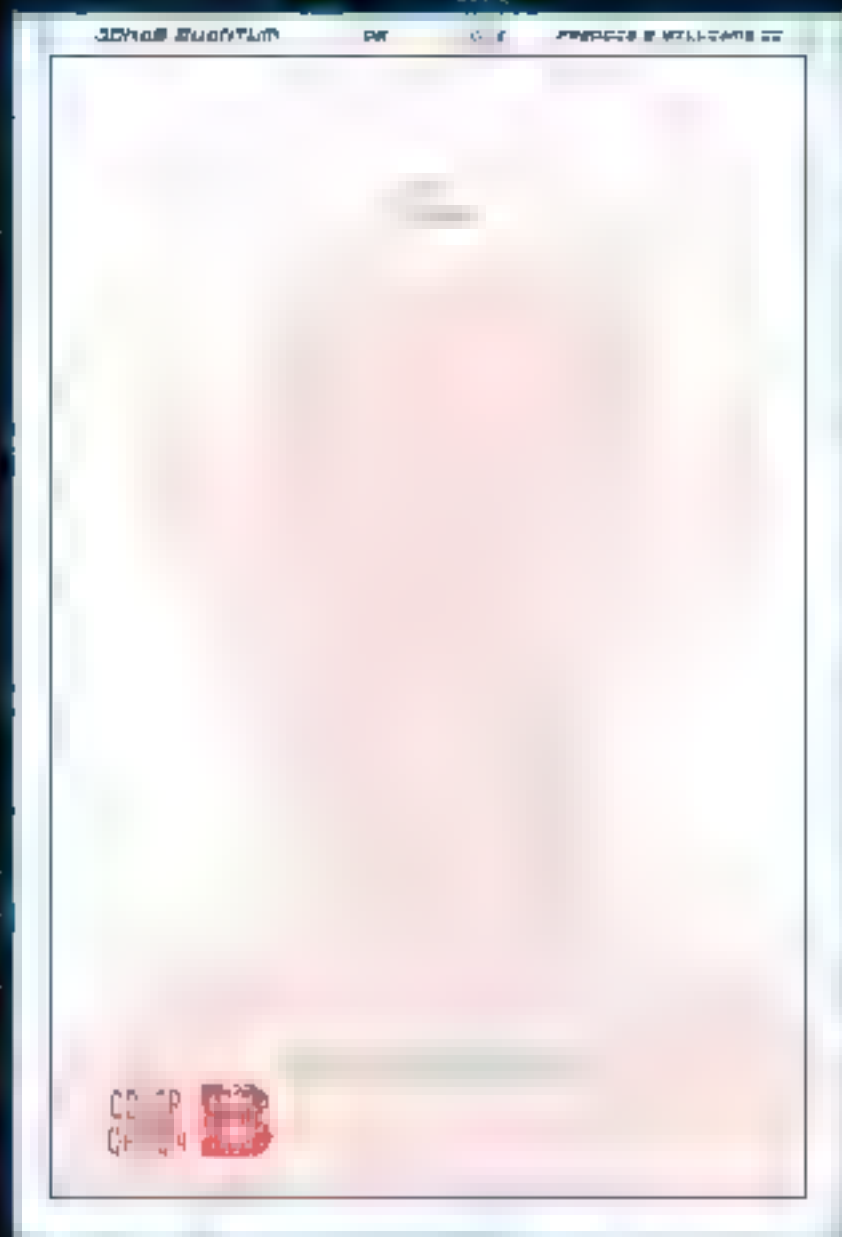
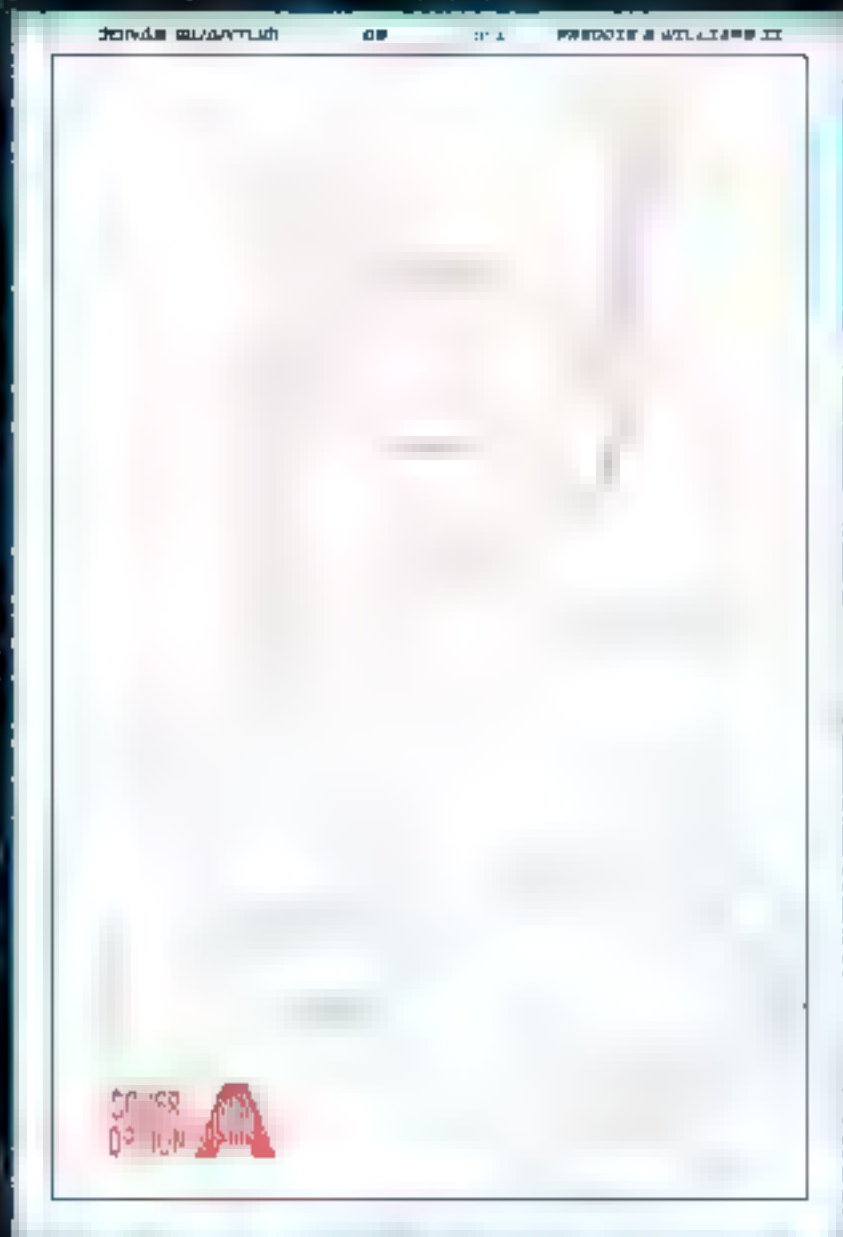
audiences will also get hooked



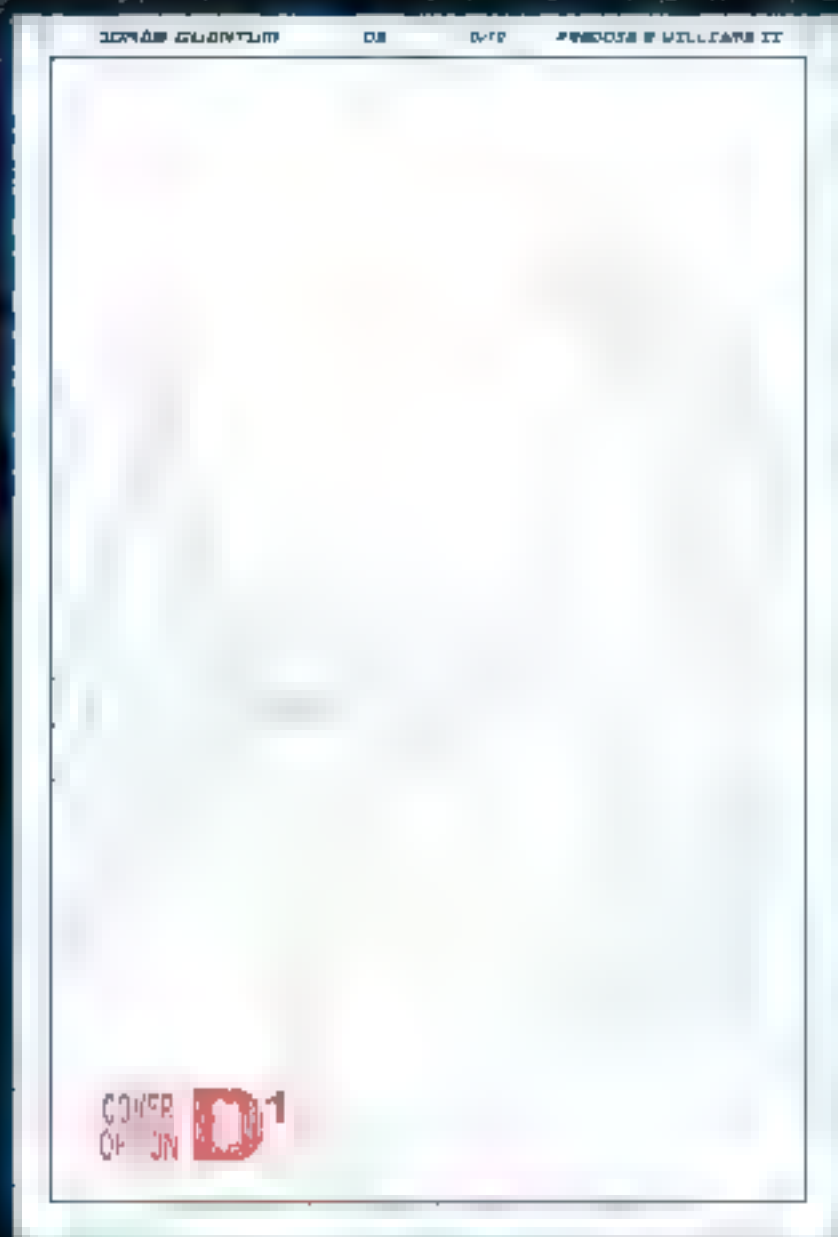
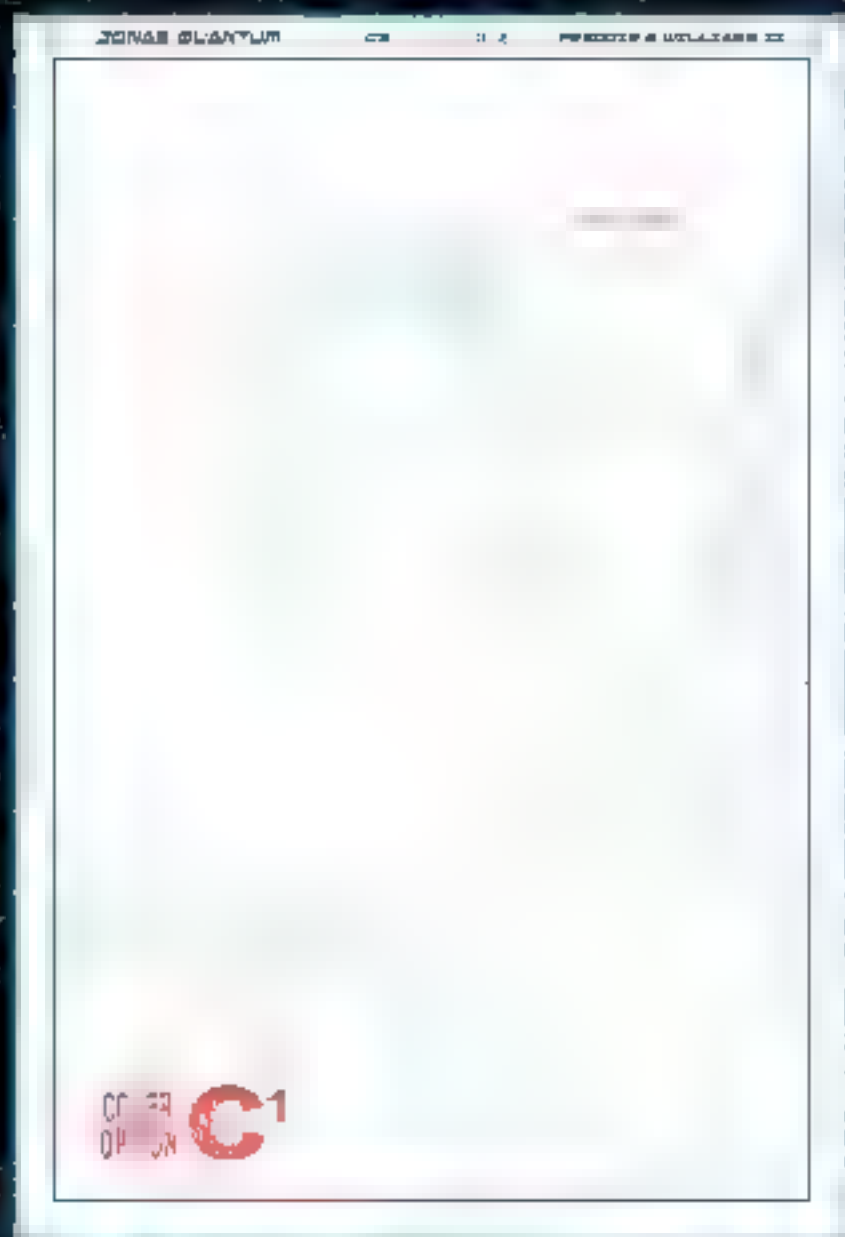
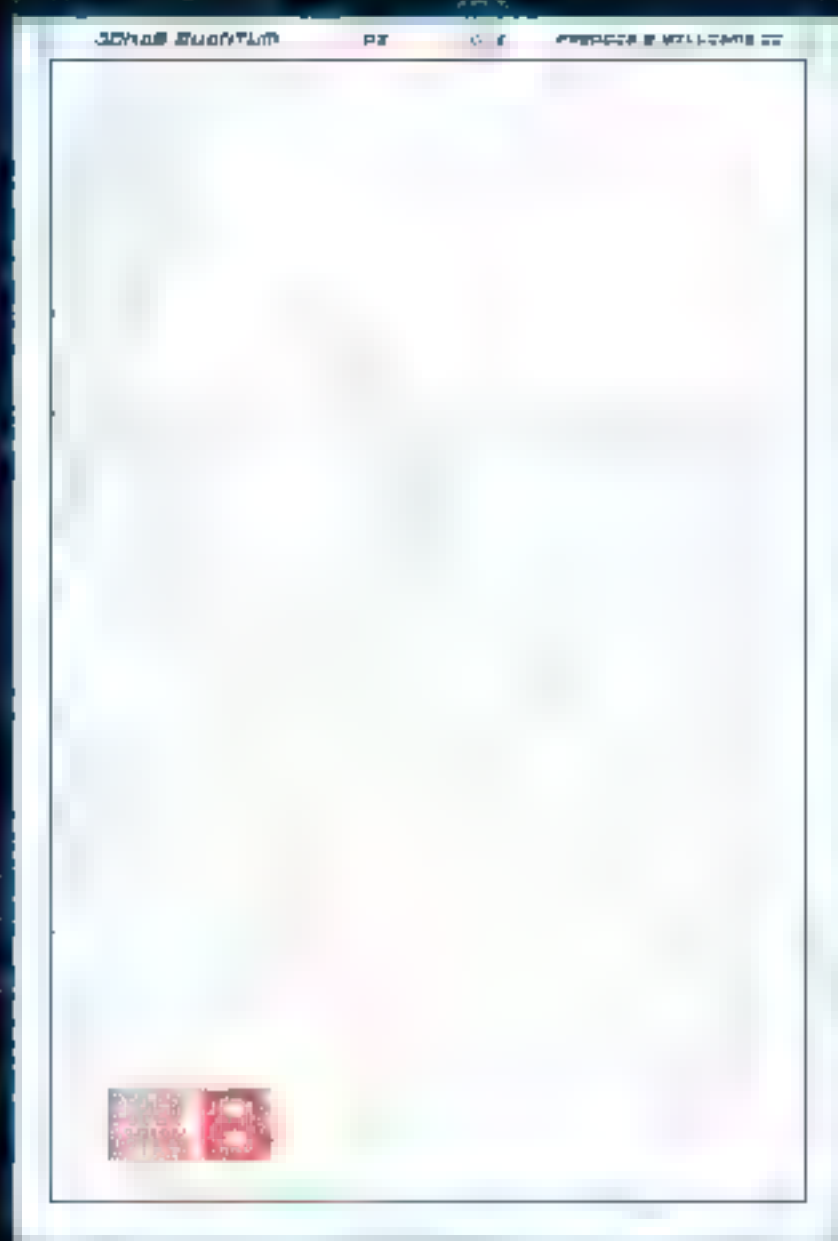
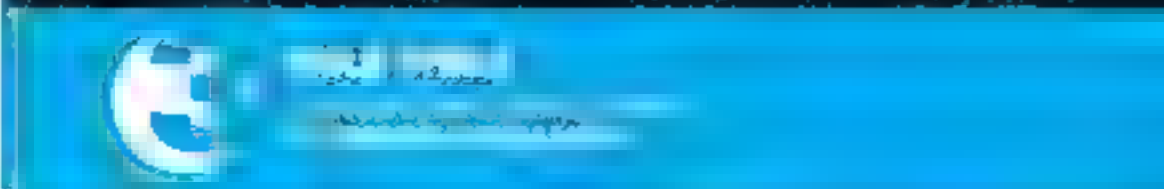
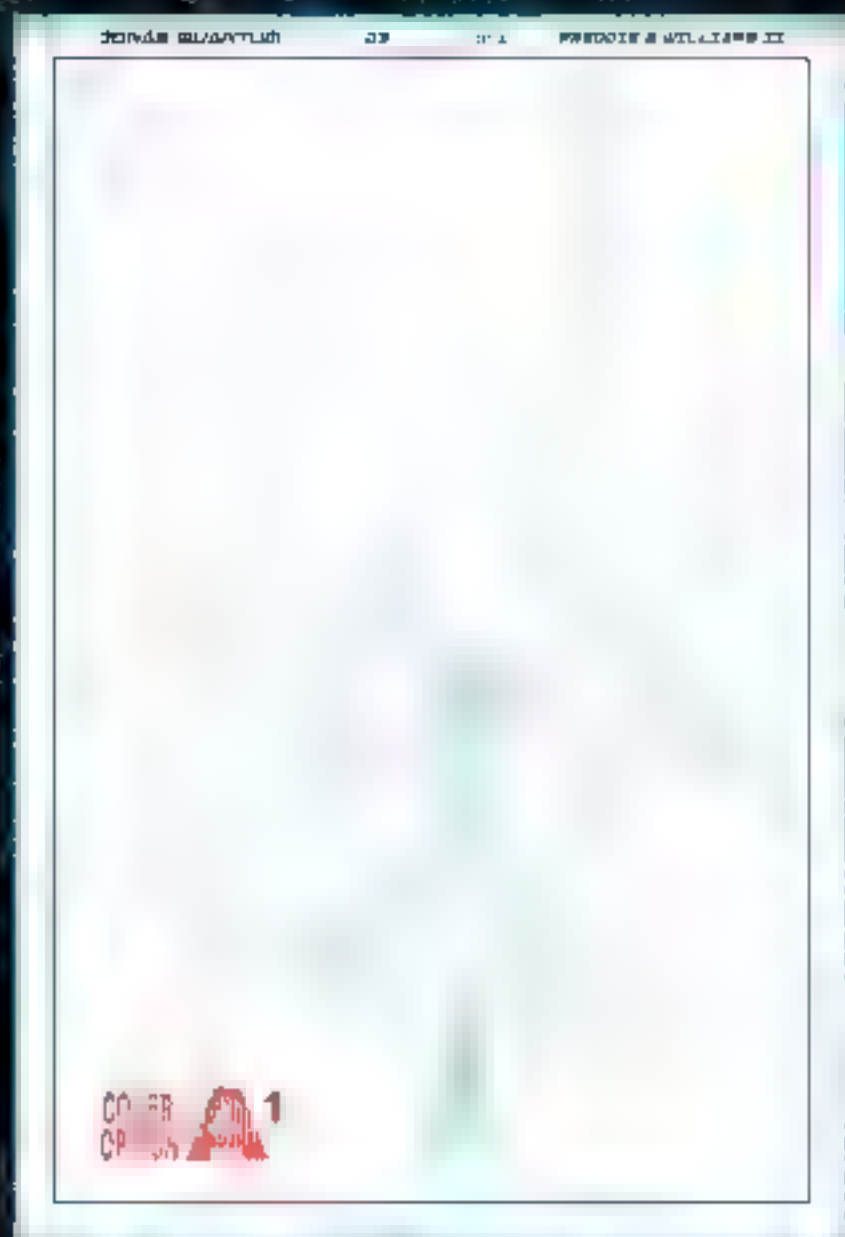


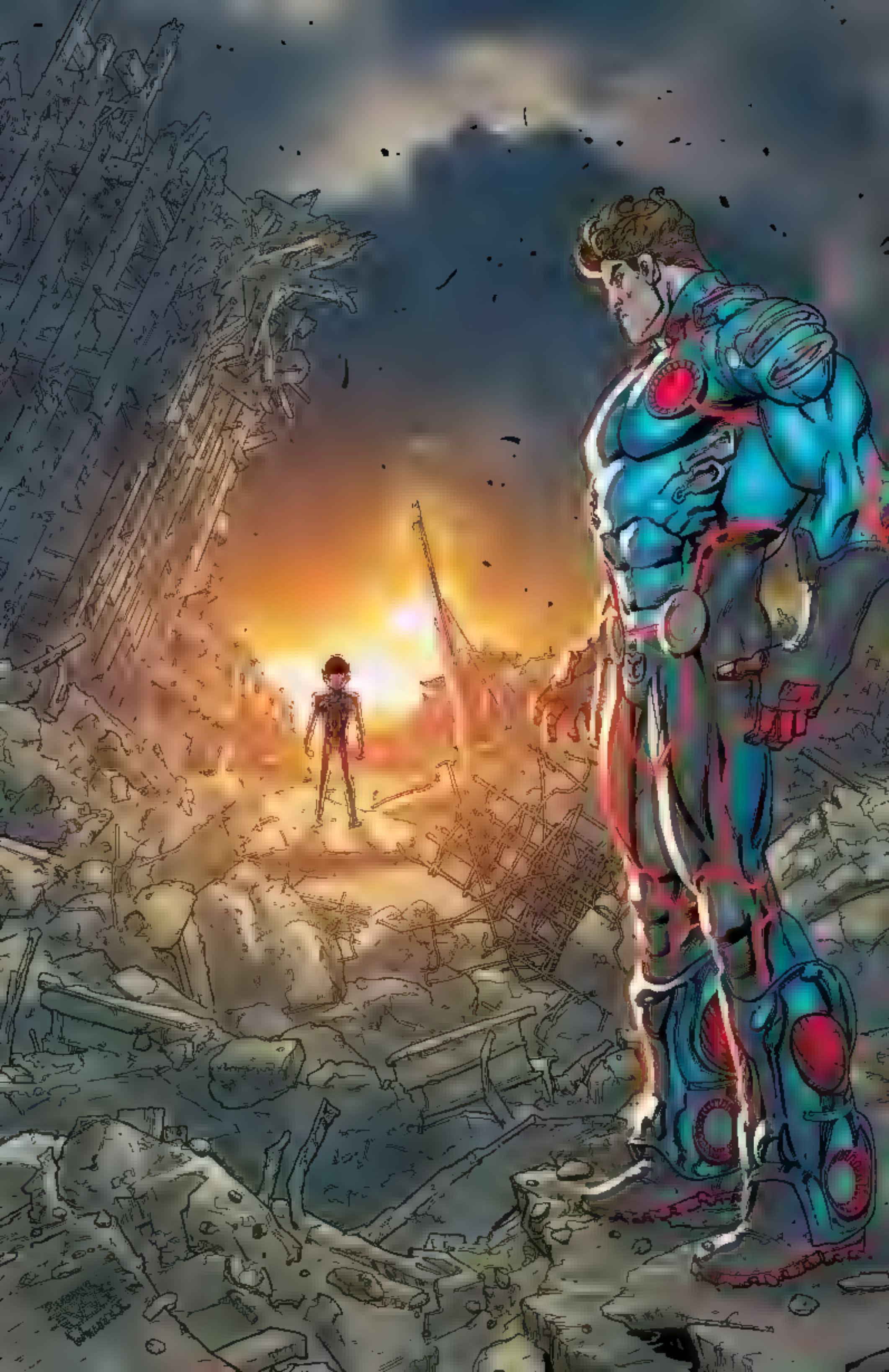
A PIPE
DEATH

FEE d
L.A. 15/9/11
150701











משרד הביטחון

ההגנה



Chris & Jessie



משרד הביטחון

ההגנה

4

00:50
01:10

A

PHOTO & VIDEO SUBMISSIONS
SUBMISSIONS SHOULD BE
MAILED TO THE ADDRESS
ON THE BACK OF THE PHOTO
OR VIDEO ENVELOPE



משרד הביטחון

ההגנה

4

PHOTO & VIDEO SUBMISSIONS
SUBMISSIONS SHOULD BE
MAILED TO THE ADDRESS
ON THE BACK OF THE PHOTO
OR VIDEO ENVELOPE

00:50
01:10

B



משרד הביטחון

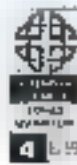
ההגנה

4

PHOTO & VIDEO SUBMISSIONS
SUBMISSIONS SHOULD BE
MAILED TO THE ADDRESS
ON THE BACK OF THE PHOTO
OR VIDEO ENVELOPE

00:50
01:10

C



משרד הביטחון

ההגנה

4

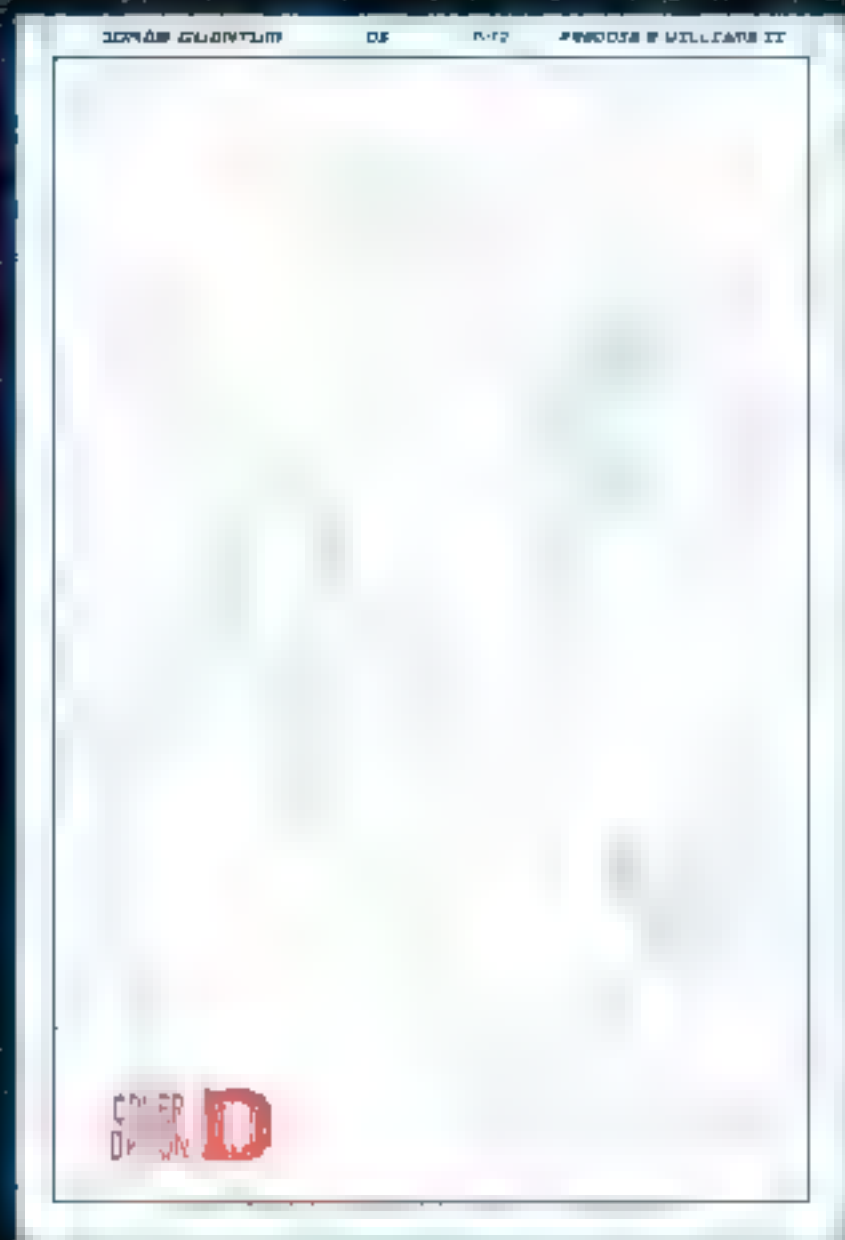
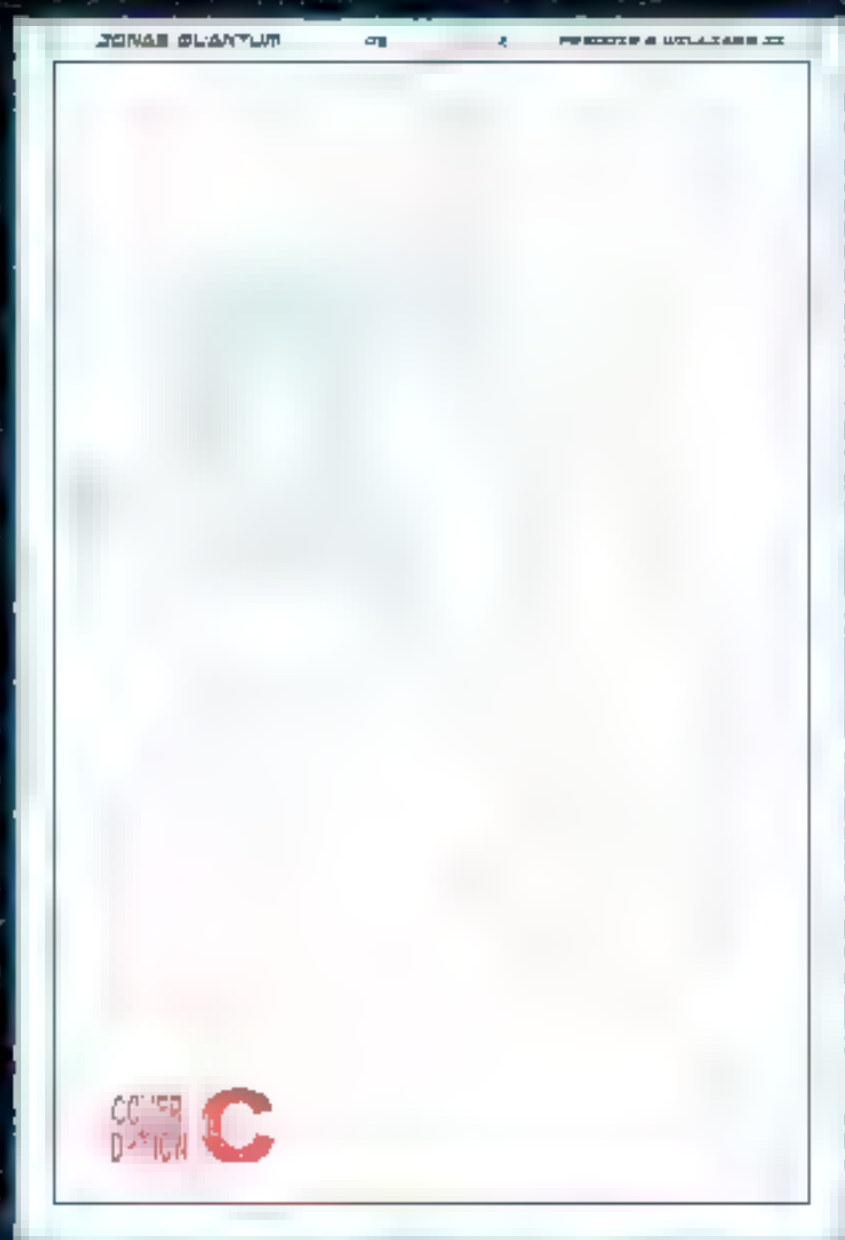
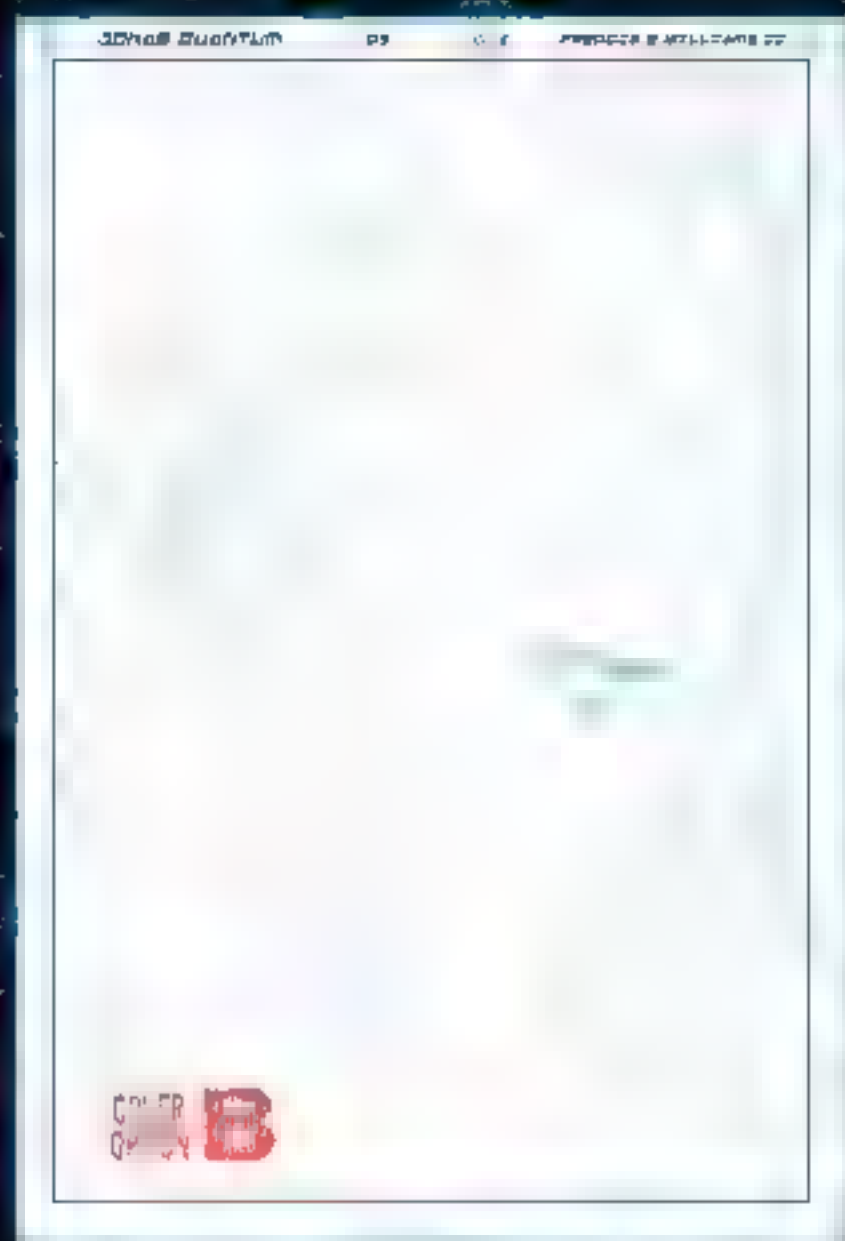
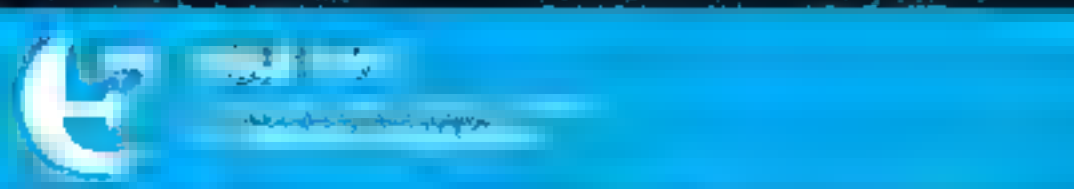
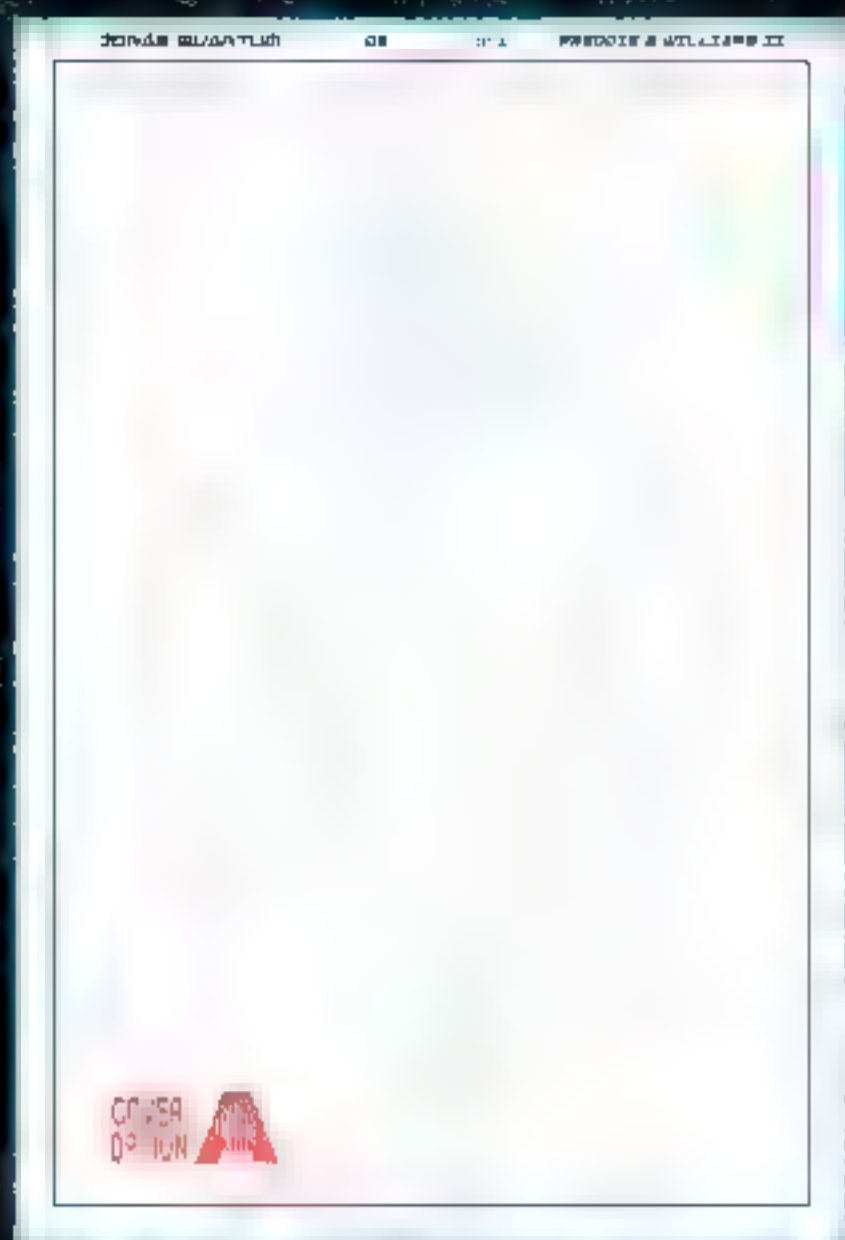
PHOTO & VIDEO SUBMISSIONS
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00:50
01:10

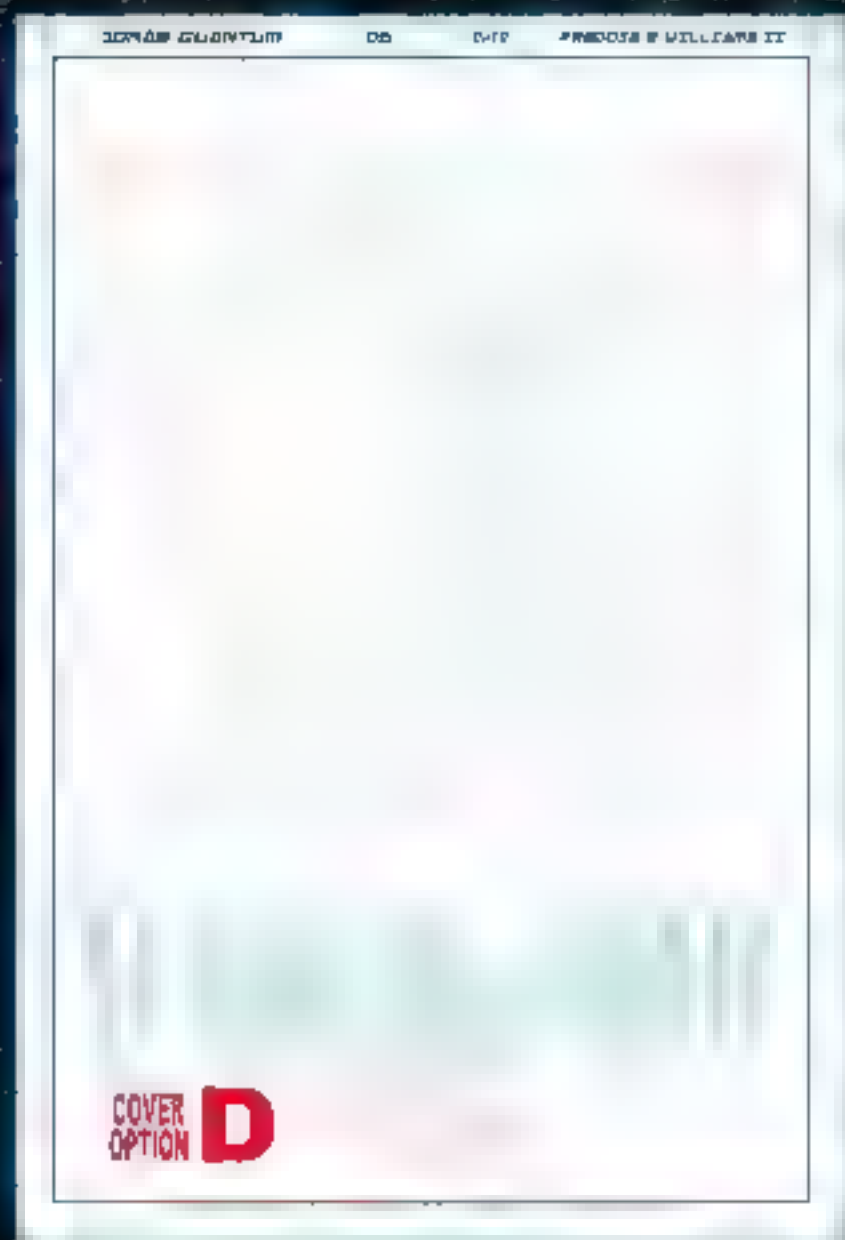
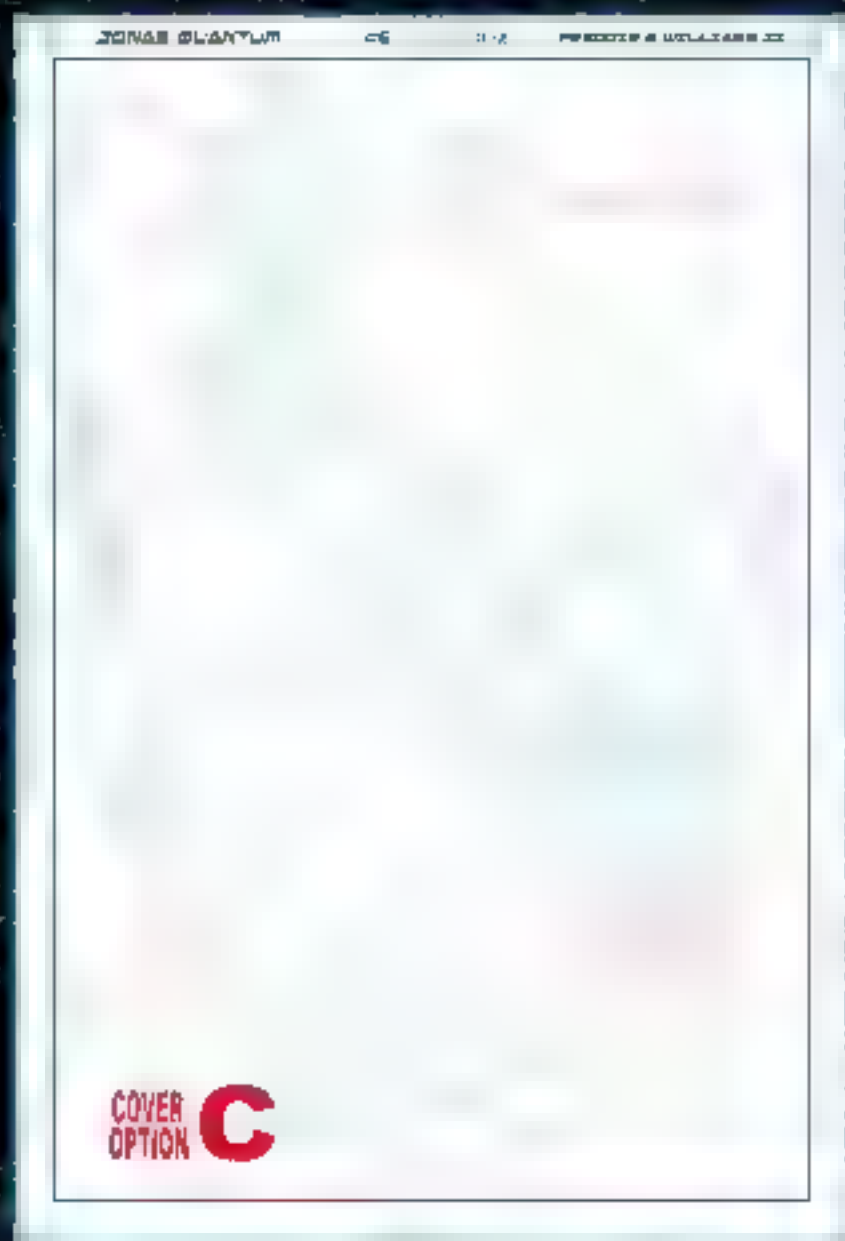
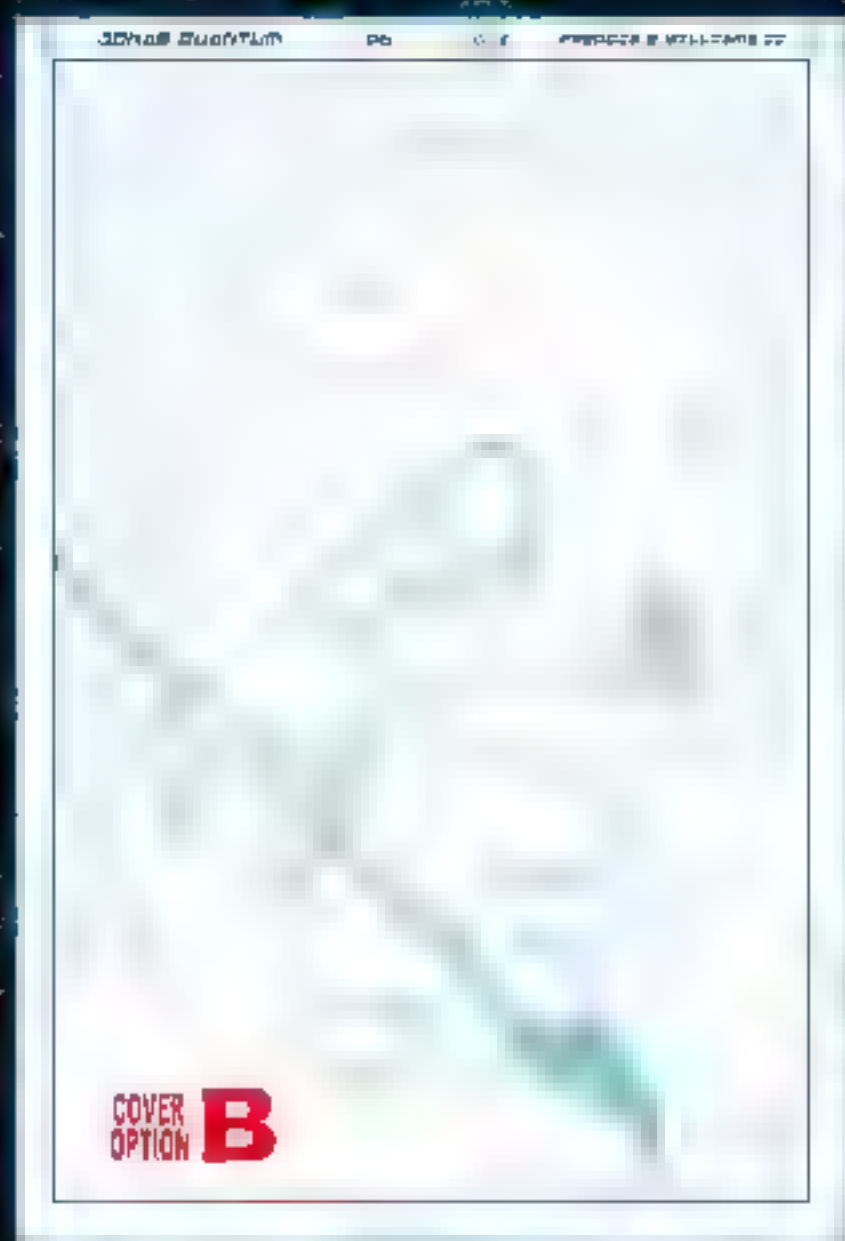
D



Andrew & **JONAS**









ISSUE ONE VARIANT COVER
BY WHILCE PORTACIO



ARTISTIC WORKFLOW

FREDDIE WILLIAMS III

- **THINK** — Create a concept and storyboard.
- **PLAN** — Create a storyboard and script.

script

After the storyboard is complete, the script is written. The script is a document that describes the story and the characters. It is the blueprint for the film. The script is written by the screenwriter. The script is the first step in the production process.

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space

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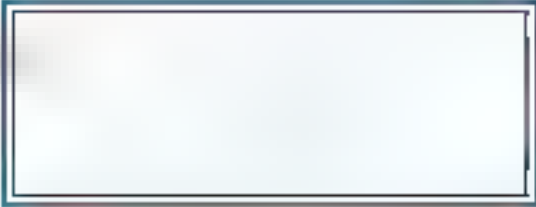
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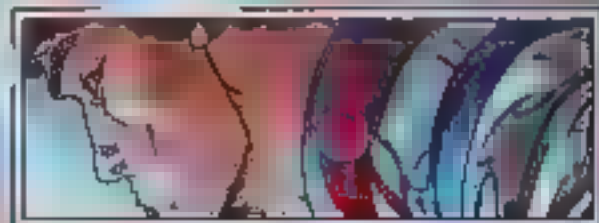
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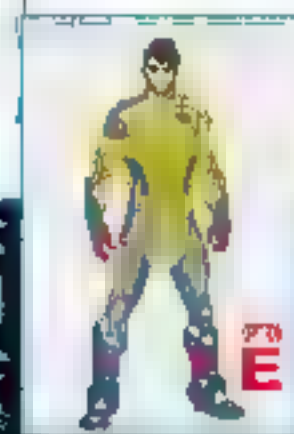
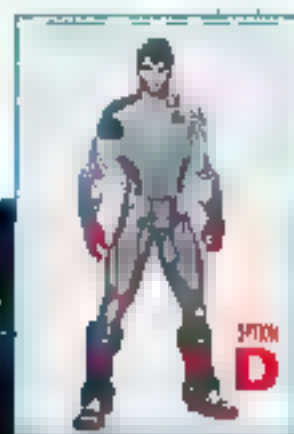
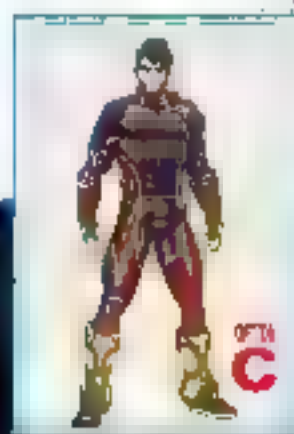
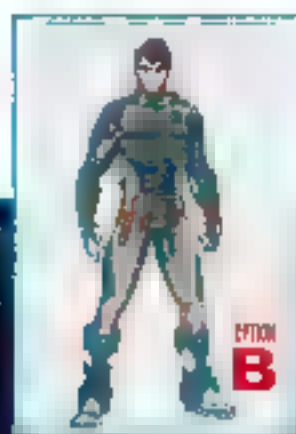
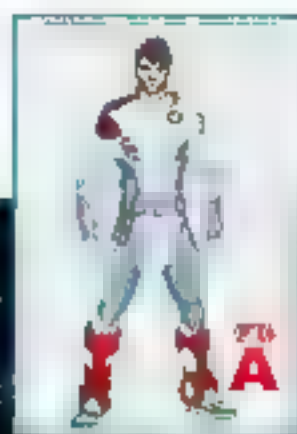


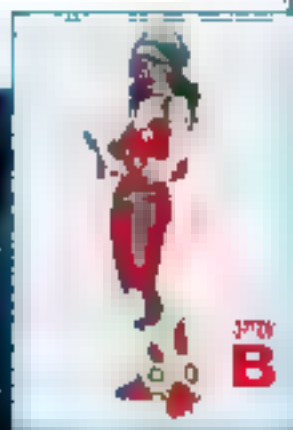


ISSUE ONE PAGE 3 - PROCESS

ROBERT ROUGHS / BREAKDOWNS / WIREFRAMES

ORSALETTA

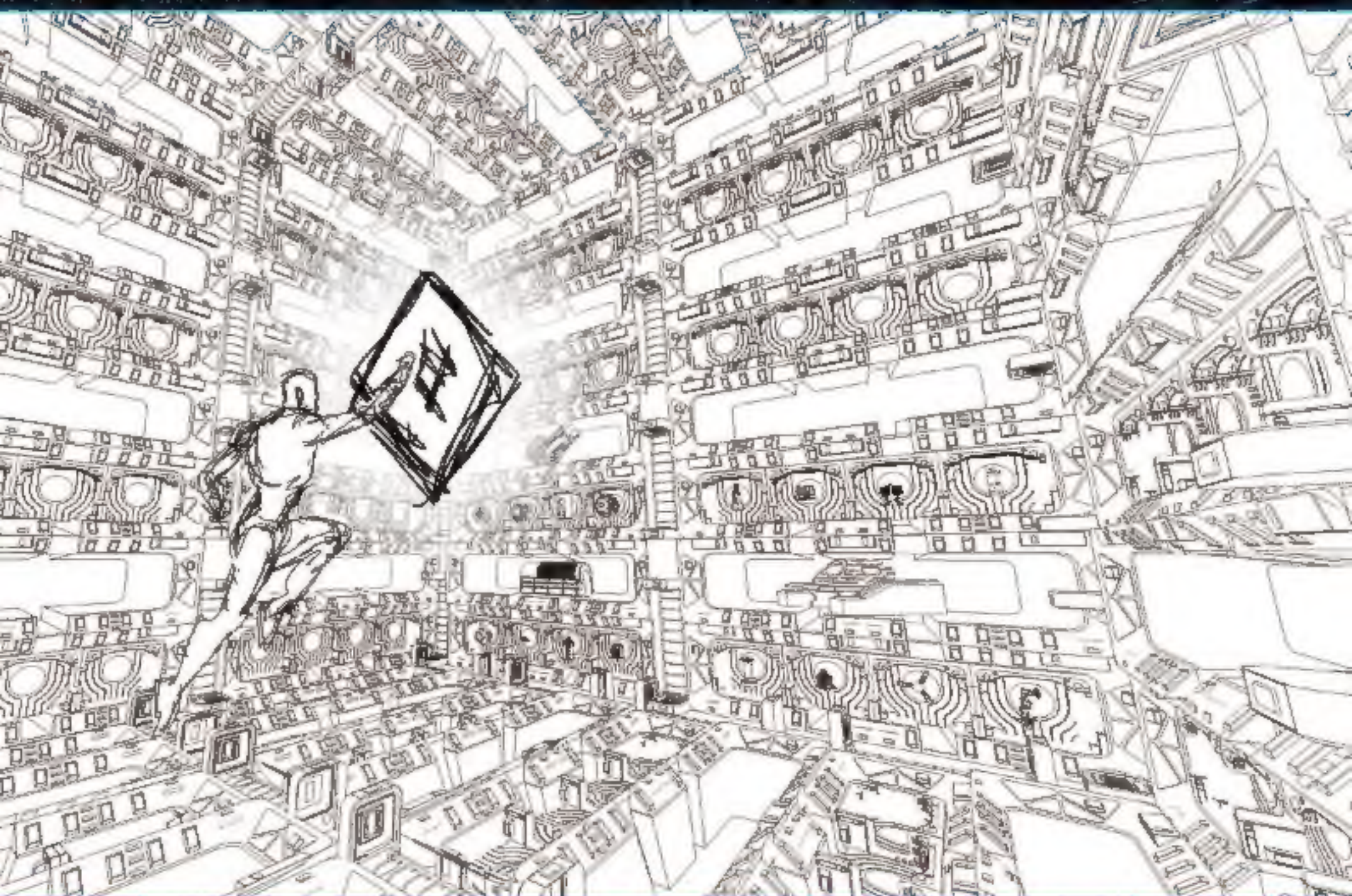






EVE

CHARACTER REFERENCE AND COLOR SCHEMES
BY FREDDIE WILLIAMS II



3D OBJECTS AND ENVIRONMENTS

BY FREDDIE WILLIAMS II

